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*Passages from the diaries of Mrs.
Philip Lybbe Powys of...*

Caroline Girle Powys, Emily Jane Climenson

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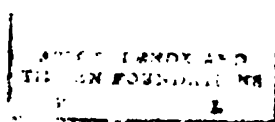
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M. M. Lybbe Powys
1902

PASSAGES
FROM THE DIARIES OF
MRS. PHILIP LYBBE POWYS

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M^{rs}. Philip Lybbe Powys
b. 1738. d. 1817.

PASSAGES FROM THE
DIARIES OF MRS.
PHILIP LYBBE POWYS
OF HARDWICK HOUSE, OXON.
A.D. 1756 TO 1808

EDITED BY

EMILY J. CLIMENSON

*"To Nature in my earliest youth,
I vowed my constancy and truth;
Wherein lie HARDWICK'S much loved shade,
Enamoured of her charms I strayed,
And as I roved the woods among,
Her praise in lisping numbers sung."*

DEAN POWYS.

WITH A PORTRAIT

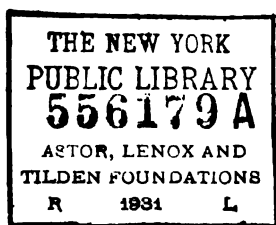
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1899

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To

*My dear friends, the Elder Branch of the
Lybbe Powys, of Hardwick,*

*I dedicate this effort of pleasing toil in collating
and noting, the interesting Diaries of their
clever and charming ancestress.*

EMILY J. CLIMENSON.

SHIPLAKE VICARAGE,
March 1899.

INTRODUCTION

THE following extracts from the diaries and travelling journals of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, *nee* Caroline Girle, ranging from A.D. 1756 to 1808, present such an accurate picture of life, manners, and customs of the upper class of that period, that though my work of collating, noting, and linking together the many, some twenty books, lent to me by various members of the family, was chiefly undertaken on their account, I feel that they cannot fail to interest the general reader, containing as they do such interesting anecdotes of royalty, and other notable people, descriptions of country seats, places, towns, manufactures, amusements, and general habits of the period which now form history, and that, comparatively little studied; for the immediate century beyond our own days, I fancy, is more often ignored, and less understood, than the more distant periods of time, at whatever period we live. My heroine was the daughter of John Girle, Esq., described of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,¹ M.D. He

¹ Mr. Girle built this house. His daughter states, "We went into the house my father built in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, September 14, 1754."

owned estates at Beenham, Bucklebury, Padworth, and Ufton, in Berkshire. He married in 1734 Barbara, third daughter, and co-heiress, of John Slaney, Esq., of Yardley and Lulsley, Worcestershire; their only child, Caroline, was born on December 27, St. John's Day, 1738, *old style*, but in *new style*, January 7, 1739. Her father, Mr. Girle, had two sisters: Jane, married to Benjamin Bagley, Esq.; the other, Elizabeth, in 1745, to William Mount, Esq., of Wasing Place, Berks, as his second wife. Mrs. Girle had also two sisters: one, Sarah, married William Goldborough, Esq.; the other, Mary, married to — Hussey, Esq.

The arms of Girle quartered with Slaney are: Girle, crest, a gerbe or sheaf of wheat; arms, gules, on a cross engraved or, a pellet; Slaney, gules, a bend or between three martlets. The present head of the Slaney family is Colonel William St. Kenyon Slaney, of Hatton Grange, Shifnal, Salop. The Slaneys are of a very ancient family; Adolphus de Slainie or Slane, is supposed to have come to England from Bohemia in the Empress Maud's train. The Slaney motto is "Deo duce comite industria."

Of Caroline Girle's early youth I can find out little, but that her parents must have been most sedulous in cultivating her bright mind, in fostering her powers

of memory, observation, and general intelligence, will be obvious from the following pages.

In Beenham Church, Berks, in the belfry, is a tablet to the memory of John Girle, which tells us all that can now be found out about him :—

“This monument was erected by Mrs. Girle in memory of her deceased husband, John Girle, Esquire, late of Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields, London, Surgeon, who having early in life acquired an ample fortune, the just reward of superior eminence, and unremitting diligence in his profession, indulged himself in the pleasing prospect of dedicating the remainder of his days to the noblest purpose of humanity, the relief of the distresses, and infirmities, of his indigent fellow-creatures, an office which the goodness of his heart made him ever undertake with readiness, and which the skill of his hand enabled him generally to execute with success. But this pious purpose was broken off by his death, which happened July 5th, 1761, in the 59th year of his age. He married the daughter of John Slaney, of Worcestershire, by whom he left an only daughter, married to Philip Lybbe Powys, Esquire, of Hardwick, Oxon.”

In the burial register it states :—

“John Girle, Esq., of Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields, Middlesex, buried July 13, 1761.” “Affidavit made according to Act Woollen.”

This was an Act of Charles II., to promote the

wool industry, which ordered that every corpse should be buried entirely in woollen material, even the coffin lined with same. This Act became gradually less and less enforced, but was not actually repealed till 1815!

“On January 14th, 1801, Barbara, widow of John Girle, aged 86, from Henley, Oxon.” His widow, therefore, survived him forty years.

The following journal of Caroline Girle, kept by desire of her father, is the first MSS. of our heroine. The spelling and wording is very old fashioned, but I have adhered to the actual text, which, as time goes on, the reader will perceive gradually forms into a more modern style.

PASSAGES
FROM THE DIARIES OF
MRS. PHILIP LYBBE POWYS

NORFOLK JOURNAL

1756

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,

1756.

WHEN we went with Mr. Jackson's family into Nor- 1756
folk, my father, not being of our party, desired me
to write him an account of our tour, and to be par-
ticular in my description of places or things that
might give me entertainment. From those letters
I collected the following concise journal; if any one
chuses to peruse it, I've only to call their friendship
to my aid, which, like affection in a parent, ever
draws a veil over errors unintended.

Mr. Jackson having been ill the former part of
this summer, we did not set out till the 1st of Sep-
tember, but the weather being delightful, and that, a
peculiar pleasure in travelling, we regretted not that
the autumn was now approaching; a happy cheer-
fulness reigned uninterrupted in our little society,
consisting of Mr. and Miss Jackson, my mother, and
self, in one coach, young Mr Jackson on horseback.
and their other coach follow'd with servants. We

A

1756 breakfasted at Epping, and then I believe had almost got clear of that smoaky fogg which for some miles intails itself on the Metropolis. Mr. Jackson being still an invalid, we went no further that night than Hockerill, a bad town in the county of Hertfordshire, which itself is woody and pretty. We passed Thorley Hall, formerly a seat of Mr. Raper's,¹ whose woods, cut into fine walks, are greatly admired. I remember thinking it a charming place, but one is naturally partial to the spots where one has passed our childhood, and I used to be there every summer. The next day we breakfasted at Chesterford and dined at Newmarket, famous, I believe, for nothing but the races twice a year near it. From leaving this town the face of the country is quite changed; before, our views were excessively limited, now quite unconfined, though far from pleasing, as for twenty miles you go over the heath of Newmarket. Lay at Barton Mills, and when we set out the following morning, having lost sight of the village, we came on those well-known dismal Brand Sands, in the county of Suffolk, where for thirteen miles you have not literally one tree, no verdure, nothing animate or inanimate, to divert your eye from the barren soil. It is indeed a dismal spot in its present state. I was just reading an account where 'tis said it was once a fine fertile country, but, by an amazing high wind, these horrid sands were blown over from the fens of Lincolnshire. A marvellous event, no doubt, and were I unfortunate enough to reside near there, I should certainly pray for a contrary, just of

¹ Who left it to his nephew, Sir John Grant of Rothiemurchus, who sold it to Lord Ellenborough in 1807. Rapers, an old Buckinghamshire family, of Norman descent.

equal velocity, to convey them back to their original 1756 home. From this account it will easily be believed the sight of the town of Brand was a most pleasing one; not but we had books, a pack of cards, to amuse the old gentleman when he liked it, and I think two or three rubbers of whist was played in these thirteen dull miles. At Brand we breakfasted, and regained the life and spirits we seemed to have lost from our former slow motion, for to make the road still more intolerable, one's animals were obliged to a creeping pace for the whole way, but in a few miles of our evening's journey we had an agreeable contrast, and, to express myself in a style as much elevated as ourselves, we once more beheld the several beauties of the vegetable world, and were again saluted by the winged songsters; in short, every object appeared a wonderful phenomenon. We dined at Swaffham, in Norfolk, nine miles only from Mr. Jackson's. We staid there some hours, and got to Wesenham Hall early in the evening, not too dark but that I could see the situation was pleasing. The house modern and elegant, with every convenience to give it the title of a good one (for, tho' you¹ are not unacquainted with it, my journal would be deficient if without this description). It stands in a pretty park, beyond that a heath, which they have planted promiscuously with clumps of firs. Beyond that the country rises to the view. On one side lay the grove and gardens, and behind the village, than which nothing can be in a more rural taste. According to annual custom, the Vicar, and his wife, and near tenants, were at the hall ready to receive us. You know, my dear sir, the hospitable manner Mr. Jackson always lives in, and

¹ Meaning Mr. Girle, her father.

1756 will not wonder at the joy expressed on his arrival. Never did landlord seem more beloved, or indeed deserve to be so, for he is a most worthy man, and in however high a stile a man lives in in town, which he certainly does, real benevolence is more distinguishable in a family at their country-seat, and none do more good than that where we now are. Then everything here is regularity itself, but the master's method is, I take it, now become the method of the servants by *use* as well as choice. Nothing but death ever makes a servant leave them. The old house-keeper has now been there one-and-fifty years; the butler two- or three-and-thirty; poor Mrs. Jackson's maid, now Miss Jackson's, twenty-four, having been married to one of the footmen (their daughter is grown up, and is one of the housemaids). Mrs. Bridges, (*née* Jackson), when she married, took her servant with her, but 'tis really a pleasure to see them all so happy. I was surprised to see them all, except on Sundays, in green stuff gowns, and on my inquiring of Miss Jackson how they all happened to fix so on one particular colour, she told me a green camblet for a gown used for many years to be an annual present of her mother's to those servants who behaved well, and had been so many years in her family, and that now indeed, as they all behaved well, and had lived there much longer than the limited term, this was constantly their old master's New Year gift. I thought this in Mr. Jackson a pretty compliment to his lady's memory, as well as testimony of the domestics still deserving of his good opinion. They seem to have a vast deal of company, but my mother says not half they used to have in Mrs. Jackson's lifetime, when the Orford, Leicester, and Townsend

families and theirs, used to meet almost every week at each other's houses, but then indeed there was young people at each, which generally makes a lively neighbourhood. 1756

Lord Townsend is not now down at Rainham,¹ which is very near here, nor are the Leicesters at Holkham. Lord Orford was here the other day, and yesterday we had Mr. and Mrs. Lee Warner of Walsingham,² and their three sons to dinner, a Mr. Spilman too, whose new odd house we are soon to go and see. On Sundays the tenants dine here in turn, and always the clergyman and his wife, a good kind of ordinary couple. The church is indeed superior to the preaching; but Norfolk is remarkable for fine churches. This at Weasenham has two aisles, and really one is amazed at its appearance,—has been built about seven hundred years. The Vicarage-house I cannot say is answerable, for in my life I never saw one so very despicable; 'tis literally a poor cottage, and even thatched. We have now a Captain Hambleton,³ and a Mr. Host here, and Mr. and Mrs. Carr and family dine with us to-morrow. Mr. Jackson's friends are so kind to come to him, though he tells them his health won't permit him to return their visits this summer. You know how he loves company at home, especially when he can have so good a plea as at present for not having the fuss of dining out, as he styles it. If twenty people came in as we were sitting down to table, his dinners are so good they would

¹ Rainham Hall, erected by Inigo Jones, 1630; enlarged by Viscount Townsend, Secretary of State to George I. and II.

² Walsingham Priory, once famous for its shrine of the Virgin; an object of pilgrimage.

³ Probably Hamilton, as through the Memoirs Hamilton is constantly so spelled.

1756 need no alteration ; but the larder is really quite a sight, and different from any I ever saw. 'Tis a large good room they had built on purpose, in an open green court, by the kitchen-garden, with every possible convenience ; and I believe always full of everything in season, and the old gentleman often makes us walk there after breakfast that we may all, as he says, have what we like for dinner. The venison and game now in it is astonishing. The Norfolk mutton, too, you know, is famous ; but theirs particularly so. They kill all their own, and never eat it in the parlour under three weeks, but in their larder it might keep six, they say. We went the other day to see Houghton Hall,¹ the seat of Lord Orford, about seven miles from hence ; the building is stone, and stands in a park of a thousand acres. Its outside has rather too heavy an appearance, on the in, the fitting up and furniture very superb ; and the cornishes and mouldings of all the apartments being gilt, it makes the whole what I call magnificently glaringly, more especially as the rooms are, instead of white, painted dark green olive ; but this most likely will be soon altered. The body of the house consists of sixteen rooms on a floor, besides two large wings, the one offices, the other, the famed picture gallery, seventy-five feet in length. 'Tis impossible to conceive how strikingly fine this gallery of paintings² is, far indeed beyond my describing, for I can't even describe one quarter of the pleasure I had in viewing them ; but

¹ Houghton Hall, built by Sir Robert Walpole between 1722-38, from designs by Colin Campbell. Belongs now to Marquis of Cholmondeley by inheritance.

² This famous gallery, sold by George, third Earl Orford, in 1779, to the Empress Catherine of Russia, to the annoyance of his family and the loss of the nation.

yet I am sure you can guess, knowing what an enthusiastic daughter yours is when pictures are the subject; but this Lord's is, I believe, esteemed the best collection we have in England. I shall bring you home a catalogue, as I've taken the pains to copy a written one the late Lord gave to Mr. Jackson; every room indeed is adorn'd by them, so that altogether Houghton is exceedingly well worth seeing. 1756

Since my last letter we have had company every day to dinner, as Sir William Turner and gentlemen that were with him; another day Sir Harry and Lady Lestrange, Captain Wilson, &c.; a third, the Croft family. One morning we went to pay a droll visit to see an odd house, of a still odder Mr. Spilman I before mentioned, a most strange old bachelor of vast fortune, but indeed I'll not fall in love with him. We were introduced to him in the library, where he seemed deep in study (for they say he is really clever), sitting in a jockey-cap and white stiff dog's gloves. I think I never shall forget his figure at that instant; but I must, in order to give you that of his house, equally out of the common style as himself, but to see the man one no longer wonders at the oddity of the edifice he has just finished. 'Tis in a large park, its form the half H. You ascend a flight of twenty-one steps, which, as they don't spread out as usual towards the bottom, seems as if you were mounting a perpendicular staircase; you enter a hall, striking from its strange dimensions, being five cubes of eighteen feet, so it's ninety feet long by eighteen! and might rather be termed a gallery. Besides this (as 'tis only one floor and no staircase), there is a saloon, library, two parlours, and three bed-chambers, all the offices and

1756 servants' rooms are underground. The chimney-pieces, tables, &c., are of green marble from Sweden; all the doors solid walnut-tree, off the estate, and every room paved with Ketton stone. This, as we ventured to tell him, we thought too cool, but his reply was, "I never catch colds"; indeed, we might suppose from his looks that he was not like other mortals; in short 'tis impossible to innumerate each oddity throughout the place, so that I shall not attempt it. . . . We have had Dr. and Mrs. Hammond here; he is one of the Prebends of Norwich, and a nephew of Lord Orford's, she a niece of Lord Walpole's. I had heard young Jackson, who, you know, is particularly clever himself, talk much of the understanding, and ready wit of this lady. She is indeed amazingly sensible, and many lively conversations have pass'd between those two, to our very high entertainment. We have had Sir Wm. Harbord here for some days. Sir William, and all the families I've mentioned as visiting here, most obligingly insisted on seeing us at each of their houses, but as we could not at this season go and return at night to the more distant ones, and could not go to some without returning all, we declined at once all these obliging invitations; indeed, as we came down now merely to keep the old gentleman company, it would have been cruel to have left him so many days by himself; he would make us go one morning tho' to see Lord Leicester's; to this we consented, tho' eighteen miles off; as we had heard so much of this place we could not quit Norfolk, which we now talked of, in a few days without going there; so last Friday we set out very early in the morning, ordering dinner later than usual.

The name of the magnificent seat is Holkham;¹ two 1756 miles before you come to the house is a grand triumphal arch,² the rusticated ornaments of which are very fine; from this you have the new plantations, which when grown will have a noble effect, on each side for two miles, in front a grand obelisk,³ a church,⁴ the numerous buildings in the grounds, and the whole terminated by the sea, tho' that is distant; at the end of this avenue are two lodges. And now entering the park, you have a view of a stone building, esteemed the most elegant of its kind in England. It has already been thirty years begun, and is not yet completed; but when that era arrives it will be magnificent indeed! It extends 380 feet in front, the grand hall is the height of the house, which is fifty feet; round it is a colonnade of alabaster pillars which give it a noble appearance. . . . Fronting you is three steps along a vast way into the hall, which they call the Tribune. This rise has a pretty effect; from this you come into a fine saloon, hung with crimson velvet, the cornishes richly gilt, many capital pictures standing there to be put up. On one side of the saloon is a dressing-room, bed-chamber, and inner apartment, called the Duke of Cumberland's, all to be hung with and furnished as the saloon; on the other side are the same rooms, called the Duke of Bedford's, hung and furnished with crimson damask. A gallery 120 feet long is of its kind the most superbly elegant

¹ Holkham, built by first Viscount Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester; house built about 1744; architect, Kent.

² Arch designed by Wyattville.

³ Obelisk eighty feet high; first work erected in 1729.

⁴ Of the fourteenth century with additions in fifteenth and sixteenth; dedicated to St. Withburga; restored 1868, at cost of £10,000.

1756 I ever saw, but the whole house deserves that distinction. The gallery is painted a dead white, with ornaments of gilding; at each end is an octagon, the one fitted up as a library, the other with busts, bronzes, and curiosities too numerous to mention. This is the centre of the house, besides are four wings; one contains all the offices in general, all answerable to the rest; such an amazing large and good kitchen I never saw, everything in it so nice and clever; but I've heard Mr. Jackson talk of Lady Leicester's great notability; they are there often, you know, for a week together; she never misses going round this wing every morning, and one day he was walking by the windows, and saw her ladyship in her kitchen at six o'clock (A.M.), thinking all her guests safe in bed, I suppose. Her dairy is the neatest place you can imagine, the whole marble; in Norfolk they never skim their cream off, as in other places, but let the milk run from it; these things here are all too of marble, so that it all looks so delicate, and the butter made into such pretty patts hardly larger than a sixpence. The second wing is called the Chapel wing, tho' that is not yet built. The third is now finishing with grand sets of apartments for the company they may have with them; and in the fourth wing is the eating-room, drawing-room, library, bed-chambers, dressing-rooms, constantly used by Lord and Lady Leicester¹ themselves, and in a closet here of her ladyship's we saw the miniature pictures of the family for a series of years past, done by the best hands. In this little cabinet, too, are a thousand curiosities of various

¹ Was Lady Mary Tufton, fourth daughter; co-heir of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet.

kinds, among the pictures was their daughter-in-law, the beautiful Lady Mary Coke¹ and their son² Lord Coke, who they had lately lost, to their inexpressible grief, being their only child. He and his lady I think were far from being happy. The situation of Holkham I don't say much of; the grounds indeed are laid out with taste, and everything done that can be to strike the eye, but still it must boast more of art than Nature's charms, and to me the reverse is so much more pleasing; but indeed I do not admire Norfolk's country; 'tis dreary, 'tis unpleasing; in short, I wished a house like Lord Leicester's in a spot more delightful, more answerable to itself. We had a breakfast at Holkham in the genteelest taste, with all kinds of cakes and fruit, placed undesired in an apartment we were to go through, which, as the family were from home, I thought was very clever in the housekeeper, for one is so often asked by people whether one *chuses* chocolate, which forbidding word puts (as intended), a negative on the question. The roads being not very good, we had made poor Mr. Jackson wait dinner some hours; but as we expressed ourselves so pleased with our morning's excursion he was happy. We found Captain Hambleton with him. The next day Sir Harry and Lady Lestrangle came to dinner, and the following ones we staid many came to take their leave of this family before their return to town, as Dr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Host, Mrs. Langley, the Crofts, Mrs. Rinks, and others. On Tuesday young Jackson is to go to pay a visit to Sir Thomas Hare's³ family,

¹ Lady Mary Campbell, daughter and co-heir of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.

² Edward, Viscount Coke, died S.P. 1753.

³ Stowe Hall, near Downham.

1756 and meet us on Friday on the road at Hockerill. Saturday morning we are all to pay a visit to Mr. Jackson at Theobalds, and shall be in town to dinner about five, where we shall be most happy in seeing you after so long an absence, and I'm desired by the family not to forget that they insist on seeing you at their house at the time of our arrival. And now, my dear sir, I've given, as you desired, a sort of journal of our tour. You must pardon my many *mistakes*, as I think I may plead you are the author of them *all!* However, as apologies only would innumerate them, I shall say nothing more than that six weeks cannot be spent more agreeably than at Weasenham Hall, though the description might have been more entertaining from an abler pen than that of your ever obliged and dutiful,

CAROLINE GIRLE.

The counties went through were Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Norfolk.

Towns we stopped at.	Distance from London.
Epping	17 miles.
Hockerill	30 "
Chesterford	45 "
Newmarket	61 "
Brand	79 "
Swaffham	95 "
Wesenham Hall	104 "

On our return through Chesterford in October, it was most exceedingly pretty to see all the fields covered with saffron, which, being in itself a beautiful purple and white flower like a crocus, it has a very pleasing effect. Mr. Jackson did tell me what the clergymen's tythe of saffron only came to in this parish, but I thought it, I remember, quite incredible.

Between the tour in Norfolk and the next journal 1757 of travel, the following extracts are taken from Miss Girle's dairy :—

March 14th, 1757.—Admiral Byng shot on board the *Monarque* at twelve at noon. From his walking out of the cabin to his being taken back dead, exceeded not two minutes. Happy that a scene so shocking could be so soon closed.

April 30th, 1757.—Went to see the Earl of Chesterfield's new house in South Audley Street. The whole very magnificent.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR INTO YORKSHIRE AND DERBYSHIRE

1757

In one of those delightful morns when Nature is decked in every pleasing ornament we quitted the tumultuous scene, left all the pomp and grandeur of the great Metropolis for prospects more serenely gay, blended with every elegant simplicity of rural charms. The variegated objects that now presented themselves to view were, as Milton finely expresses it—

“ Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid copse of murmuring streams ; by these
Creatures that liv'd, and woo'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling, all things smil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflowed.”

I've so great a partiality for the country that I could not help inserting here the above five lines of this celebrated author, in which he gives one so strong an idea of its several beauties, but I digress no longer, and resume the subject of our journey. In

1757 the county of Hertford, about twenty-four miles from London, is a town called Hatfield. Our route being before fixed, this was the place we proposed to breakfast at. While there, travellers being generally desirous to view each object that is deemed curious, we went to see a monument in the church in memory of the first Earl of Salisbury, which we were told was worth seeing. It was so, being of statuary marble and kept extremely neat. Formerly a royal palace added lustre to this town, at which Edward VI. was brought up and educated. We that day dined at Baldock,¹ drank tea at Eton² in Bedfordshire, and by eight in the evening got to Bugden³ in Huntingdonshire; in the time necessary for preparing supper we went to take an outside view of an old palace now belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln. It appears to have been a fine building, and place of great security, by the height of its surrounding walls, with a moat and drawbridge, to prevent at pleasure any one's approach. After our walk we again returned to our inn. The next morn we breakfasted at Stilton,⁴ and proposed taking Burleigh Hall in our way to Stamford, tho' we feared obtaining a sight of it, the present Lord having not long been in possession. The whole was then repairing, and we had been told he was not fond of strangers seeing it while it bore so ruinous an appearance. However, we were more fortunate than we expected, for as we were walking in

¹ A market-town fifteen miles north-west from Hertford.

² Eaton-Socon.

³ Buckden, once a favourite residence of the Bishops of Lincoln; granted to them by Abbot of Ely, temp. Henry I.

⁴ Stilton gave its name to the famous cheese, first made by Mrs. Paulet of Wymondham, Leicestershire, who sold it to Cooper Thornhill of the Bell Inn there: now made in Leicestershire.

the gardens, standing still on a nearer approach to the house (which seems almost of itself a little town), Lord Exeter¹ happened to be overlooking his workmen, and reading, as I suppose, curiosity in our countenances, politely asked if the ladies chose to see it, our reply being in the affirmative, he himself informed us where was the most easy entrance. The rooms are spacious and lofty, the staircase grand, which with many apartments, the late Earl's closet, the ceilings, hall, chapel, &c., are all painted by Vario,² whom his Lordship kept twelve years in his family, wholly employ'd in them (allowing him a coach, horses, servants, a table, and considerable pension). The front towards the garden is the most ancient and noble structure that can be imagined. Indeed, from wherever you see it, the towers, pinnacles, and large spire over the centre give it an air too grand to be described by pen. The whole is of freestone. 'Twas built by Sir William Cecil in the time of Elizabeth. He was afterwards by her created Baron Burleigh. There are many good pictures, but then not hung up as intended to be. Having spent some time in seeing Burleigh Hall, we proceeded on to Stamford, a town in Northamptonshire, about a mile distant. We went thro' part of Rutlandshire. That afternoon drank tea at Colesworth,³ and got to Grantham, in Lincolnshire, that night. The next day, being Sunday, we propos'd staying at the above place till Monday morn. The church⁴ at Grantham (at which we were twice on Sunday), is a Gothic structure deserving observation, and would have made a very fine appearance, had they

¹ Brownlow, ninth Earl of Exeter.

² Antonio Verrio, celebrated painter, time of Charles II.

³ Colsterworth; Sir Isaac Newton born there.

⁴ Dedicated to St. Wulfram; a church here before the Conquest.

1757 not concealed it from view by other buildings till one is within a few steps of the grand entrance. This for the honour of the town is rather unfortunate, as 'tis eclipsing its only beauty. In the evening we went to Belton House, the seat of Lady Cust. 'Tis nothing more than a good family house. Two things relative to it we were desired to remember, viz., that the original of sash windows was at the erecting of this edifice in Charles I.'s time; the second, that from a temple in the garden called Belle Mount you may see seven counties at once, a thing from one spot thought very remarkable. Having stayed pretty late at Belton, we only got back just at supper-time, and early next day quitted Grantham, breakfasted at Newark, Nottinghamshire, an ancient and neat town situated on the Trent; formerly, though now ruinous, there was a castle there, built by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln.¹ We dined at Carlton, drank tea at Tadcaster.² From this place we had nine miles only to go before we reached a city so famous that our expectations had form'd an idea of a place that would almost equal the grand Metropolis; but, York, I must depreciate you so far as to give it as my opinion that by many degrees you merit not the title of the least resemblance. We entered its gates about seven in the evening, not an hour so late (at this season) as to give the city the dull aspect it then seem'd to wear; but we had a reason assigned to us for this, that I believe might be a just one, viz., that in summer all the principal inhabitants retire into the country. However to us it appeared a most indifferent town. 'Tis situated on the confluence of the Ouse and Foss rivers,

¹ Time of King Stephen.

² Ancient market-town in West Riding.

and reckon'd a wholsom and clear air. The streets 1757
(hardly deserving such an appellation), are extremely
narrow, the houses seemingly very indifferent, and
indeed the whole city, three things excepted (viz.
the Cathedral, Castle, and Assembly Room), a perfect
contrast to what we thought it had been. The
Minster is indeed a building curiously magnificent.
I think it surpasses, at least on the outside, West-
minster Abbey. 'Twas rebuilt in the reign of
Stephen, having been burnt down with the whole city
before the Conquest. The carving in stone is exces-
sively fine, and what with the solemnity of the struc-
ture, joined to that of the organ, which at our entrance
was playing, I think I never experienced a more
pleasing awful satisfaction than at the first view
of this noble Cathedral. From hence we went to
the Castle. 'Tis now a prison, and may be styl'd
a grand one, the felons having a large place by
day allotted for them in the open air, a liberty at
other places they have not room to allow these
wretches. We saw above forty then there. The
sight of so many unhappy objects greatly depress'd
us, tho', strange as it appeared, but one, of so great
a number had a countenance even seemingly dejected,
nor look'd as if they felt for themselves, what even
our pity for their supposed distress made us ex-
perience. Having staid at the Castle a very short
time, we went next to the Assembly Room, the third
and last place worthy our notice. 'Tis in form an
Egyptian Hall; its dimensions 112 feet by 40, and
30 in height; the seats crimson damask, and all the
furniture quite in taste, and 'tis called the completest
ball-room in England. By Wednesday noon we had
gone over the renown'd city. It was, it seems, before

1757 it was burnt down almost four times as large as at present. We quitted it about six on Wednesday evening, proposing in our way to Malton that night to see the seat of Lord Carlisle. Castle Howard¹ is fifteen miles distant from York; the situation pleasing. The house is of vast extent (340 feet), and makes a fine appearance at the distance, but I think the rooms in general too small, though in the wing now building there seems by the plan some fine apartments to be intended. The whole is of stone, the furniture is magnificent, and there are many curiosities that my Lord² brought over with him fifteen years since from Italy and other countries, such as pictures, busts, figures of oriental alabaster, and above thirty different sorts of Egyptian marbles, with other things too numerous to mention, as valuable as ornamental, having a fine effect as one passes through the several apartments. The house stands in a wood; the park is a very fine one; in that is a grand mausoleum, but it was unfortunately too late for our walking to it, as the evening drew on before we had hardly seen the house. We lay at Malton, five miles from thence, breakfasted next at Yettingham, and so on to Scarborough. 'Tis impossible to conceive a sweeter prospect than one has of this town when at about half a mile distant. The ruins of a fine old castle on a prodigious eminence forms a most pleasing point of view, the town seemingly scatter'd on the brow of the same hill to complete its beauty, and the sea at a small distance terminates the whole. We got there about two; after adapting our dress to that of a public place,

¹ Castle Howard, built about 1702 by Sir John Vanbrugh for Charles, third Earl of Carlisle.

² Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle.

call'd on some friends then there, who shew'd us the 1757
rooms, inform'd us of the customs of the place, and
made the short time we stay'd pass most agreeably.
In the evening we walked up to the Castle, but the
fogg was so great from the sea as totally to hinder
the extensive view they assured us the immense
height afforded. About a mile from the town is their
famous medicinal springs,¹ said to partake of the
different qualities of vitriol, alum, iron, nitre, and salt.
The company meet here before breakfast to drink the
waters. The next morning we were of the group in
this agreeable walk on the sands, though fatiguing
to invalids, as from the town one descends above a
hundred steps. At the Spaw is two rooms, one call'd
the gentleman's, the other the ladies', and a terrass
commanding a most delightful prospect. At our
return to our lodgings we found Mr. and Mrs.
Handley, but had their company only for that
evening, tho' some hopes of again meeting in York-
shire. As we left Scarborough the following day,
lay at Whittwell, the morning after breakfasted at
York, dined at Ferry Bridge, where Mr. Pem. Milnes
and Miss Slater met us to conduct us to the house of
the former at Wakefield, the end of our intended tour
for the present, as we were there to meet our friend
Mrs. Hooper, and had promised to spend a month
with her in visiting her nieces, the two Mrs. Milnes.
She was got there a day or two before us, and we
arrived just as the family were sitting down to supper.
We had great pleasure in the meeting after a very
long absence, and spent our time most agreeably
during our stay, tho' we could have wished not quite

¹ There are two springs. They consist of carbonate and sulphates of
lime and magnesia, not *vitriol*.

1757 so much visiting as we were obliged to give way to. A few days after we came, my father went with the gentlemen to Lord Rockingham's, and returned vastly pleased with his visit, which was two days, and with Wentworth House. Another day they took him to dine at Sir Roland Whin's. We went one day to Westerton, Mr. Birt's, a gentleman of large fortune, who has since bought and rebuilt in a superb manner Wenvo Castle, in Glamorganshire—I hear a most delightful spot. I cannot say as much for Westerton, or village, surrounded by coal-yards; but as sinking these pits raised Wenvo Castle, neither Mr. Birt or his family, I dare say, think them odious. We had the curiosity to walk and take a near outside view of one seventy yards deep. The manner they work them is strange, and not a little dangerous, as they are obliged to have candles, and sometimes with a roof so low that the men dig on their knees. This in a place where there is nothing but coal makes it surprising there is not frequent accidents. They have two boxes which are alternately pulled up and down by pullies worked by a horse, which goes round and round in a sort of a well. In short, the whole process is curiously frightful, and yet Mr. Birt told us many ladies even venture down the pits to see the entire manner of it. This I think one should rather be excused.

At our return home that evening we were talking of the Moravians and the oddness of their worship, and Mr. Milnes, who most obligingly wished us to see everything worth observation, told us he really thought we should be entertained. To see anything of their manner one must be there on a Sunday, and the morrow being so, we agreed for once, as we none of us usually travell'd on

Sunday, to make it a day of amusement—a thing 1757
always to be avoided, in my opinion, by people of
a station in life to make any day their own, and
I ever am surprised 'tis not thought rather vulgar
than fashionable by the great to make that day a
day of travelling, as it always is done, when 'tis the
only one the lowest traders can spare to take their
pleasure in. Early the next morning we set out and
got to Pudsey¹ about ten. The situation is charming.
On a pleasing eminence commanding the most de-
lightful prospect they have erected three houses.
The centre one is their chapel and house of their
clergyman, in which he only and all their children
constantly reside. The house on the one side is all
for unmarried men, that on the other for the single
Sisters, as 'tis call'd. Those bound by the matri-
monial shackles reside in or near the village of
Pudsey, but send all their children to the centre
mansion to be properly educated in their religion.
What that is, I never heard determined; some people
imagine it borders on the Roman Catholic. As we
ascended the hill their band of music struck up, and
in my life I think I never was so charmed. It con-
sists of organ, French horns, clarinets, and flutes,
hautboys, and every kind of instrument, joyn'd by
the most harmonious voices one ever heard. The
congregation were just enter'd the chapel as we did,
their men ranging themselves on forms at one side,
the women on the other. They were extremely civil

¹ The Moravian settlement here was founded in 1748. The Bohemian or Moravian Brethren date back to the tenth century, but were not established in England till the middle of the eighteenth century. Their belief is very like the Church of England. They have an episcopate, and claim to be an original Church, uncontaminated with Roman doctrine.

1757 to us as strangers, seating us according to the above method. The clergyman at first got into the pulpit and read some sentences from a book which the people made responses to, and often sang in chorus, accompanied by the full band of music, which had an effect most amazingly fine indeed. After, the same man preach'd a sermon replete with incoherent nonsense, all extemporary; the text was "My Lord, and my God." After the sermon the children are admitted, and not till then; they walk in two and two, and the clergyman being come down from the pulpit, they are placed before him on forms. They first sang very prettily; he afterwards talked to them near a quarter of an hour, but on subjects far above the comprehension of their tender years. After this they sang again, and then retired in the order they came, looking most beautifully, being most sweet children, and the dress of the female infants adding to their beauty. The men and boys have nothing unusual in their dress, but that of the women has something in it extremely odd yet pretty, plain to a degree yet pleasing, because accompanied by the utmost neatness, an ornament ever adorning to the meanest habit; their gowns white linen, close to the shape, their cap comes over the face like our largest French nightcaps, rounding over the cheek and coming down in a peak over the forehead, and sets close to the face, no hair being seen. To distinguish the ladies, all married Sisters tie the cap under the chin with a large bunch of blue ribbons, the widows white, and the single Sisters with pink, but the knots round the caps of all is muslin, broad-hemmed. We were now told the service of the morning was over. We wanted to see the sleeping-room of the women, but

were told it could not be seen till after dinner, and 1757
we had much too far to go home for us to stay longer.
We had been told it was well worth seeing. The odd
description we had of it is as follows :—Eighty beds,
each just large enough for one person, all of white
dimity, and a most perfect neatness all throughout
the apartment. Every night one woman walks up
and down this gallery with a lighted taper in her
hand till daybreak, and this ceremony they perform
by turn. We spent an hour in walking round and
making all inquiries about this odd sect of people, and
came away charmed with the situation and music,
if but little edified with their religion. So far indeed
we agreed that the Moravians and monks, bore a
resemblance to each other, as both chose the finest
spots for their monastic residences, that the most
pleasing objects without, might compensate for the
gloomy ones within. We dined at Leeds on our way.

The next morning my father left us, being obliged
to return to London, but he went round by Mr.
Slater's in Derbyshire for a few days. That day we
dined at a family's near Leeds, a town very popular,
and carrying on a vast trade in the woollen manu-
factures, but nothing extraordinary in its appearance.
Having spent a fortnight now at Mr. Pem. Milnes,
Mrs. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Handley (who were
guests come from Scarborough), Mr. and Miss Slater,
my mother and myself, adjourn'd, according to pro-
mise, to the other Mr. Milnes, where we spent a second
most pleasing fourteen days, the two families being
always together in a continual state of visiting; but
the destin'd time of our party leaving Yorks for
Derbyshire being arrived, we set off to see other
obliging friends, tho' not without concern at quitting

1757 these who had so hospitably entertain'd us. We got to Mr. Slater's the day following. We found Derbyshire not indeed so extensive a county, but as more romantic it's more pleasing than Yorkshire, and though at the same time remarkable for producing many commodities in great plenty. The finest lead in England, iron, &c., 'tis full of quarries of free stone, greatstone, brimstone, black and grey marble, crystal, alabaster, and sometimes there is found antimony. The vales produce great quantities of corn, and the mountainous parts coal-pits; but what adds beauty to this county is the parks and forests, and inequality of hills and dales that so diversify the landscape. About a week after our large party arrived at Mr. Slater's there came two other ladies and four gentlemen to the races, which were to begin on the next day. One of the later was Mr. Pem. Milnes, whose pleasure at seeing his only child, a sweet girl of three years old, gave us all the highest satisfaction. She had been here ten months with her grandmama, on account of the small-pox being at Wakefield. On the Wednesday, having dined early, we set off in different carriages, and seven gentlemen on horseback for the course, about three, came back to tea about eight. Sir Harry Hemloak, his two sisters, and more company returned with us, and about ten we went to the Assembly Room, where the Duke of Devonshire¹ always presided as master of the ceremonies, and after the ball gave an elegant cold supper, where, by his known politeness and affability, it would be unnecessary for me to say how amiable he made himself to the company. We got home about five. The next evening were at the concert, as the same company usually met at that on

¹ William, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

the second night, and on the third day again went to the course. There came back with us to tea the Duke of Devonshire, Mr and Miss Simpson,¹ and two Miss Bourns, the first young lady a most beautiful girl indeed. That evening's ball was equally brilliant as the first night, and both gave us as strangers a high idea of these annual assemblies at Chesterfield, which town in itself has but a poor appearance. I must not forget to mention, what indeed I had before read of, the oddity of the spire of the church there, which, indeed, 'tis hardly possible not to observe, as from whatever side of the town you view it, it always appears leaning towards you, and *very crooked*. Whether at first purposely contrived so as to raise wonder at the builder, or, as it is lead, whether the sun may not have warp't it, seems uncertain, as the country people differ greatly in their sentiments on the subject. One afternoon we were most agreeably entertained at Mrs. Bourn's, where we went to tea. Their gardens are charming, and as we drank tea in one of the buildings, the family being very musical and charming voices, the young ladies sang, while the gentlemen accompanied on their German flutes. This little concert took up the heat of the day, after which we walk'd over the grounds. When in a little temple, on entering we laughed exceedingly at the rural politeness of our beaux; but as gentlemen of the army are always gallant, we were the less surprised at our elegant collation of fruit, cakes, cream, placed in the most neat and rustic manner imaginable. This made us rather late home; but we had passed the afternoon and evening too agreeably to repine at that.

Some of our race party had now left us, among

¹ Afterwards Lady Bridgman.

1757 them a most agreeable young lady, Miss Gisbourne. I remember that day the neighbourhood were a little alarmed at hearing above a hundred and fifty men, with oaken clubs, had entered Chesterfield, and were making a vast riot. The gentlemen were assembled on a turnpike meeting, and these fellows were certain it was about the Militia Act¹ which it seems they had a most unconquerable aversion to, and were determin'd to oppose. It was some hours before they would hear at all; but when convinced they had been misinformed, retired very peaceably. Poor Mrs. Slater was soon after the races taken very ill, and confined to her bed and room some days. We feared, as no doubt it was, her over-attention to her friends, having the house so very full of company; but we had soon the pleasure to see her perfectly recovered, when she was, as she was ever, attentive to our entertainment. She took us to see a house of the Duke of Devonshire's, called Hardwick, nine miles from Chesterfield. The situation is fine. It was built in 1578 by Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. Of course it is antique, and render'd extremely curious to the present age, as all the furniture is coeval with the edifice. Our ancestors' taste for substantialness in every piece makes *us* now smile; they too would, could they see our delicateness in the same articles, smile at us, and I'm certain, if any one was to compare three or four hundred years hence a chair from the drawing-room of Queen Elizabeth's days and of the light French ones of George II., it would never be possible to suppose them to belong to the same race of people, as the one is altogether gigantic, and the

¹ This Act, passed by the Commons, was eventually thrown out by the Lords.

other quite liliputian. This house was rendered famous, 1757 too, as Mary, Queen of Scots, was most of the seventeen years she was a prisoner to the Earl of Shrewsbury confin'd here ; her rooms of state and chamber are shewn, her bed only remov'd, as that was seized for plunder in the Civil Wars. Everything else remains as it then was, and the apartment hung with the unfortunate Queen's work, representing in symbolical figures and allusive mottoes all virtues ; but after all far more celebrated for beauty than goodness ; but how much so ever her conduct deserves censure, she certainly deserved not the fate she met from the hand she received it, which greatly sullies the memory of the otherwise ever to be admired Elizabeth, who one hardly can think had a right to deprive her so long of liberty, much more of life. But not to revive a subject which so long has lain dormant, I'll bid adieu to that and a place which afforded us vast pleasure from the unusual antiquity of the whole, and from being kept so exceedingly neat as it was throughout. . . .

The next day we went to visit a family at Walton Hall,¹ another sweet situation, and a few mornings after went to see Mr. Rhodes of Barleborough Hall. The approach to the latter is as fine an avenue of ancient elms as I ever saw, from the bottom of which the old mansion is very striking, it being built by Judge Rhodes in the reign of Elizabeth ; there is a church here, a curiosity from its being so diminutive ; 'tis hardly possible to conceive its smallness. Mr. Rhodes, by fitting it up with mahogany pulpit, his own seat, &c., has made it so elegantly neat, that 'tis as well worth seeing as a magnificent cathedral!

¹ Since the seat of Charles Waterton, the naturalist.

1757 After having spent our time most agreeably with our Derbyshire, as we had before done with our Yorkshire friends, our London party set out on our return to the Metropolis, but in our way back was to stay a few days at Matlock and see Chatsworth; the latter we did the morning we left Mr. Slater's, it being about ten miles distant. This celebrated seat in the Peak of Derbyshire of his Grace of Devonshire I must own does not quite answer what report had taught me to expect, tho' undoubtedly striking; but I was told it would appear less so to us than to strangers in general by the Slaters having a key to go through his Grace's grounds, a better and much shorter road than the public one, but that did not give one near so picturesque a view of Chatsworth's situation as if we had gone down to it all at once from the barren moors. The house is of stone, and the architecture thought very fine, twenty-two rooms on a floor; the windows of the principal storey, seventeen feet in height, are all looking-glass, of panes two feet wide, the frames double gilt; the door, and window-frames, and staircases of marble; ceilings and some apartments painted by Verrio and other celebrated artists; there is some fine tapestry, and in one chamber a most elegant bed, and furniture of fine old print set upon Nankeen, which has a very pretty effect, as the colour of the ground sets off the work. There are many fine pictures; one range of rooms they still style Mary, Queen of Scots, as she was some time here, as well as at his Grace's other seat of Hardwick; there is a very elegant chapel, the altar and font fine marble, seats and gallery cedar, the walls and ceiling painted. The front towards the garden is esteemed a most

regular piece of architecture. The frieze under the 1757
cornice has the family motto upon it, in gilt letters
so large as to take up the whole length, tho' only
two words, "Cavendo Tutos," which are as appli-
cable to the situation of the house as the name of
the family. The waterworks, which are reckoned
the finest in England, were all played off, may be
said to be more grand than pleasing, as there is a
formality in them, particularly the grand cascade,
which takes off every idea of the rural scene they
are supposed to afford one, and a kind of triflingness
(if I may make a word), in the copper¹ willow-tree,
and other contrivances beneath the dignity of the
place. The gardens are fine. The very disadvan-
tages of the situation contriving to their beauty.
On the east side, not far distant, rises a prodigious
mountain, so thick planted with beautiful trees that
you only see a wood gradually ascending, as if the
trees crowded one above the other to admire the
stately pile before them. 'Tis said that Marshal Tallard
when he returned to his own country, when he
reckoned up the days of his captivity, said he should
always leave out those he spent at Chatsworth; and
I must own this magnificent (tho' at the same time
gloomy), place may justly be stiled one of the won-
ders of the Peake. . . . In speaking of the waterworks,
I forgot to mention the length of the great cascade,
220 yards long with twenty-three falls. In prose-
cuting our journey of about eleven miles, 'tis hardly
possible to describe the variety of beauties; some-
times we were like Don Quixote, almost imagining
ourselves enchanted, at another terrified by the huge

¹ On pulling a string this sham tree deluges the stranger with a shower-bath.

1757 rocks, which by their stupendous height seemed to threaten every minute to crush us by their fall. In the greatest of our terrors (when in a very narrow road, the above-mention'd rocks on one side, and an immense precipice down to the river on the other), we could not help laughing at the calm answer of one of the postillions, who by often going, I suppose, had not an idea of the danger we apprehended, for only calling out to beg he'd let us walk, and saying, "Where, friend, are you going?" "Only to Matlock Baths, ladies." So indeed we knew, but at that moment doubted the wisdom of our driver, who, however conveyed us very safe to the destined spot. Ceremony seems banished from this agreeable place, as on entering the long room strangers as well as acquaintances most politely made inquiries about the terrors of the way, &c., which themselves had before experienced. The very early hour of rising at Matlock, gave us the next morning a still finer idea of the uncommon beauties of the place, as a most glorious day gave it additional lustre. The time of bathing is between six and seven, the water warm, and the pleasantest to drink that can be; at eight the company meet in the long room to breakfast in parties. This room and baths were built in 1734 by Stephen Egglinton. 'Tis a very good one, fifty feet long, windows all the way on each side, commanded the most romantic views, one way a fine terrace, beyond that a lawn extended to the river Derwent, which latter is a continual pleasing murmur by the current forcing itself over large pieces of rock; over this rises a most picturesque and natural shrubbery, to an immense and perpendicular height on the crag of rocks. On the left is seen Matlock High Torr, a

rocky mountain which, from the surface of the water 1757 to the top, is 445 feet. As there is always a cool spot among the woods, walking seems the particular amusement of the place. At two the bell rings for dinner, and, as before said, ease without unnecessary ceremony reigns here. Every one sits down without any form, those who come first by the rule taking the uppermost seats at the long table. There is a gallery for a band of music, who play the whole time of meals, The fatigue of dress, too, is at this public place quite avoided, as hats are general, as the company walk again till evening, when there is a ball in the long room till supper, and sometimes after. Every one retires very early, as few card-tables are seen, gaming not having yet reached this rural spot. The Boat-house, as 'tis call'd, we went one afternoon to drink tea at, where we bought curiosities of spars, &c., of the miners, men employed to the number of above ten thousand about Matlock only. We went, too, one morning to see them melt lead at a village near, call'd Cumford, but the heat was so intense we did not stay long among them; and the poor souls told us was often very prejudicial to them. That evening we went in a barge on the river, but it being not navigable, 'tis but in few places the stones and craginess of the rocks will allow of boats. Every evening almost we found new company on our return to supper. Tho' the numbers perhaps were lessn'd, as most likely as many were gone off the same morning, about a hundred generally assembled at dinner. I heard Miss Slater, who sometimes makes a stay there, say that two or three days has made a total change of inhabitants. We tried one evening to ascend the prodigious rock I before spoke of, call'd Matlock

1757 High Torr. Many do, it seems, perform it, but I own I was frightened before I had got a quarter of the way up, and each object below began to appear so diminutive that I, even with some others, consented to be ridiculed for my fears, and with vast joy got down again as soon as possible, and even thought I felt giddy for hours after, and thought myself most happy when I got into the grove, one of the sweetest walks in Matlock.

And now I think 'tis time for me to quit this sweet place, on which fame indeed has always been so lavish of encomiums that one almost fears commending what one must injure by one's praise. We spent five most agreeable days there. Mr. Slater and his sister, accompanied us as far as Derby, where we lay that night; a town of great antiquity, very large, neat, and populous, and now of great note from its silk-mills, which are indeed most exceedingly curious, but it seems they don't let strangers view them with great attention, nor show the whole works, as the first person that set up these mills at Derby, they say, brought the whole from Italy by memory, having got a sight of these three times, once in the habit of a gentleman, the second in that of a Jesuit, and the third as a common soldier. Supposing this true, he must have been a man of most extraordinary genius, the machine consisting of 99,947 wheels, and all these turned by one.

The next morning our London party left Mr. and Miss Slater to return home, desiring our joint thanks to all the branches of the family for all the civilities we had received among them, in both the agreeable visits we had paid in Yorks and Derbyshire. We slept at Loughborough, and lay at Leicester, a very ancient-looking town indeed, so much so 'tis said by some to

have been a city. The next day we breakfasted at 1757
Market Harborough and dined at Northampton, one
of the prettiest towns I ever saw. It happen'd to
be the race-time, and a vast concourse of company
might add to the liveliness of the place. The next
place of note was Newport Pagnel, the most noted
place, it seems, in this kingdom for making lace.
Next came to Woburn, then Dunstable, the place
Rapin mentions, where the sentence of divorce was
pass'd against Queen Catherine, wife of Henry VIII.,
by Archbishop Cranmer. We that night (the last of
our tour), lay at St. Albans. The next day we break-
fasted at Barnet, and got to London about two,
where, being once more arrived, I've brought to a
conclusion my too tedious narrative of our ten weeks'
excursion. An able pen would have given a more
pleasing description of the many fine places we were
at, but as 'tis the sentiments of an admired author,
"That 'tis false modesty to make apologies for doing
indifferently, that, in which one is not supposed to
excel," I shall only add, that innumerable civilities,
delightful countries, weather the most pleasing, all
combin'd to render our journey agreeable.

N.B.—We set out on the 8th July and return'd
the 9th September. Travel'd 665 miles.

The next event Miss Girle chronicles in her diary 1758
is in 1758. "Great rejoicings and illuminations on
the taking of Louisbourg, and the 16th of September
everybody went to see the Cherbourg cannon carried
thro' the city of London."

She also chronicles the admiration of the public 1759
for Roubiliac's two monuments in Westminster Abbey
to General Hargraves and Sir Peter Warren. She

C

1759 visits in 1759, from her relation Mr. Mount's place at Epsom, Lord Baltimore's seat, a Mr. Belchier's also, which she describes as very curious.

"Literally contained within the circumference of a chalk-pit. Its owner had a very fine seat called Durdens, in Surrey, burnt to the ground, but, instead of rebuilding that, has collected not only the necessities, but even the luxuries of life into the above small compass, a good house, one room 30 feet by 20, and 15 feet high. In his gardens (all within the pit), is hothouse, greenhouse, orangery, vineyard, pinery, a grove, terrace, fish-ponds, fountain, with rock-work and the largest gold and silver fish I ever saw, a hot and cold bath, a pretty shrubbery; in short, one cannot name anything that is not in this wonderful chalk-pit." This same year, 1759, Miss Girle, on the 13th of August, set out with her family, "a lady of our intimate acquaintance," and a cousin, on a fresh tour to Oxford, &c.

After setting out early from London, they stayed some three hours at Salt Hill, then proceeded to Reading, reaching the town about six o'clock. She says: This town, in my opinion, may be styl'd a pretty town, but residing three years near may perhaps have made me partial. 'Tis finely situated on the rivers Thames and Kennet. There are several good streets, and the market-place is neat and spacious. They have three extremely good churches. The adjoining Fourbourg,¹ which commands one of the most delightful views I ever saw, contains the venerable ruins of an ancient abbey, found'd by Henry I., who was there buried, but his bones (as Rapin says), were thrown out to make a stable, and the monastery

¹ Now called the Forbury.

is now a dwelling-house. We staid at Reading all 1759 Tuesday, having the pleasure of seeing there many of our friends. We quit'd it early on Wednesday, travelling that morn thro' part of Oxfordshire. Our road for some hours was chiefly through the most pleasing woods. For beautiful variety, a place called Berring's Hill¹ exceeded all we that day saw. After having breakfast'd and spent some time at a town named Benson,² we went on to Oxford, that University so famous thro'out the world. We enter'd it not till near the approach of evening, but found its appearance striking and noble to the stranger's eye. On account of its grand and numerous buildings, the High Street, which for length and breadth, it seems, is hardly to be parallel'd, is render'd particularly magnificent by the fronts of four colleges and the churches of St. Mary, and All Saints. The city itself is of great antiquity, it having been consecrated to the Sciences by the ancient Britons; and tho' it has suffer'd calamities, 'tis now arriv'd at a very high state of grandeur, adorn'd with twenty colleges, five halls, fourteen parish churches. Coming into it pretty late, as I before observ'd, we had time that night only to see one of its colleges, and having fixed on that of Christchurch, proceeded to the view, on which Dr. Hunt (Professor there of Arabic), was so obliging to attend us. This fine Gothic structure extends 382 feet. Originally 'twas founded by Cardinal Wolsey, but on his disgrace Henry VIII. seiz'd on the foundation, and that he might not be thought to derive his fame from others, called it Christchurch. Over the entrance is a very

¹ Berin's Hill, supposed to be derived from Berinus, first Bishop of Dorchester, Oxon, hard by.

² Bensington, pronounced Benson, site of an ancient British city.

1759 beautiful tower, and in it hangs the great bell called "Tom." On the sound of its hundred and one strokes (the number of students in this College) at nine every night, all the gates are to be shut, and every gentleman in the University must repair to their respective societies. The bell¹ is 5 feet 9 inches high and 7 feet in diameter. The great quadrangle has a handsome terrace round it, and in its centre is a fountain with a statue of Mercury,² and in arches over three of the entrances are those of Queen Anne, Archbishop Fell, and Cardinal Wolsey. Under the latter we enter the stately stone staircase,³ whose beautiful roof, tho' very extensive, is supported by only one curious pillar. On our entering the hall, the Doctor told us it was reckon'd one of the largest in the kingdom, tho' its dimensions are no more than 120 feet by 40 feet, and in height 80. The ceiling is a grand frame of timber-work finely carv'd, and adorn'd with arms properly blazon'd. The Gothic fretwork roof of a large window at the upper end of the room demands particular observation from its elegant lightness. The hall on each side is decorated with the portraits of bishops and others educated at Christchurch; but what, in my opinion, greatly enhances the beauties of this ancient hall is, that at this day 'tis just the same (except the forty-five pictures above mention'd) as in the time of its founder, the Cardinal, in 1525, without the least addition of more modern ornaments, except such as cleanliness ever demands. The chapel of this College is the cathedral of the Bishop of Oxford, remarkable for some remains of painted glass of a most brilliant

¹ "Great Tom" weighs 17,000 lbs., the clapper, 342. It came from the Abbey of Oseney.

² The statue now removed.

³ Built in 1640.

colour, and the fine stone roof of its choir. Having 1759
seen thus far and the evening advancing, we return'd
for the night to our lodgings; but Thursday's morn
had not many hours been visible before our sex's
characteristic, as 'tis call'd, *curiosity*, made us, I must
own, rather impatient to be traversing over the
charming buildings of this fine city; and our break-
fast repast was no sooner over than we got into our
vehicle, which for hours incessantly whirl'd us o'er
the rattling pavement, stopping tho' at the most
remarkable edifices for us to view the grandeur of
in, as well as outside. The first College we were set
down at was that of Trinity, which we went to see
on account of the peculiar elegance of its chapel,
which was built A.D. 1693.¹ The screen, rails, and
altar-piece is cedar inlaid (the fine scent of which on
entering is very agreeable), besides other embellish-
ments. There are many festoons of carving so finely
executed that 'tis unnecessary to inform any that has
seen his performances that they were done by *Grinde-
line* Gibbons.² The chapel is pav'd with marble,
and under an alcove near the altar is an elegant
Gothic tomb, with the effigies of Sir Thomas Pope³
(the founder), and his lady in alabaster. The roof
is enrich'd with painting and fretwork. From the
chapel we went into the gardens, which are prettily
laid out, and remarkable for the fine yew wall that
surrounds them. From Trinity College we went to
the Museum, a building sixty feet in length, with a
grand portico of the Corinthian order. At entering
this apartment, a smile, I fancy, takes place on the
features of the most grave philosopher from the odd

¹ Rebuilt.

² Grinling Gibbons.

³ The College was founded by Sir Thomas Pope in 1554.

1759 contrasted view that lies before them. There may, and no doubt there are, many curiosities in this collection; but I must own some I should have thought too minute to be preserved by gentlemen of such a University; but ignorance ought always to be silent, and therefore I'll criticise no more! A present of Lady Pembroke's deserves mentioning, which is a magnet, the finest now in England, attracting a 200 lb. weight. Then there is an ivory carved ball, enclosing three of the same sort, one within the other, all cut out of one piece, which I think is extremely curious, as is a band of paper prick'd by a young lady in imitation of lace; and many other things which would give entertainment could one be certain they really were what they now have, I fancy, only the name of; as, for instance, we were present'd with a view of the skull of Oliver Cromwell, when at the same time history informs us, his body was never found; but his head indeed, for all I can tell, may have travelled to Oxford solo, and there lies among other curiosities, as the shield of Achilles, &c., &c.

From the Museum we next visit'd the Bodleian Library (which is over the divinity school, where Miss Blandy¹ was tried), this library consisting of three lofty rooms, dispos'd in the form of the Roman H; on all sides are the books arrang'd, each volume being chain'd to the cases. In the picture gallery contiguous to it are many valuable portraits. Two I must mention, that of Dr. Walls, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which is reckon'd the masterpiece of that fine lymner, and one of Johannes Duns Scotus, who

¹ Miss Blandy, a native of Henley-on-Thames, was tried at Oxford in 1752 for poisoning her father by administering powders given to her by her lover. She protested her innocence, but was hanged at Oxford the same year.

made a resolution to fast till he had finish'd a book 1759 he was translating, and died writing the last page, is a figure most striking. In this gallery, on a pedestal of black marble, stands the brass effigy of the Earl of Pembroke in complete armour, who was chancellor of the University in the reign of James I. 'Twas design'd by Peter Paul Rubens, and supposed to be the finest statue in England.

We next went to New College, found'd by William of Wickham.¹ The first court is 168 feet long; in the centre is the statue of Minerva. At the north-west corner we enter'd a chapel, which by far (as we were told), exceeds all in Oxford, and 'tis indeed a fabric most magnificent. The ante-chapel is supported by four pillars of fine proportion, and thro' a curious Gothic screen you come into a choir grandly striking, render'd more so by the noble flight of marble steps, and their iron rail-work surrounding the altar, the ornaments, paintings, and crimson velvet embroider'd communion cloth all adding lustre to each other. The organ is fine, erect'd by the famous Dolham, and the stalls esteemed the finest Gothic finishing for its lightness anywhere to be met with. The gardens of the College are large, and from a very high mount the Gothic spires, &c., of the building has a fine effect, and the area before this eminence is reckon'd a curious specimen of the old parterre taste; 'tis divided in quarters. In one (cut out in box), are the arms of England, garter, and motto; in another, those of the founder, with this, "'Manners make the man,' says William of Wickham 1379"—and things after the same manner in the two others. There is a fine bowling-green,

¹ In 1380.

1759 shady'd on one side by tall sycamores, whose branches are so enwoven from end to end as render them justly admired as a natural curiosity. From New College we went to the Clarendon Printing House, a magnificent structure with a Doric portico. This edifice was erected A.D. 1711¹ by the profit arising from the sale of Lord Clarendon's History, as the copy had been present'd by his son to the University. The letters are all solid metal, and the manner of placing, sorting, and taking the impression all gives entertainment, making one at the same time thankfully happy that an art so charming has a being in our country; for what pleasure so delightful as that of reading? We next went to the Theatre, erect'd at the expense of Archbishop Sheldon,² cost £15,000; the front is adorn'd by Corinthian pillars, with the statue of him and the Duke of Ormond. On entering, the mind is struck with an idea of grandeur. The roof is flat, and not being support'd by columns or arch-work, rests on the side walls, which are seventy and eighty feet distant; this roof is covered with allegorical painting. The room is, besides, furnish'd with full-length portraits; 'tis in form a Roman D, and contains 3000 people. From the Theatre we went to the Schools to take a survey of the statues, Lady Pomfret's present to the University, and which are styled an inestimable collection.³ I've no doubt by connoisseurs in ancient antiquities they may be thought so—their number is 135—but I must own to have a taste so refin'd as to have no pleasure in the sight of so many dirty, frightful, maimed figures, some having unfortunately lost heads, others legs,

¹ By Sir John Vanbrugh.

² In 1669.

³ This is an amusing account of the Arundel marbles!

arms, hands, or eyes. Being at a little distance 1759
from a Grecian Venus, the beauty of her face greatly
struck me, but how was I forc'd to call my own
judgment in question when on a nearer view I found
it a new head, stuck by a late statuary on the dirty
shoulders of a lady who seem'd to have no other
merit but her having been form'd so many years ago.
Strange repositories these, and the only places, I fancy,
where beautiful features are pass'd by unregard'd, and
the men stand in admiration at the majestic air of
ladies far past their grand climactericks.

From the schools we went to the Radcliffian
Library, which is a circular building situated in a square.
It stands on arcades in which lay several pieces of the
ruins brought from Palmyra. Ascending a flight of
spiral steps, you come into the library itself, which is
said to be a pattern of elegance; it rises into a capa-
cious dome ornament'd with compartments of stucco.
The pavement is of a two-coloured stone brought
from Germany. The room is enclos'd by a cir-
cular series of arches, beautified with festoons and
pilasters, behind these, in two galleries above and
below, are the books in elegant cases, facing each
other; over the door a statue of Dr. Radcliffe by
Rysbrack, and indeed the whole room is finished in
so high a taste as exceeds description. After seeing
it we went to the College of All Souls, and saw first
the chapel, which we could not help thinking in-
significant after that of New College or Trinity, tho'
at any other city but that of Oxford might be styl'd
grand. We then went to their library, a room that
from its ornaments and size must be call'd a fine
one; 'tis 200 feet in length and 40 in height. About
the middle of the north side is a recess equal to the

1759 breadth of the room, in this is the statue of Colonel Codrington.¹ There are two arrangements of books, the upper one being in a superb gallery, over which is a series of bronzes consisting of vases and busts interchangeably disposed. The ceiling and other spaces are adorn'd with the richest of stucco. The lock and key to this apartment, tho' seemingly too minute an object, deserves mentioning, it having cost sixteen guineas, and really may be styl'd a curiosity. Their hall at this College is an elegant modern room. The next place our vehicle set us down at was the Physick Garden,² which is five acres, surround'd by a wall with rustic portals at proper distances; on each side the grand entrance is a greenhouse, besides there's a fine hothouse, containing and raising for the garden many thousand plants for the improvement of botanical studies and vegetable philosophy. There are many very curious ones, the sight of which gave me a very high entertainment, as particularly the coffee shrub, the caper tree, the plantain, cotton, cinnamon, creeping cerus, with many others too numerous to mention. We saw the trunk of an aloe that blew there some years ago. From this garden we went to Magdalene Walks, as the gardens of that college are called, indeed they are charmingly pretty, having a lawn, grove, and paddock stock'd with forty head of deer, besides a most agreeable walk shaded by lofty trees, and its banks washed by the river Cherwell. At the hall of this College we saw the gentlemen at dinner, which was the last sight I think that we travers'd after in this city of curiosities, and having seen, tho' not all, yet those buildings that were deem'd

¹ The library was built with money left by him for that purpose.

² Established in 1622. An earlier one founded by Linacre.

most deserving observation, we quitted a place which I think every native of England once in their lives at least ought to visit. 1759

We lay at Woodstock the evening we left Oxford, and the next morning went to the Palace (or Castle), of Blenheim, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the royal gift of Queen Anne, who built and gave it to the family in commemoration of the battle of Blenheim in France. It cost near £300,000. On entering the park thro' a portal of Corinthian order, the magnificent pile strikes the eye, and gives one the idea of grandeur from a view so superb. Then the Rialto bridge, the lake, its valley, and other beautiful scenes are not less delightful. Here you are about half a mile distant from the house, and have only an oblique prospect of it, but on a nearer approach you find the front a semi-circle, its centre a portico elevated on massy columns; over the door is the figure of Pallas. This entrance admits you to a hall which is fifteen feet in height, supported by Corinthian pillars, on the recesses of which are casts from antique statues; over them paintings. The ceiling represents the Duke crown'd by Victory. In the arcades on the right and left is a fine arrangement of marble termini. The hangings of the first apartment are the achievements of Alexander. In this room are two crayon pieces finely executed by Lady Bolingbroke (sister of the present Duke¹); in the third apartment is that charming picture of Rubens' family by himself; here, too, is that principal one of Vandyke's, Lord Stafford dictating to his secretary; in the fourth apartment the hangings conclude Alexander's battles; the fifth is a cabinet of pictures by

¹ George, third Duke.

- 1759 the most eminent masters ; the tapestry of the sixth, seventh, ninth, and tenth are the battles of the great Duke of Marlborough, and nothing can be a more striking ornament to the rooms they adorn than these fine hangings ; the eighth apartment is grac'd by the most pleasing specimens of Rubens' luxuriant pencil, and the eleventh by other masters. The saloon is answerable in magnificence to the rest ; its dado is lin'd with marble, the doorcase is the same (and so are all in the other rooms, each a different sort) ; the walls are adorn'd with paintings by La Guerre ; 'tis in compartments, each of which contains people of a different nation in their proper habits, as the English, French, Italian, Spaniards, Turks, Chinese, Dutch, and Moors ; they are finely executed and have a charming effect, each portrait seeming in admiration of the noble room. From a series of smaller tho' magnificent apartments one is suddenly struck at entering the library, which is indeed superb ; its dimensions add greatly to its grandeur, it being 180 feet long and proportionately broad and lofty ; the Doric pilasters of marble, the complete columns of the same, supporting the rich entablature, the window frames, and surrounding basement of black marble, and the stucco'd compartments of the vaulted ceiling are all in the highest taste. This room contains the best private collection of books, as we were inform'd, in England, amounting to 24,000 volumes, which cost £30,000 ; they are under gilt-wire lattices ; on the top of the cases is a series of bronzes, and over them paintings from Italy, Germany and Flanders, with the cartoons copied by Le Blaud from those of Hampton Court ; the furniture of the library is answerable to itself, part of

which is a very fine orrery and planetarium, two 1759
curious tables of agate inlaid, on each a pair of
urns of oriental alabaster ; at the upper end of the
room is a statue, very highly finish'd, by Rysbrack
of Queen Anne. Leaving the library, we had then
gone thro' the body of the house, which consists of
fifteen principal rooms. One of the state bed-cham-
bers is point furniture on a buff-coloured holland,
the hangings, bed, window curtains, and chairs all
the same, and nothing can be more neatly elegant
than this apartment. In one of the wings is the
chapel, where there is a grand monument to the
old Duke and Duchess by Rysbrack, and their two
sons, who died young ; underneath, basso-relievo, is
the taking of Marshal Tallard. The park and gar-
dens are extremely fine, the former near eleven miles
circumference, containing innumerable scenes of rural
variety. This park has been many years famous, it
being that where Henry II. erected the house and
labyrinth for his mistress,¹ the romantic retreat that
was styl'd Fair Rosamond's Bower. 'Twas situated
in the sweet valley I mention'd at our entering the
park. The celebrated poet Chaucer² was born and
liv'd in a house very near the Corinthian portal,
the ruinous remains of which are still visible. The
gardens of Blenheim are laid out with taste, embel-
lish'd by natural beauties. The south front of the
palace is towards them ; on the pediment in its centre
is a bust of Louis XIV. larger than life, taken from
the citadel of Tournay. About two miles before we
got to Mortenhenmarsh (the place where we that

¹ In vain did Vanbrugh plead with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to retain this. She pulled it down in 1709, leaving only an old wall.

² Chaucer lived at Woodstock, and much of the scenery of "The Dream" is taken from there.

1759 day din'd) is a pillar erect'd, call'd the four Shire Stone, as there the counties of Worcester, Gloucester, Warwick, and Oxford meet, a circumstance not a little extraordinary, that at the same time one may be in all four! In the evening we went down Broadway Hill, the summit of which commands a prospect terribly delightful by reason of the surrounding vales.

We lay that night at Broadway, and the following morning went thro' the Vale of Evesham, a place I've often heard prais'd for beauty, and which indeed is extremely pleasant. By dinner-time we got to Worcester, a city of great note, built by the Romans; it contains twelve churches and a cathedral, has a very grand Town-Hall, and is really a neat place. The next morning papa and myself went in a chaise to Lulsley,¹ a situation I think so sweetly romantic; none I ever saw except Matlock in the Peak of Derbyshire exceeds it. From thence we had a fine view of Malvern Hills, which are rather mountains, they rising one above the other for seven miles. We return'd to Worcester to dine, and about two hours after set out to Tewkesbury, the neatest and best pav'd town we had yet been at. About a quarter of a mile from this place was fought the famous battle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, on the 4th of May 1470, to this day styl'd the Bloody Meadow. Edward IV. totally overthrew Henry VI. of the latter House, taking him and his son prisoners, the latter of whom was murder'd by order of the Duke of Gloucester. The great old abbey at Tewkesbury may be call'd one of the largest churches in England that is not cathedral, it having two spacious

¹ Miss Girle inherited a portion of this estate of Lulsley from her mother's family.

aisles, a stately tower and large chancel; the communion table is one entire piece of marble fourteen feet long, its cloth a present from the Dowager Lady Coventry, her own work. This church was first built in the year 711,¹ but William the Conqueror added to it greatly; it contains many curious monuments of antiquity, some few of which I shall mention. An abbot lies here in a stone coffin, which about fifty years since was opened by some persons (as was thought, only for his crozier and ring). The body was there entire, and the diaper he was wrapt in perfectly fresh, an incident that seems surprising. George, Duke of Clarence, who was order'd by his brother Richard to be smother'd in a butt of Malmsley, is buried in this abbey, and the great Earl of Warwick in Edward IV.'s time, who was styl'd the king-making Earl. The tomb of a Lord O'Brien deserves attention for the curious Gothic workmanship wherewith 'tis adorn'd, as does still more the magnificent little chapel dedicat'd to Mary Magdalene, where private mass used to be said. Two other monuments I remember is Edward (son of Henry VI.), who I before mention'd was murder'd at the battle of Tewkesbury, the other was that of a monk,² who in time of rebellion had run into a hollow tree, and endeavouring after the battle was over to get out, found it impossible to extricate himself, and was starv'd to death; but why so very a coward should have been honour'd by a fine monument seems extraordinary, as every one must think a mind so selfishly mean almost deserv'd the punish-

¹ A.D. 715, founded by Odo and Dodo, Dukes of Mercia.

² This must have been a verger's fiction at that period; the monument is to Abbot Wakeman, erected for himself as a memento mori, when Abbot; he was afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

1759 ment it met with. It took up some time to view the old abbey with the attention it deserv'd, but the agreeable survey over, we got into the coach and proceed'd to Cheltenham. This place has been for many years frequented on account of its Spaw waters ; there was then the season, but little company. We breakfasted with some friends who were there, after which, having seen the place and everything deserving notice, we set out for Gloucester, got there by dinner-time. Gloucester is the capital city of the county, and lays stretch'd, as it were, along the river Severn. There is nothing except the Cathedral¹ I think worth seeing ; that on the outside is a fine Gothic structure, with a tower remarkably light and pretty ; the inside of the church most excessively heavy, being support'd by plain pillars of a size most enormous. The most particular monuments are these : Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror ; Edward II. ; then there's a tomb of one Parker, who was the last Abbot and first Bishop, and another of a man and his wife with their nine sons and seven daughters. I must not forget to mention the cloisters of this cathedral, which are reckon'd remarkably beautiful.

We left Gloucester about four, and being pretty late in the evening, we could proceed no farther than a place call'd "Cambridge Inn," where indeed necessity oblig'd us to put up with lodgings sufficiently inconvenient ; but as it was for a few hours only, we made ourselves as easy as 'twas possible in a situation disastrous enough, rejoicing only at the approach of the next morn, which no sooner arriv'd than we quitted with pleasure "Cambridge Inn."

¹ Founded in A.D. 679 by Wolthere, first Christian king of Mercia.

We breakfasted at Amesbury Hill, where is one of 1759
the sweetest prospects imagination can conceive, commanding an extensive view quite to the Severn Sea, which adds no little beauty to the whole. After staying some hours at this charming spot, we went on to Bristol, reaching that place about six in the evening. This city is seat'd between the rivers Avon and Frome, contains nineteen churches and a cathedral. The streets are but narrow. The new Exchange is a handsome building, and the quay for its length, and the crane, is not, we were inform'd, anywhere in Europe to be equal'd. Queen Square, and College Green, are the two prettiest places in Bristol. In the former is a statue to William III. by Rysbrack, and in the latter a curious cross, suppos'd the most ancient and well-preserv'd now in England. The Cathedral is not very extraordinary, and upon the whole, the city itself, I fancy, would not be greatly injured by having the same character; not that 'tis near so bad a place as report has taught me to expect. They there draw all their goods on sledges, which they say is a great inconvenience, tho' I thought it seem'd much less so than the way they convey them from place to place in the Metropolis. The next morning we went to the Hot Well on St. Vincent's Rock, which indeed is a sweet romantic place. This was the fullest season has been known for years. The company meet here to drink the waters at eight and twelve, then walk in the rooms, which is a little way distant from the well. After dinner meet there for the evening, and on Tuesdays and Fridays there are balls. This is a short description of the employment of the Bristol season, which was then at its height, and a prodigious deal of company there then indeed seem'd assembl'd.

1759 Mr. Ford's family were so obliging to give us their company to dinner, and in the evening we once more prosecut'd our tour, and got to Bath that night. This is a place of great antiquity, lying in a valley, surrounded with amphitheatrical views of hills, from which hills spring the water so fam'd, and which are of such advantage to this city—a city, in my opinion, more worth seeing than any I was ever at, the great Metropolis excepted. Twice I have been there before, but 'tis infinitely improv'd by the building the circus, and the whole street by which 'tis approach'd from the square. They seem to fear the former's ever being finished, its progress is so extremely slow ; nine houses only are yet erect'd. There is intended to be three times that number, and the openings between give a fine view of the country. Those that are complet'd give one an idea of the elegance of the whole, they being in a magnificent taste in the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. . . .

We employ'd our morning as is usual at Bath in going to the Pump, the Abbey Church, and the rooms, tho' each were but little frequented, there being but two or three families besides that of the Duchess of Marlborough. The heat of the waters is very extraordinary, and people attribute it to different causes, but most to its passing thro' certain sulphurous veins of the earth. In taste 'tis not so agreeable as those at Bristol. Thursday afternoon we went to Mr. Busby's at Walcot ; we had paid in the morning a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, and early on Friday we quitted this agreeable place, and lay that night at Devizes. At this town then were quarter'd our Berkshire Militia, which, to the honour of their officers and county, we really thought came much nearer to a

resemblance to the regulars than any we had yet seen. 1759
After having breakfasted on Saturday, we quitted this town, and in a few hours had the pleasure of seeing that famous monument of antiquity on Salisbury Plain, call'd Stonehenge. But as I should be able of myself to give but a very incoherent account of this noble work, eminent from the remotest ages, I shall here insert a very short abstract indeed, as I took it down in reading Dr. Stukeley's book concerning it. His words are as follows :—" 'Tis more than probable that it was a temple of the British Druids, and the chief cathedral (as it may be call'd), of all their temples in this island. 'Tis thought to be of an extraordinary antiquity, perhaps three thousand years old, executed not long after Cambyeses' invasion of Egypt. When the Saxons and Danes came over, they wonder'd at Stonehenge then, and were at as great a loss about the founders and intent as we are now. Camden saw, with excellent judgment, 'twas neither Norman nor English. Inigo Jones endeavour'd to prove it the former ; but whoever is acquaint'd with Roman architecture must be of a different opinion. After passing a circular ditch by which 'tis enclos'd, about 30 yards distant is the work itself, being 108 feet in diameter. On entering and casting your eyes around the yawning ruins, you are struck with an ecstatic reverie. The temple was compos'd of two circles and two ovals, the whole number of stones 140 ; the great oval consisting of 10 uprights, the inner, with the altar, of 20 ; the great circle of 30 ; the inner of 40, and 5 imposts of the great oval ; 30 of the great circle ; 2 stones standing on the bank of the area, 2 others lying down, and one there seems to have been by the barrow nearest this place. The largest stones beyond

1759 controversy were brought from those called grey-wethers¹ on Marlborough Downs, and a piece brought to the Royal Society, and examined with a microscope, 'tis found to be a composition of crystals, red, green, and white. The extravagant grandeur of the work has attracted the admiration of all ages. Indeed a serious view of it puts the mind into a kind of ecstasy at the struggle between art and nature, and 'tis truly entertaining to consider the judicious carelessness therein; for notwithstanding the monstrous size (the stones of the adytum being 30 feet high), 'tis far from appearing heavy, and no one ever thought it too great or too little, too high or too low. The trilithon at the upper end was an extraordinary beauty, but the noble impost is dislodg'd from its airy seat and fallen on the altar. The two uprights that supported it are above 30 feet long; one is entire, but leans upon one of the stones of the inward oval, the other is broken in half lying on the altar."

Such is the account Dr. Stukeley gives us of Stonehenge. The original indeed is a folio volume; mine only a few lines taken from different parts of his, to serve as a help to memory should time obliterate the idea of these very striking ruins from my mind. Having spent some time in viewing this magnificent wonder, and endeavouring with some tools our servants had, to carry some pieces of it with us, which with great difficulty we at last accomplished, and have since had them polished; but in reading the above, altho' we were rather mortified, as 'tis his sentiments that 'tis an absurd curiosity for people to wish the remains of this temple further ruined, but,

¹ The stones of Stonehenge are sarsen (or grey-wether), syenite, and diastyte.

however, we have the comfort to think the very small 1759
bits we took could not greatly endanger the work, and
that, tho' our party were chiefly female, we had not
more curiosity than the learn'd gentlemen of the
Royal Society, who, it seems, with Dr. Stukeley, had
some brought for their inspection thro' a microscope.
. . . We once more enter'd the attending vehicle,
highly entertain'd by the sight of what in the same
moment gave one sensations pleasingly awful. By
the number of barrows on Salisbury Plain people
(says Dr. Stukeley), injudiciously conclude there have
been great battles fought there, and the slain buried
in them, but they are really no other than family
burying-places.

From Stonehenge we went to Wilton House.
This seat of the Pembroke family has been theirs
two hundred years, but originally a monastery. Part
of it was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII. and part
in that of Elizabeth. This charming tho' ancient
mansion is situated in a garden of sixty acres, which
a river runs thro'; a delightful lawn lays before the
house, which has the view of the canal; a grand
arcade at the upper end, where the fall of water is
very fine. On the contrary, when you are at this
building, the eye has still greater beauties to admire,
as the magnificent old structure, a Palladian bridge,
Gothic seats, temple, and numberless pieces of the
watery element, which ever is one of the most pleasing
objects in a fine prospect. The late Lord Pembroke
had thought, it seems, of erecting in his gardens a
Stonehenge in miniature, as 'twas suppos'd to have
been in its first glory. . . . The late Earl was—so
I'm told—a man of great genius and a master of
antiquity, by which he was enabl'd to collect such

1759 valuable pieces of painting and sculpture as made a perfect museum. The busts, statues, and relievos, in all 335, are deem'd very fine. There are ten state apartments, the chimney-pieces of which were carved in Italy; the decorations of the wainscot are gilt, the stuccoed ceilings are answerable to the splendour of the rest. 'Twas at this seat Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia." In the bottom panels of one of the rooms are several incidents of that romance in miniature, but very ill painted. The bed-hangings of one of the state rooms is bugles, which by candlelight must look, as we imagin'd, extremely pretty. 'Twas worked by some ladies of the family. But what most deserves a particular observation is the celebrated picture of the Pembroke family by Vandyke. This very large piece is at the upper end of the great room. It consists of ten whole lengths, besides two sons and a daughter, represented in the clouds, who died young. 'Tis so fine a performance as I imagine it has few equals, and at 60 feet distance (the length of the room), one almost sees each portrait animated into that life the limner has so well endeavour'd to express.

We quitted Wilton just time enough to reach Salisbury before the close of day, so had not the opportunity that evening of seeing a place every one talk'd of for its peculiar neatness. The next morning we went to the Cathedral, a fine fabrick, the spire-steeple very beautiful. This building, founded A.D. 1220, is thought remarkable for having as many gates as months in the year, windows as days, and marble pillars as hours—a circumstance for which the architect is justly found fault with if in his plan so whimsical a thought had preference to others much more

material in a design so great. After the Cathedral 1759 service we return'd to the inn, and, dinner over, quitted this celebrated town. . . . We lay that night at Andover, the next at Hertford Bridge, and early on Tuesday got to Mr. Baker's at Mattingley, which family obligingly insisted on our staying with them till the next morn. . . . Wednesday morn only too soon began its dawn, almost with which we quitted their friendly mansion and set out for Lincoln's Inn Fields, which place, after having dined at Staines, we reach'd in the evening of the 29th August, which day was the concluding one of an excursion as agreeable as everything seemingly contributing to our pleasure could render so delightful a tour.

The number of miles we travell'd :—

From London to Reading	39
Reading to Benson	15
Benson to Oxford	12
Oxford to Woodstock	8
Woodstock to Moreton-hen-Marsh	20
Moreton-hen-Marsh to Broadway	8
Broadway to Worcester	21
Worcester to Lulsley and back	16
Tewkesbury to Cheltenham	10
Gloucester to Cambridge Inn	12
Cambridge Inn to Amesbury	46
Bristol to Bath	17
Bath to Devizes	19
Devizes to Wilton	25
Wilton to Salisbury	3
Salisbury to Andover	17
Andover to Basingstoke	18
Basingstoke to Hertford Bridge	10
Hertford Bridge to Mattingley	3
Mattingley to Staines	23
Staines to London	17

1759 Miss Girle paid a visit to the Tower in December 1759, breakfasting with the Governor. Her description has nothing remarkable in it, with the exception of seeing the wild beasts then kept there. The next extract of interest is on May 6, 1760:—"Earl Ferrers was carried from the Tower to Tyburn, escorted by a party of Horse and Foot Guards; a clergyman, and two sheriffs were in the coach with him. The poor unhappy man was drest in his wedding suit, dating, as he himself said, his whole unhappy conduct from a forced marriage.¹ He observ'd that the apparatus, and being made a spectacle of to so vast a multitude was greatly worse than death itself; the procession was two hours and three-quarters from setting out, the landau and six in which he was, the sheriffs each in their chariots, one mourning coach, and a horse attended and return'd thro' Lincolns Inn Fields about one. I think I never shall forget a procession so moving; to know a man an hour before in perfect health, then a lifeless corpse,² yet a just victim to his country, for the abuse of that power his rank in life had given him a title to—his rank, indeed, caused his punishment, as the good old King in answer to the numerous petitions of his greatly to be pitied family made this memorable speech, 'That for the last years of his life he had been beyond his most sanguine hopes successful, for which he should ever return thanks to God, and on his part he had and always would endeavour to administer justice as he ought, as events had shown by the punishment of his most exalted subjects.'"

¹ He had murdered his steward in a peculiarly brutal manner, for refusing to falsify some statements as to the Earl's financial position.

² For his rank's sake he was hung by a *silken* rope.

Miss Girle concludes with thinking the unhappy 1759 Lord's intellect was more at fault than his heart, in the murder for which he suffered. Her account of the British¹ Museum, just opened, 1759, and its contents are amusing.

"Montagu House² as a noble one is of itself worth seeing. The apartments are all fitted up with bookcases, and cabinets for Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities, purchas'd by the public for £10,000; there are 30,000 volumes of manuscripts. Six rooms are Sir Hans' collection of books, many valuable ones no doubt—four is here shown as greatly so: 1. "In thy own old age," one of the first books printed; 2. Queen Mary's Mass-book, finely painted; 3. The first Bible ever printed in English, a present to Henry VIII. on his permitting it to be in that language; 4. A manuscript Bible, wrote by a lady named Theclea, very valuable for its antiquity. In one room, with many other drawings, were two volumes of insects, by Mariana,³ in their several states, with the plants they feed on, cost Sir Hans £500. In other apartments are rang'd Egyptian figures, found with mummies, &c., &c. . . . One room of curious things in *spirits* (but disagreeable). Indeed Sir Hans seems justly to have gain'd the title of a real virtuoso in the above collection.

October 25, 1760, His Majesty George II. died 1760 at Kensington, in the 77th year of his age, and 34th of his reign, taken from a people by whom he was

¹ 1753 was the year Parliament purchased Sir Hans Sloane's Museum, which with the Harleian Library, formed the nucleus of the present British Museum. The Museum was opened 1759.

² Had been the residence of the Dukes of Montagu; built 1677.

³ Maria Sibilla Merian, one of the earliest delineators of insect life; she was born 1647, died 1717.

1760 sincerely loved, fortunately for himself, at the most shining period of his life. 'Twas astonishing to see the amazing consternation, bustle, and confusion an event like this, quite unexpected, made in a metropolis such as London. I happened to be out that morn before it was known: it was published about twelve, when instantly the streets were in a buzz, the black cloth carrying about, and in half an hour every shop was hung with the appendages of mourning, which was not put on till the Sunday se'nnight following. The bowels were brought privately from Kensington, and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and the night after, the body was brought and deposited in state for interment; on the next day, Tuesday, November 10th, the great bell of St. Paul's, and every other church in London, toll'd from 6 to 11, and minute-guns fired; all which form'd the most melancholy sounds 'tis possible to imagine.

December 9, 1760.—The scene of joy as usual soon succeeded, and every one went to see their new young monarch go in state to the House of Peers, really a pretty sight, by the multitude of coaches and concourse of populace that attended. The acclamations of joy and approbation were excessive, tho' I imagine not more than every sovereign receives on the like occasion. Novelty was, and ever will be pleasing to people of all ranks in life, as well as the mere vulgar. The procession was as follows:—

12 Grenadiers.

A coach, six bay horses, decorated.

A coach, dun horses.

12 Grenadiers.

14 Yeomen of the Guard.

10 Footmen.

4 other men.

The King in the state coach, drawn by 8 cream-coloured horses, 1760
long tails, and manes ornamented with blue ribbons.

A Company of Horse Guards.

In the return, all the Members of both Houses
of Parliament in their coaches.

In 1760 occurs the fourth journal of travel by Miss
Girle, entitled—

“PLYMOUTH JOURNAL”

1760

If the rusticity of a dull pen, like a piece of rough marble, may be polish'd by exercise, then (as I've scribbled o'er much paper), may I in time, perhaps, have the honorary title of an expert journalist. Here am I now commencing my fourth essay on our summer's rambles. . . . Our party assembled and our morning fine, we once more bid adieu to the Metropolis. Our first day's place of breakfasting was the Orkney Arms, Maidenhead Bridge. All within a few miles of this place the road, I think, is disagreeably unpleasant, the grounds surrounding it wearing that dreary flat aspect which, in my opinion, generally denotes those bordering on the great city; but when once Windsor Castle is in view, then the whole country is fine, and is so quite on to Newbury. The prospect in particular is very delightful from the hill just after you leave Maidenhead, commanding Clifden, Lord Inchiquin's, and the houses of several other gentlemen. We that evening reach'd Reading, the county town of Berks. 'Tis large, well built, and during the Civil War in England was strongly fortified. The remains of the bastions, &c., are still seen; formerly was noted for a famous abbey in the adjoining Fourbourg

1760 (erected, as 'tis said, by a Saxon lady). Here the Parliament of England has been sometimes held. Its venerable ruins even now strike the beholder with an awful pleasure. 'Tis most charmingly situated ; but that, indeed, is no wonder, for who ever heard or read of a society of religieux in former days whose thoughts were so entirely fix'd on the other world, as to make them neglect erecting their earthly residence on the most delightful spot. Indeed, this Fourbourg must have been ever beautiful, and since the above mention'd time render'd more so by having in view the seat of Lord Cadogan,¹ Captain Forrest's, &c. The abbey was built of flints, the remaining walls eight feet thick, tho' the stones that fac'd them are gone, but 'tis amazing to see how hard 'tis cemented. Reading has three handsome churches built in the quincunx fashion ;² and within a furlong of the town, to the south-west, within a hundred yards of the Kennet, on a rise call'd Cat's Grove Hill, is a stratum of oysters,³ five or six inches thro' the hill, many large and entire, others mould'ring and decay'd, suppos'd to have been there buried at the Deluge.

On Tuesday we set out early for our farm at Beenham,⁴ papa being obliged to go there on business with his tenants, and we, not a little fond of the place, chose to accompany him in the excursion. It was a very agreeable one. Beenham lays about a mile out of the great road to Bath, on a pretty steep ascent, and near nine from Reading, which nine miles is allow'd to be as fine a ride with regard to the prospects on

¹ Caversham Park.

² Probably she means one at each corner of the town.

³ Fossil bed of oysters.

⁴ Underwood Farm.

each side as almost anywhere met with. As thro' my 1760 journal I intend to mention every seat we pass nigh to, I must not omit that fine old mansion call'd Inglefield House,¹ now Mrs. Brathawit's, and a little farther, on the same hand, is Mrs. Zinzan's, a very delightful situation. We there call'd, and had the pleasure of finding them all well. After a short visit we proceed'd to the farm, which is only three-quarters of a mile distance from their house. . . . In the evening we return'd again to Reading, which we left on Wednesday by six, and in our way, to Basingstoke went to see Mr. Baker's new purchas'd estate in Hampshire. 'Tis prettily situated on Heckfield Heath (near Mr. George Pitt's). The family, as we knew, were gone into Norfolk, so that we went on to breakfast at Basingstoke, which in itself, and surrounding country, I think very indifferent; from thence thro' a road equally unpleasant, we went to Andover, there lay. This place, on the borders of Salisbury Plain, is a great thoroughfare on the direct western road, is tolerably built, tolerably neat, and intolerably paved; but the art of sticking the streets with the points of stones upwards greatly flourishes in every town almost—you perceive they're proficients in this trade, but what end (except 'tis a shoemaker's plot), it can answer, 'tis difficult to imagine. On Thursday we went on to Salisbury, a city in Wiltshire, laying at the confluence of the two rivers Avon and Willy. When at this place the last summer, I own I thought it not in beauty what report had taught me to expect; but now, by not having my expectation rais'd, which ever diminishes the lustre of new objects, it really wore an aspect much more striking; it was indeed the

¹ Englefield House.

1760 race-time, which gave it an air of unusual gaiety. . . . The streets are all at right angles, according, as 'tis said, to the model of old Babylon, the market-place spacious ; but as to their canals, as they style them, I must say that in my opinion they deserve not so fine a title. The cathedral, begun by Bishop Poore, is in figure a cross ; above the roof, which is 116 feet high, rises the tower and spire, the highest and grandest in England, being from the ground 410 feet, yet the wall at top less than five inches diameter ; its ornaments are rich. The tower has sixteen lights, four of a side. The inside of the church cannot, I think, be admir'd ; the outside is simplicity with elegance, tho' some think this cathedral light and slender to a fault, for the building be strong, yet, having not the appearance of strength is as great a defect in beauty as being over-clumsy. This fabrick is remarkable for having an equal number of gates as months in the year, windows as days, and marble pillars as hours, a circumstance for which the architect is greatly found fault with, his plan so whimsical. . . . We went on to Woodyeates Inn, where we stay'd that night ; 'tis a single house, a few miles after entering Dorsetshire, with a country round it very disagreeable. The next morning from this place we went to see the seat of the Right Hon. George Doddington. The house, gardens, and park called Eastbury are eight miles in circumference. When we got to the park, choosing to walk, we quitted the vehicle. The building, as you see thro' a fine lawn, may be styl'd an elegant fabrick ; 'tis of stone, extending in length 570 feet, of which the main body of the house takes up only 144 ; the rest is arcades and offices. Having ascended a grand flight of steps, you come under a Doric portico, whose pedi-

ment extends 62 feet, with pillars 46 feet high ; from 1760
thence you enter a noble hall, adorn'd by statues and
busts, the saloon painted olive, the ornaments, as the
cornice, &c., rich gilt ; the sofas in this apartment are
very fine tapestry, On one side the saloon is the
common dining and drawing room, on the other the
best drawing-room, hung with and furnished with cut
velvet ; the state bed-chamber, hung with crimson
velvet furniture ; the same, the bed with gold, and
lin'd with a painted India satin ; the dressing-room
hung with green satin. The marble tables in all the
principal rooms are fine, purchas'd, the housekeeper
inform'd us, out of one of the Italian palaces. I was
much surprised to see in a house like this so few
pictures, only one—which was Lord Stafford dictating
to his secretary—worth remarking, a thing surprising
at a time when it seems to be the peculiar taste of the
gentlemen of this age to make collections, whether
judges of paintings or ambitious to be thought so.
The *Managareth*, or Chinese bedroom and dressing-
room in the attic storey, is excessively droll and pretty,
furnish'd exactly as in China, the bed of an uncommon
size, seven feet wide by six long. In the common
breakfast-room, fixed over the chimney is a clock
which I think may be called curious, the dial white-
flowered glass, the hand of the same material but of
colours various, altogether forming a pretty ornament.
The gardens are laid out as well as is possible without
a view of water. . . . From Eastbury we went on to
Blandford, a town about four miles distant ; 'tis well
built and populous, more so indeed at that time, as
it was their fair and visitation time. . . . Blandford
is seated on the river Stour. I've heard that for-
merly 'twas the greatest manufactory in England of

1760 bone lace, but what is remarkable is that the poorer sort of its present inhabitants told us they never knew that it ever was so.

As we prosecuted our tour, about a mile from this town, we saw the seat of Mr. Portman Seymour,¹ and so on after two of Mr. Pledwell's,² the one a new handsome house, the other the ancient family seat—a fine old mansion; and as they are only three miles apart, I think the gentleman must have some difficulty (his father being lately dead), to determine at which to reside. We pass'd to a house of Mr. William Pitt's near Dorchester, which place we reached in the evening. This town has a neat appearance; I believe, tho', only from being built entirely of stone, for the houses in general, except one or two in the High Street, are mean: 'tis, I think, a place of the least bustle I was ever in; it seems serenity itself; no one appear'd agitated by hurry or confusion. Quite round the town is a very pleasant walk of sycamores, which must be very agreeable to the inhabitants. Mr. Hawkins, a gentleman of the place, gave us the favour of his company for the evening, and early the next morning we again set out. Near Dorchester³ are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre,⁴ and one⁵ of their encampments able to contain about 30,000 soldiers. The country here begins to wear a fine aspect, and every mile brings additions to its beauty; our road from this morn was nothing but ascents or descents, no level, all a range of hills, no sooner at the foot of

¹ Bryanston Park.

² Mr. Pleydell's, Whatcombe House.

³ Dorchester, the British Dwrinwyr, afterwards Roman Durnovaria. These walks were made by the Romans.

⁴ Amphitheatre called Maunbury, reckoned to hold 12,960 spectators.

⁵ Poundbury, or Maiden Castle, both near Dorchester.

one, but a still higher offer'd for us to mount. Our 1760 prospects must, of course, be charming, the sea adding to its grandeur. We breakfasted at Bridport.¹ 'Tis large, on the seashore, stone built, chiefly cottages, but they are neat, and therefore the town cannot be styl'd a bad one. Once this was the only place for twisting ropes for the Royal Navy. They still carry on the trade, and 'tis charming to see how industrious their poor are—every child of five years being able to earn threepence or a groat a day. At this town we breakfasted; and not far from it is a hill call'd after it by the name of Bridport. This hill it was that gave us sensations too difficult to describe, and impossible to say whether pleasure or terror was the predominant passion of our bewilder'd senses. We got out of the coach, trusting more to our own steadiness than to our seemingly compos'd animals, and had then in view a prospect, if I may use the expression, terribly pleasing. . . . The scene continued for a mile and a half. Its length made us grow courageous, and we left it more in admiration than in fear, reaching that night Axminster. We found ourselves in a town of a very poor appearance, nothing in it worth a stranger's notice, except the carpet manufactory to see; that is indeed well worth while; the weaving of it is extremely curious, and gave us ladies the more pleasure, I believe, as our sex are here admitted to be artists—an uncommon privilege² at this time of day, when the men seem to engross every possible branch of business to themselves. Axminster is on the great Western road, and the first

¹ A seaport and municipal borough. Pop. in 1896, 7000.

² The carpet-weaving is now removed from Axminster to Wilton. Miss Girle would have been satisfied with the present progress in occupation for women, and, for 137 years ago, seems to have been before her age in thought.

1760 town in the county of Devon. We were led by Camden, and curiosity to take an inside view of the church, he having told us of the monuments of two Danish princes slain at the battle of Brunenburg in this neighbourhood,¹ fought by King Athelstane, with seven princes, over whom he obtained victory; but really the sight of their highnesses afforded us great entertainment, nor should I have had the least notion by their present clumsy appearance such uncouth lumps of stone were once design'd to represent royalty. We left Axminster next day. Near it is a seat of Mr. Tucker's,² so sweetly situat'd that none can, I fancy, exceed it. Indeed the country here is most amazing fine, and the Vale of Honiton, a few miles farther, so far exceeds any idea one can form of a landscape, that 'tis in vain to endeavour at the description. The inhabitants of Dorsetshire, they say, pique themselves on what Charles II. said of their county, which was, "that in or out of England he never saw its equal;" but sure he had then, I should imagine, never been in Devonshire; the former is very charming, but still in my opinion exceeded by the latter. At Hainton we made a stay of some hours. 'Tis really a very pretty town. Five miles from it is a seat of Sir William Young's, which we pass'd that day in our way to Exeter. And now I must give some account of this the capital of Devon. It stands on the east of the river Exe, which washes its walls, on a hill of a gentle rise, encompass'd with a ditch and strong wall a mile and half in circumference. I must own myself greatly

¹ Battle of Brunedune in 937, fought against Anlaf the Dane. In this were slain five kings, seven princes, a Bishop of Sherborne, and 5000 of the enemy. (*Vide Saxon Chronicle.*)

² Coryton House.

disappointed in this city, styl'd the "London of the 1760 West." That title, I suppose, it derives from its trade, for its inhabitants appear very industrious, and 'tis infinitely to their credit to say that business seems their chief employment; but 'tis the place I imagin'd so much superior to what it is. It principally consists of one very long street, tolerably broad, but not very straight, the houses every one of which are shops of a most ancient model; indeed we saw not any that can be call'd good in this grand city, consisting of fifteen parish churches (besides a cathedral), several of which in the Civil Wars, they told us, were exposed to sale by the common cryer. The Romans are supposed to have been here,¹ among other probable proofs, from many of their coins dug up there. Their Cathedral is in general, I believe, thought a good one. It exceeds, in my opinion, either Worcester, Bristol, Gloucester, Winchester, or Salisbury in the inside; but none I've ever seen equals that of York. This at Exeter was thirty years building; the choir, by Bishop Wharlewad,² in the year 1150; the body, by Quivel, in 1280. Grandison consecrated the two last arches at the west end in 1327, and covered the whole roof; and Courtenay completed the north tower in 1485; and 'tis very remarkable to observe the uniformity of the whole, for no one can discover the least incongruity in the several parts, so much does it appear the work of the same architect. I must not omit to mention as a curious piece of antiquity the Bishop's throne³ of Gothic woodwork carving. Indeed it may justly be admir'd, the canopy

¹ Its Roman name was Isca Damnoniorum; British, Caer Isc.

² Bishop Warewast.

³ Made in 1470 under Bishop Stapleton.

1760 being carried up in a light taste for above sixty feet. 'Tis thought to be coeval with the See, and at the demolition of Episcopacy in the time of Charles I. was remov'd, but 'tis suppos'd privately order'd to be carefully preserv'd, as since it has been replac'd without having receiv'd the least damage. I think they don't at this Cathedral perform the choir service at all well. There are many ancient monuments; some of those shown to us as most deserving notice I must here mention. The first discoverer of Newfoundland he's here, Captain Gilbert; Bishop Stapleton,¹ who founded and laid the first stone of Exeter College, Oxon; Bishop Bidgood, who originally was only a Blue-coat boy of this city; Bishop Oldham's effigy, with his hands nail'd together; he was excommunicated for not turning Catholic, but died before the time design'd for his execution; Lady Barret, in a little chapel, now called by her name, because she there lay in state; a skeleton effigy of Bishop Lacy, who in endeavouring to imitate our Saviour in fasting forty days, on the thirty-ninth fell a martyr, I think one may say, to his presumption; and in the library belonging to the Cathedral is Judge Doddridge and his lady, who was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. In the body of the church is a clock very remarkable for its antiquity and workmanship. 'Twas made some hundred years since,² has three dials; as for the hour, minute hand, and moon's age, 'tis really curious. The organ³ is esteem'd a fine one. The choir has two sets of hangings, tapestry and velvet, and gilt plate for the

¹ Murdered in a mob at Cheapside for espousing the cause of Edward II.

² Made time of Edward III., minute dial added in 1760, same year as this Journal.

³ Built by Loosemore, 1665.

communion service. The altar-piece, representing the 1760 inside of the church, is reckon'd a fine painting well preserved, except some little injury it received by three or four bullets fired at it in the great Rebellion in Oliver Cromwell's time. The painted glass, the figures of the patriarchs, kings, &c., were greatly damaged by the Reformers' zeal. Here, I think, finishes my account of the Cathedral.

In the north angle of the city, on the highest ground, stand the ruins of a castle called Rougemont,¹ formerly the residence of the West Saxon kings, afterwards the Earls of Cornwall. It was surrounded by a high wall and deep ditch ; had a rampart of earth parallel to the top of the wall overlooking the city and county. The inhabitants have for some years been filling up the ditch and on it planting trees, which on one side of a fine terrace form a grove, and the other being what one may style a natural hanging shrubbery, beyond which the rising country forms a charming prospect, which together makes the walk (called Northern Hay), very delightful. . . . On the Monday morning we left Exeter, and breakfasted at the town of Chidley,² of which, as nothing can be said in its praise, I'll make no further mention.

We were surpris'd in our travels thro' Devonshire to see their cottages of an appearance really meaner than in any county is usual ; and indeed, as by fatal experience, they have found residences terribly unsafe ; for on July 2nd, at Offington, near Exeter, more than twenty were demolished ; the poor people were in their beds, and one old woman in hers

¹ Built by William the Conqueror on an older site, given by him to Baldwin de Brionne, husband of William's niece, Albreda.

² Chudleigh, now celebrated for its caves, with prehistoric bones, &c.

1760 drowned by the rain being prodigious heavy; it came pouring in such torrents from the hills behind, and hurl'd down so great a quantity of stones of such amazing size, that soon broke down walls built only of a composition of clay and straw, call'd cob. The houses were instantly overflow'd and tumbling to pieces; all were in the utmost consternation, as one may easily imagine, from the ruinous state their habitations are still in. But to quit a subject so dismal.

We that night lay at Ashburton,¹ a tolerable market-town on the great road; the next morning we breakfast'd at a pretty rural place call'd Ivy Bridge,² and in the evening reach'd Plymouth. As we were strangers at the place, and rather fatigued that day with travelling, we choose to limit our curiosity by deferring our rambles till next day, papa that night only sending to a gentleman of his acquaintance (there quarter'd), desiring the favour of his company at breakfast. He came early next day, and it being propos'd to spend great part of it at Lord Edgcombe's,³ he was so obliging as to procure us a safe and large boat for our little voyage; but first, breakfast being over, we went to view part of the town.

Plymouth (as must be generally known), is a place of great consideration and note, situated between two large outlets of the sea, in the bottom of a very large Sound, which on every side is encompass'd with hills, the shore steep, and in the entrance into the bay has a most dangerous rock, which, being cover'd at high water, many ships have there been lost when they thought themselves perfectly safe; but, as I

¹ One of the old Stannary towns of Devon, on the edge of Dartmoor.

² A romantic spot on the river Erme.

³ Mount Edgcombe.

learn'd at Plymouth, on the above-mentioned rock, 1760 call'd the Eddystone, was erected two years ago a new lighthouse,¹ so contriv'd as it can't take fire, which misfortune happen'd to the last there built, which was burnt down. Having walk'd about some time, seen the Victualling Office (in which the basket bakehouse performers gave us great entertainment), with the parade, quays, markets, &c., except the garrison, which we left for the evening, and now went to our boat, which lay ready for us. 'Tis by water to my Lord's not quite a league, yet by land, tho' in Devonshire, more than fifty miles, being obliged to go so far round and thro' part of Cornwall.

We had not been ten minutes on the watery element when Mount Edgcombe present'd a view which none could exceed. It lies on the opposite shore from Plymouth, on the other side of Hamoaze. In less than half-an-hour we quitted the boat, and, entering the park, were then at the seat indeed justly stil'd one of the grandest spots in our charming isle. The gardens, which we first went over, seem in the taste every one could wish. In the orangery are some of the largest fruit I have ever seen. In the Maze, twenty-five orange-trees brought from the Straits, that for height, tho' lopp'd, are really curiosities. In one part of the gardens next the sea my Lord² has erected a small battery, where, on any particular occasion of rejoicing, they can fire twenty-one pieces of cannon, call'd a royal salute. Here is a pavilion, from which is a very fine view.

¹ The third. The first was washed away; second burnt in 1755; Smeaton's, finished in 1759, now removed to the Hoe; fourth opened 1882.

² Richard, second Baron Edgcombe.

1760 Having walk'd over the gardens, we ascended a fine lawn, at the top of which stands the ancient mansion (a stone building), and both within and without bearing testimony of the antiquity it boasts.¹ Leaving the house, we mounted a steep ascent, and for about a mile and a half went on in a walk, where on one side we had a rising, the other a hanging wood, thro' the latter a very delightful prospect, and the whole being park, and the number of deer, no small addition to a scene so pleasing. The extent of our rambles that way was to a rustic arch of stone erected at the top of the hill, from which the view of the sea is indeed noble, and from this point we see the Eddystone. Farther beyond the arch is a zig-zag walk, which goes quite down again to the shore; but we now pursu'd our way back thro' the park, and reach'd very soon a little temple which afforded us a repast very agreeably. This spot, commanding a sweet view of the winding harbour underneath, and being in the midst of a wood guarded from sun-influence, was fixed on by a large party of gentlemen and ladies, who came that day on a scheme of pleasure to Mount Edgecumbe, as a place to enjoy in the most rural manner the cold collation they brought there. Captain Marriott was to have been with them, but at our arrival insisted on accompanying us to my Lord's: there we met his friends, who, with the greatest civility, desir'd us to refresh ourselves. With thanks we accepted the obliging offer, and the day being extremely hot, we received from it a new recruit of alacrity to pursue our rambles, and took leave of the company, sorry not to have it in our power, but in words, to return the receiv'd obligation.

¹ Original portion built in 1550.

In our way back thro' the grounds we saw many 1760 fine prospects, too great a number* to give description. From one place the views have a very pretty effect from seven vistas that surround you ; at the end of each is a different object ; from one the town of Plymouth, with its churches and spires ; another, the Isle of St. Nicholas, on which is a castle commanding the entrance into Hamoaze and Cutwater ; from the third you see Mount Batten ; the fourth, Plymouth dock ; fifth, the county of Cornwall ; and at the end of the two others, rising at the end over the top of trees, are a round and square tower at a great distance. More than five hours, I think, we spent at my Lord's, admiring its several beauties. We at last reach'd the shore, and, entering into the boat, soon were wafted to the dock, the place we were next to see. The dock is two miles from Plymouth, and is, as I was inform'd, as compleat an arsenal as any the Government are masters of. Here ships are built or brought to be repair'd, and there are all sorts of warehouses for naval stores for those ships appointed to lay there, besides military stores and handsome houses for the officers. They are now building a new dry dock (a fit size for the "Royal George,"¹ our largest man-of-war), which 'tis suppos'd to excel any of the kind, it being hewn out of a solid rock of marble, and lined with Portland stone. We once more took boat, and went round several men-of-war ; saw the "Formidable," a fine ship of ninety guns, taken by Sir Edward Hawke. After viewing the shipping, we were all landed at the hospital, which is recently erected, consisting of six separate buildings of stone, makes a fine appearance,

¹ This vessel sank in Portsmouth Harbour, with over eight hundred souls on board, in 1782.

1760 and, what is more to the founder's honour, will afford a most happy relief to the sailors and soldiery. Near here is the place where part of the French prisoners are kept, of which there are at Plymouth between four and five thousand. We saw them at some distance, amusing themselves in a field adjoining their prison. From the hospital we walk'd to our inn, not having any curiosity to see the inside; but the gentlemen walk'd over it, and afterwards overtook us at our entering the town. 'Twas then five o'clock, and having been out from before ten, and, I suppose, walk'd more than nine miles, we found ourselves ready for dinner, which waited only our appearance. We that day had procur'd for us those celebrated fish John Dorees, and red mullet. As I'm not in the least fond of fish, I can't be a judge of its excellence; but really the latter, which, on account of the trail, is styl'd the "Sea Woodcock," is beautiful to the eye and has a flavour most remarkably fine. The former is a creature of an aspect rather horrible; nor does the goodness, in my opinion, at all compensate for its figure, tho' Quin¹ (who now lives at Bath), often, it seems, comes from thence to Plymouth to eat them in perfection; therefore I suppose them deem'd curious, as he is said to deserve in some degree that unmanly title of an epicure. Provisions here, except fish, by the continual resort of company, are dearer than one should imagine. Quin, I suppose, thought so, by the following droll essay of his wit, which Captain Marriott was giving us an account of. The last time of his being there, after a fortnight's stay at his inn, and being kept in his usual magnificent table, on viewing his

¹ James Quin, celebrated actor and gourmand, born 1693, died 1766; spent his last eighteen years retired at Bath.

bill, thought it, I fancy, a little extravagant, for, after discharging it, on going away, in an arch tone, "Herbert," says he, "give me the watchword." "Sir," replied the landlord, "I don't understand you." "No," said Quin; "and hain't you robb'd me, and is it not customary for highwaymen to give the watchword?" The joke caused a smile, which I suppose made its author go off in good-humour, tho' eas'd of his money. 1760

After we had din'd, it then being the cool of the evening, we went to take a view of the citadel or garrison, a small but regular fortification over against the Isle of St. Nicholas. In my description of this place I fear (from not having a knowledge of that science), making a mistake; but that reason, I hope, will plead my excuse; but the terms of fortification are quite out of female knowledge; and what with many other things the men would perhaps say, we should not endeavour to understand; yet I must own 'tis my opinion that women might be made acquainted with various subjects they are now ignorant of, more for want of instruction than capacity, and what at first may appear intricate, after a quarter of an hour's converse might give entertainment. But is it anything surprising the sex should amuse themselves with trifles¹ when these lords of creation will not give themselves the trouble (in my conscience, I believe for fear of being outshone), to enlarge our minds by making them capable to retain those of more importance? But to digress no further, but proceed with my account of the citadel. From what I learn'd, by overhearing the gentlemen discourse in their view of the works (being as unobserv'd as our grandmother Eve

¹ Pity our heroine could not have had a peep at women's progress at the end of the nineteenth century.

1760 listening to the angel's tale to Adam, to whom she afterwards told her hearing the story—

“As in a shady nook she stood behind,
Just then return'd, at shut of evening flowers.”

—*Milton.*

'Tis, as I said before, a regular fortification, inaccessible by sea, not exceedingly strong by land, only, by being of a stone hard as marble, they say it would not soon yield to the batteries of an enemy. 'Tis surrounded by a deep trench three-quarters of a mile in circumference, out of which was dug the stone the whole was built with. It has three hundred great guns on the walls, which stand thickest towards the sea. Several are planted lying almost level with the water, which gives the greatest security to ships in harbour.

From the town, which lies sloping on the same rock towards the east of the sea, call'd Catswater, we ascended the glacis, pass'd the trench by the draw-bridge, and thro' the bastions, and came into a sort of field, where are the barracks for the soldiers, which really may be styl'd huts, just to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. Here, too, are the guard-room and casements, as I think they are called, buildings of such prodigious strength as to be perfectly safe from the reach of bombs, and here, in case of a siege, the soldiers off guard retire.

Having now seen all here mention'd, we last went to walk on the ramparts, where the prospects of the sea, the shipping, the lower battery, &c., was so delightful, that it detain'd us till night had near drawn her sable mantle o'er the whole. 'Twas near ten when we return'd to supper, and the remainder of our evening was spent in conversing of the day's diversion, and of

how much more pleasure we had receiv'd than even 1760
we expected from the town of Plymouth and the places
that surround it.

The next morning, soon after ten, we set out again for Ashburton, after returning thanks to Captain Marriott for the civilities we receiv'd the preceding day. Accompanying us to the end of Plymouth, he took his leave, and we went on to Ivy Bridge, and in the evening reach'd Ashburton; reach'd Exeter early on Friday, stay'd there the whole day, and got the next morn by twelve to Honiton. When we before were at this town, knowing we were to return thro' it, we defer'd till then seeing the making of bone lace; so now, as soon as we had breakfasted, went to view this their chief manufacture, which really gave us great pleasure, and much more to see 'twas our own country-women that could arrive at such perfection in this work, as I hope will prevent our ladies from forming the least wish to have the right Flanders; for really, on comparing two pieces, ours had the first preference; and if so, how very cruel not to encourage the industrious poor of our native land. After seeing the lace-making we went to the broad-cloth weaving, which, tho' in a different way, is still curious; and from thence, it being market-day, we stroll'd round inquiring the price of several commodities, and, ignorant Londoners as we were, quite astonish'd to hear we might have a couple of fine chickens for sixpence,¹ a pound of veal for three-halfpence, and other provisions in proportion cheap. What a surprising difference from the Metropolis! From the market we went back to our inn, and there, for the remainder of our

¹ This account shows how railways have almost equalised the price of provisions, &c., throughout the country.

1760 stay, amus'd ourselves with the transcription on the wainscot, which, at such places, I think every idler seems to subscribe their unit for the entertainment of the next idle gazer. I found the following four lines, which perhaps by many have been found too true in their pursuit of grandeur :—

“ How wretched is our fate,
What hazards do we run ;
We are wicked to be great,
And great to be undone.”

After a stay of nearly five hours at Honiton, we pursued our journey ; and having mounted one of those hills which surround this pretty town, we had again in view the fine vale I've mention'd before, than which I think no prospect of the mind can surpass in beauty. We that night lay at Axminster, and from thence, to have the pleasure of variety, the next morn we took the other road to Salisbury from that we came. Soon after we got out of Axminster we came into Somersetshire. A mile from Chard, and not far from Crookhorn,¹ where we breakfasted, lies the seat of Earl Powlet,² on the brow of the Serene Hill. The house appears good tho' ancient, the grounds of vast extent, commanding fine prospects. We got that night to Yeovil,³ a really pretty town, and the country round it very delightful. We pass'd a seat of Mr. Fane's,⁴ near this place. At our arrival we failed not going to Mr. Forbes's, an inn⁵ so very famous for a most extraordinary kitchen, that we were told it was worth going miles to see it ; and indeed it answer'd

¹ Crewkerne.

² Hinton St. George.

³ Celebrated for its glove manufactories.

⁴ Brimpton Hall.

⁵ “The Angel.”

description, and may be call'd a general repository for 1760 curiosities of every sort its owner can collect—as china, pictures, shells, antiques, &c., all rang'd in order. There is two dishes of Roman earth, very handsome, and of great value, having been in this town three hundred years; and in another corner lay a lamp, which Mr. Forbes said was really dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, and therefore esteems it highly. But 'tis not only the kitchen at this inn deserves notice; the whole house for neatness is a curiosity.

'Twas rather late next day when we left Yeovil; two miles from the town we ascended a long steep eminence called Babylon Hill; the origin of its title none could inform us of, but papa imagin'd it was from the resemblance it bears to the Hanging Gardens of that place. At the top the view is very pleasing. As we pass'd Sherborne we saw the ancient seat of the Digby family,¹ seeming a vast pile of building. Just before we got to Shaftesbury we had a prodigious hill to go up, so steep the horses could hardly gain the top. There stands the town,² the only one I ever saw on so high a situation, as generally for the convenience of water they lay low. The prospects surrounding it are indeed charming, more so, I suppose, from the novelty of the place. They have two sweet walks, one call'd Park Hill, and Castle Hill; from the former is a zig-zag way down the hill, which is a common footpath to the inhabitants, tho' to us it appear'd perpendicular, and even frightful to see them unconcernedly descend. The day following we went for many miles over the plains, to which we arriv'd by a terrible hill, five miles off Shaftesbury, called the

¹ Sherborne Castle.

² Of great antiquity. The British *Caer Palladwr*.

1760 White Sheet. We breakfasted at Salisbury, and that night lay at Stockbridge, getting to Winchester early the next day. No place this summer is more gay than this, prodigious deal of company resorting to the camp, his Highness the Duke of York¹ was there then, and excessively admir'd for his civilities to all ranks. The first night of his arrival, so wonderful a mortal is a prince, the streets were throng'd to see him, upon which he threw open the window and with universal applause was gazed at. Winchester is a mile and a half within its walls, has at some distance a venerable appearance, but in itself nothing remarkable; here is no manufacture, no navigation, and of course no trade, but what is naturally transacted by its inhabitants and the neighbouring villages. The Cathedral on the outside is extremely plain; on the in, 'tis esteem'd fine; the oddity of the tower greatly strikes the eye; they say indeed 'twas never finish'd and 'tis suppos'd to have been intended to support a spire, as it has strength for one higher than that at Salisbury. On the south side of the west gate of the city was formerly a castle, and in the place where that stood Charles II. began a noble design for a royal palace² in 1683; a large cupola was intended 30 feet above the roof for a view of the sea; the shell is said to have cost £25,000. I think there are 27 windows in front, and the apartments on the principal floor 20 feet high. His late Majesty George I. gave to the Duke of Bolton the pillars, of Italian marble, which were to have supported the staircase, said to be a present from the great Duke of Tuscany.

¹ Edward, Duke of York, third son of George II.

² Architect, Sir Christopher Wren. The portion completed made into barracks in 1810.

The centre of the palace being exactly in a line 1760 with the centre of the west end of the Cathedral, there a street 200 feet broad was to have been built, houses for the nobility ; the parks were to have been ten miles round. Winchester, if this grand work had been compleated, would indeed have been a city of magnificence. They have now eight regiments encamped there, seven militia, one of regulars. We saw the Berkshire exercise, who really perform'd well ; the view of a camp and their martial music is very pleasing. I was in Colonel Vansittart's¹ tent, furnish'd in the taste adapted to the place ; those for the soldiery are of a much smaller size, and besides them are a great number of sutler's tents, or rather hovels. From Winchester we had propos'd ourselves great pleasure by going from thence to Gosport, to pay a visit to a Berkshire family residing there during the war, with whom we had been extremely intimate. We that night lay at Wickham,² one of the most rural pretty towns I ever saw. The next day, as we drew nigh to Gosport, our fear of not seeing Mr. Percy's family increas'd, as they might possibly be gone on some travelling excursion, but on our arrival we found them at home, and the additional pleasure of finding Mrs. Durell and Mrs. Percy's sister, from their house from Southampton, to which place we once intended to go on purpose to see them. The reception we met with from these our agreeable friends shew'd the sincerity of the many wishes they've express'd that we would, while they continued there, make Gosport be listed among our other tours.

¹ Of Shottesbrook, Berks.

² Birthplace of the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester.

1760 . . . Mrs. Durel, Miss Brown, Mr. Percy, papa, and myself, accepted an invitation from Mr. Jones, (agent of the Hospital) (we three were the only ladies); the invitation was to see the Royal Hospital at Haslar. The building is grand, taking up within its walls 32 acres. It commands a fine prospect of the sea, Spithead, Southsea Castle, and other points of view. After an agreeable day, in the evening we returned in a six-oar'd boat to Gosport. Friday morn we went to Stokes Bay to see them take shrimps and other fish; here is a fine dry heath commanding the sea and the Isle of Wight. We had in a former journey been on that very charming island, so were now satisfied with the pleasing view of it from this place. Here, having spent two hours, we return'd to the town, and in walking round employ'd another.

Gosport, like most seaports, is a place of very indifferent appearance, and where we should not choose to reside, except it were at Coal Harbour, which, laying by the waterside, is pleasant. After having dined, our large party, in a man-of-war's boat, were wafted over to Portsmouth. The crossing is short but agreeable, by the having several remarkable points of view, as Block House Fort and Point, the round tower opposite, the Royal Hospital at Haslar, the two neighbouring towns, Spithead, &c. Having landed at Saltee Port, we walked over the town, which I think can hardly boast of a superior elegance to Gosport, and having gone thro' the ordnance or gun wharf, been round the ramparts, and taken a view of the inside of the church, we next went to the dock, where we had been invited to tea at Mr. Moriarty's there, by his lady and himself. We were treated with great politeness, and after a visit that appear'd

too short because so agreeable, we again sallied out 1760 to satisfy our curiosity, a passion very prevalent in most minds, tho' by the men deem'd the characteristic of the female one *only*, but to which of right belonging I'll leave to abler pens and pursue my tale.

In the yards, the dock, and storehouses of Portsmouth the furniture they say is laid up in the most exact order, so that the workmen may find anything they want even in the dark. The remains of the dreadful fire, July 2nd, was then smoking, and terrible is it to behold anywhere the ravages of this merciless enemy. 'Tis computed that the loss here was not less than £90,000, and storehouses, a rope-walk that was a room 170 feet long partly demolish'd, a 1000 tun of hemp, with other magazines. Most people really think this destruction was caus'd by lightning¹ and some affirm they saw a ball of fire fall on one of the storehouses, while others imagine it was a premeditated design to destroy the whole yard. . . . We next went on board a man-of-war; 'twas the "Tartar," that has done so great execution when commanded by the brave Lockhart. From this ship we went into the hull of the "Britannia," now building; it is 170 feet long on the inside by 50, and is to carry 100 guns. The bulk of these prodigious bodies seems to the eye amazing. We next went to view the three ships of Thurot's² squadron, laying then at Portsmouth, and after that proceeded to the Academy to see the model of a 100-gunship call'd the "Victory," which was cast away in the year '46. This model cost more than 100 guineas. . . . 'Twas pretty late

¹ It is now asserted to have been lightning.

² Thurot, the Captain of the French squadron; these three ships were taken by Capt. John Elliot off the Isle of Man.

1760. before we got home to Mr. Percy's, but the remainder of the evening we spent very happily with our obliging friends; but the next morn arriv'd, and on that we were to quit their hospitable mansion. The 12th hour of that day was a witness to our parting, and we then quitted Gosport and set out for the Metropolis.

About five miles after leaving Gosport we found ourselves on those delightful eminences call'd Portsdown Hills. They extend into Sussex; the soil is chalk, and the face of the country greatly to be admir'd. The ports, creeks, bays, ocean, ships, Isle of Wight, Porchester Castle, towns of Gosport, Portsmouth, Southampton, Chichester, and in short under one view all the coast from Portland Isle to Sussex, gentlemen's seats scatter'd here and there to make the prospect still more beautiful. We that night lay at Liphook, and the next morn came down Hind Hill, an old romantic spot, to which is given the nickname of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and indeed one seems to travel round a basin of amazing size, which road appears from the inside of a vehicle rather frightful than pleasing. We went thro' the neat town of Godalming, and pass'd a seat of Lady Oglethorp's. We breakfasted at Guildford, which is well built. We then went to see some painted glass,¹ which is esteem'd curious. 'Tis in the chapel of the Hospital, founded by Bishop Abbot, 1619, for twelve old men and eight women, who were all to be above sixty years of age. The road to Leatherhead is, by most people, thought to be more than agreeable; 'tis, indeed, thro' a series of cornfields, and in the miles one passes at least ten seats, tho' to my eye, who in the course of three

¹ Supposed to be of Flemish origin, and more ancient than the Hospital's foundation.

weeks had seen so many places where Nature shone 1760
 with such superior lustre, poor Surrey to me seem'd
 dull, flat, and totally void of the all-enlivening faculty
 of pleasing. . . . The owners of the ten mansions
 above mentioned, the first from Guildford, was the
 Lord Onslow's,¹ the second, Admiral Boscawen's,
 third, fourth, and fifth, Lord Pennant's, Lacy's, and
 General Howard's, and the rest were Lady Mary
 Tryon's, Lord Effingham's, Mr. Warren's, and two
 more, about the owners of which I was not so fortunate
 to gain intelligence. . . . We that night reach'd
 Leatherhead, pay'd our compliments to Mr. Dowsett's
 family there. The next morning having breakfasted
 and spent some hours, we set out for my Uncle
 Mount's at Clapham, and after a short visit to them,
 we proceed'd to London, reaching our Lincoln's Inn
 Fields early enough in a very delightful evening,
 almost to regret our arrival at the Metropolis at a
 season when the country was in the height of beauty,
 and the great city dull, dusty, and abandon'd.

Miles we Travell'd
 from London.

July 7. Monday, Breakfasted ² at Maidenhead at	
"Orkney Arms"	25
Lay at Reading, "Black Bear"	14
,, 8. Tuesday, went to Beenham. and return'd to	
Reading	18
,, 9. Wednesday, Br. at Basingstoke, "The Crown"	17
Lay at Andover, "The White Hart"	18
,, 10. Thursday, Br. at Salisbury, "The King's	
Arms"	18
Lay at Woodgates Inn	11

¹ Fell Hill.

² The reader must remember breakfast here stands in place of modern luncheon, tho' earlier—virtually *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

1760

Miles we Travell'd
from London.

July 11.	Friday, Br. at Blandford, "The Greyhound"	12
	Lay at Dorchester, "The Antelope" . . .	16
" 12.	Saturday, Br. at Bridport, "The Bull" . . .	16
	Lay at Axminster, "The Green Dragon" . . .	12
" 13.	Sunday, Br. at Honiton, "The Dolphin" . . .	10
	Lay at Exeter, "The New Inn" . . .	16
" 14.	Monday, Br. at Chudleigh, "The King's Arms"	11
	Lay at Ashburton, "The New Inn" . . .	11
" 15.	Br. at Ivy Bridge, "The Prince George" . . .	13
	Lay at Plymouth, "The Prince George" . . .	11
" 17.	Lay at Ashburton, "The New Inn" . . .	24
" 18.	Lay at Exeter	22
" 19.	Br. at Honiton	16
	Lay at Axminster	10
" 20.	Sunday, Br. at Crewkerne, "The George" . . .	15
	Lay at Yeovil, "The Angel"	9
" 21.	Monday, lay at Shaftesbury, "The George" . . .	22
" 22.	Br. at Salisbury, "The King's Arms" . . .	20
" 23.	Br. at Winchester, "The Chequer" . . .	10
	Lay at Wickham, "The King's Head" . . .	14
" 24.	Thursday, lay at Gosport	9
" 26.	Br. Saturday, din'd at Petersfield, "White Hart"	23
	Lay at Liphook, "The Anchor"	8
" 27.	Sunday, Br. at Guildford, "The White Hart" . . .	16
	Lay at Leatherhead, "The Swan"	12
" 28.	Monday, got to London	20
We travell'd in all		514

1761 The next year, 1761, our heroine was destined to lose her beloved father. In her diary she says:—

"*July 5th.*—This year I had the inexpressible loss of one of the best of fathers. Having been ill long, and London not agreeing with his constitution, he had just purchas'd a house in the Circus, Bath, and our goods were packing to remove there, but on his death my mother and I, preferring the country, took a house

of Lady Buck's at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, having formerly lived in that neighbourhood."¹

On September the 8th Miss Girle notes :—

"Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg came to London. The marriage was perform'd the same evening." This was the marriage of George III.; and on the 22nd of September Miss Girle writes the following interesting account of the coronation, entitled—

THE JOURNAL OF A DAY

Tuesday, Sep^{ber}. 25th, 1761.

The journal of a day, or short abstract of more than twenty hours pass'd by one of the innumerable parties assembled at their Majesties' coronation. In a letter to a friend in the country.

Safe, perfectly safe from the dreaded coronation is your Caroline; but take the promis'd journal as it follows. On Monday last I set out from my Uncle's in Kent, very early in the morn, and thro' as much rain as I believe ever fell in one day, arriv'd at the Metropolis by the hour of dinner; a gloomy prospect the badness of the weather, as I then thought of the morrow. On entering Mr. M——'s, was surpris'd to see the whole company in all the elegance of dress, but soon was inform'd that we were to go that evening to our seats—this at Mr —— request, a poor timorous mortal, not unlike another gentleman of my acquaintance in Hants county; for as we were to have a file of musketeers for our guard, the danger of going in

¹ One of Miss Girle's homes was at Beenham, only about nine miles off.

1761 the morning could not have been great. However 'twas settl'd, and about five parts of our company left us. When they were gone and I was drest (in *my* coronation robes), we drank tea, and others of our party coming to sup at Mr. M——'s, we left not this house till near eleven, at which time three more coaches set out, and without difficulty join'd the rest long before twelve. Our room in the Broad Sanctuary (for which was given 120 guineas), was commodious, our party, consisting of twenty-four, quite agreeable, and our view of the procession (in our own opinion, which you'll own a very material point), the very best of any of the surrounding multitude; for we were just at an angle of the platform fronting the band of music, and the Conduit, which ran with wine for the day. Thus situat'd and all assembl'd, not having couches sufficient for the repose of all (tho' there were in an adjoining apartment two beds for the most delicate of our ladies), consequently the most of us were to sit up, and of course cards (the usual triflers of the time of idle people), were propos'd, and the remaining dark hours employ'd at commerce and lottery. The morning's dawn, however, was most impatiently expected, and tho' curiosity is only stil'd a characteristic of the female mind, I think the gentlemen were equally with the ladies desirous of its approach. At last it came, and sufficiently were we then diverted by various artificers finishing the platform for the expected ceremony. At five, an early hour, we breakfasted; that of six brought the Guards, the foot rang'd on each side the platform, the Life and Grenadier Horse in a double row under our windows, making a most fine appearance, join'd to a view of the scaffoldings; they were form'd over each other as the side-boxes at the theatre, lined as these

with red or green cloth, and the company of the 1st, 1761
2nd, and 3rd rows were extremely brilliant, the day,
a most glorious one, adding to their splendour. From
this time we waited, but not with impatience, till twelve,
for there was a diversity of objects to satisfy the most
unbounded curiosity, nor could anything be conducted,
as far as was within our sight, in better order ; even the
very mob (tho' such amazing multitudes), seem'd that
day to have forgot their native rusticity, and seem'd
willing to be rul'd and kept in exact order. 'Twas in
this interval of time I exercis'd my pencil and took
the sketch you my friend and Mr. B. requested. . . .

I now come to the procession itself. You know,
my dear, how highly were my expectations rais'd, and
that in imagination I'd form'd a sight most magnificent.
To give you now my opinion of it, I need only say
that the reality was even more superb than the idea.
The coronation robes are a dress extremely becoming
to the ladies. I wish I could pay the same compliment
to their noble partners in the splendid group, but truth
will not allow my silence on the occasion, knowing
they made a far less illustrious appearance, tho' like-
wise deck'd in all their pageant grandeur ; but each
female shone indeed, in jewels, gold, silver, past de-
scription fine ; and the sun, by casting his all-piercing
influence on these their dazzling ornaments, gave all
a double lustre in each beholder's eye ; their head-
dress was genteely fancied, their diamonds and
coronets, with the hair in falling ringlets, so elegantly
dispos'd, that most look'd pleasing, but there were
eight or ten who must attract more notice from their
native figure than it was in the power of all their
glittering gewgaws to bestow. Pembroke¹ I thought

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough.

1761 first in this list of lovely ones. Richmond,¹ Rockingham, Marchmont, and Harrington deserv'd not to be the last. But now, my friend, what am I to say of our new Queen? You desir'd me to be particular, but shall we, who have yet only seen her in her coronation procession, pretend at the description of her person? Justice permits it not, as she then, by all accounts, appear'd to a disadvantage, and was hid (being not very majestic), by the number of her attendants; in fine, the King's Charlotte is a woman by all accounts that will ever rank among the good, not the handsome, and with this her George, being the sensible man he is, must be more happy than if a beauteous idiot like a Coventry² was the partner of his crown. That she has no title to praises due to a fine form or face, every one agrees, but that she has every requisite to adorn an amiable mind is as generally allow'd; and does she not then deserve to be Queen of England? As to our King, he look'd as a monarch ought, with dignity and sweetness almost peculiar to himself. 'Tis said that Quin³ (who you know taught him to play), never acted Majesty better than he performed the reality. At first coming on the platform, as if astonish'd at sight of such amazing multitudes, he clasp'd his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, stood for some moments in a profound silence, and I dare say (for great is his humility), he never had a meaner opinion of himself than at that instant, to think that all this bustle was for one poor mortal, an earthly king. When he proceed'd, 'twas with a slow and exact pace, thro' increasing acclama-

¹ Mary, daughter of the third Earl of Aylesbury.

² Lady Coventry was one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings.

³ Quin, on being asked if he had taught the King to act, replied, "Yes, I taught the boy."

tions, after stopping as if to give his subjects the pleasure of gazing on their monarch. One should hardly imagine, my dear, this a sight to excite tears even in the midst of royal pomp, splendour, and magnificence, but it did mine; 'twas moving to see the excessive joy of the surrounding throng, when one knew the good young King deserv'd their every acclamation, not from being born to the crown he was going to receive, but by his own intrinsic merit. 1761

The Knights of the Bath made a sumptuous appearance; their plumes, as they went, each carried in his hand, as did the peers and peeresses their coronets.

The Herb maids I must not forget to mention; they were first in the procession, viz., six very fine girls (they said young ladies of distinction, each giving twenty guineas for her place). Their dress was neatly elegant, white calico gowns and coats, blue and white stomachers, sleeve knots, lappets, no hoops, white shoes, white mittens turned with blue, and earrings and necklace of the last colour. A little basket on their left arm, and with their other hand they strewed the platform with flowers. When the procession had entered the Abbey, a great deal of the company left their seats in the scaffolding and met on the platform; and I believe walked there for two or three hours, so that we there had the opportunity of seeing numbers of persons of distinction who were at the coronation.

'Twas about this time we ourselves dined; the gentlemen had before provided an elegant cold collation, with burgundy, champagne, claret, and other wines; and because they were perfectly polite throughout that day, we were obliged to sit down first, while they waited behind our chairs (as Uncle Selby would

1761 have had Grandison on his wedding-day) ; indeed, I believe our beaux were the most polite of the day, for I've since heard of parties where gentlemen, as well as ladies, drew lots for seats, and if the front ones fell to the men, down sat they, *sans cérémonie*, and left the ladies to see as well as they could over their unmannerly powder-puffed pates, while our heroes thought themselves happy (at least had the complaisance to tell us so), with a third row. I fortunately, as one of the youngest, and (I suppose), one of the shortest (the only time I ever remember the diminutiveness of your Caroline stand her in any stead), had two undisputed titles, (tho' I claim'd them not), and was placed in the front seats. About six we were once more inform'd by the shouting populace of the approach of the procession at the return from the Abbey. Their Majesties had on their crowns, the nobility and knights their coronets and plumes, so that if the sun had shone out as when they went, the ceremony would now have been still more magnificent. We saw it pretty well, but those who were not in the Broad Sanctuary must have been greatly disappointed they were so late. The crew of the "Charlotte" yacht were determin'd to be conspicuous at this return, for with their colours flying, and notic'd by the pink cockades, they in an instant made a lane thro' the multitude, and with loud huzzas attended their Queen's canopy from the door of the Abbey to that of the Hall. The procession once more over, our whole party with great ease got to our attending vehicles, and without any difficulty, except the exercise of our patience, reach'd home. Sometimes, indeed, we went not ten steps in half an hour's time, yet the way seem'd not tedious, for the streets were so illuminated. The

Guards, who were all over the town, and the throng of 1761
 carriages were so amazing, as to keep up our attention.
 We however reach'd Mr. ——'s about ten. (I wrote
 to mama the instant of my safe arrival there, as I
 knew her so kindly apprehensive of any accident
 happening.) After my letter finish'd, to supper.
 Retired about one to our several apartments, and not
 much before that hour met at breakfast the next
 morn. I stay'd that day and the next at Mr. ——'s,
 and yesterday came down here. And now, my dear,
 my journal ends. You desir'd a very particular account
 of the day's entertainment. If I've been tedious, I
 hope you'll pardon me; for tho' a dull journalist, you
 are sensible I must ever be your sincere and oblig'd
 friend,

CAROLINE GIRLE.

. In the spring of 1762, Miss Girle in her diary 1762
 mentions a visit to see the seat of Mr. George Pitt,¹
 afterwards Lord Rivers, and called Strathfieldsaye,²
 saying, "'Tis an ancient white house, habitably good,
 the park, shrubbery, and grounds laid out prettily, and
 a menagery³ exceedingly so, one of the first that was
 made in England, shows the pheasants, &c., to great
 advantage, being of a circular form with pens all round
 it. Colonel Pitt's⁴ (his brother), house and park al-
 most join the above, both within a quarter of a mile of
 Mr. Baker's, which makes Heckfield a most delightful
 situation."

The next entry is August 5th, 1762. "I was

¹ First Baron Rivers.

² Purchased by the nation in 1815, and presented to the Duke of Wellington, held by the tenure of yearly a tricoloured flag presented on June 18th at Windsor.

³ Old-fashioned name for aviary.

⁴ Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B., of late seat of Lord Eversley.

1762 married to Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick Hall, Oxfordshire."

Before giving extracts from a letter of Mrs. Lybbe Powys describing her husband, &c., mention must be made of the family he belonged to. The Powys family derives its lineage through the Barons of Main-yn-Meifol of Powysland from Iorwerth Goch, Lord of Mochnant in Powysland, younger son of Meredith, Prince of Powys, third son of Rhodri Mawr, King of Wales. Meredith Ap Bleddyn, Prince of Powys, bore arms thus: Shield argent, on which a lion rampant sable, armed and langued gules (called the Black Lion of Powys); these arms have been altered in Baron Lilford, now head of the family, to: Or, a lion's gamb erased, in bend dexter, between two cross crosslets fitchee, in bend sinister gules. Circ. 1250, William Powys was born, from him in direct descent, for which I must beg the reader to refer to the Powys pedigree, was Thomas Powys of Snitton, County Salop, born in 1558; he married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Smyth of Credenhall, Hereford, by whom he had nine children, and was succeeded on his death in 1639 by Thomas, his eldest son, who was Serjeant-at-Law and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. This Thomas of Henley Hall, near Ludlow, married Anne, daughter of Sir Adam Littleton of Stoke Milbourne, Chief-Justice of Wales, a descendant of the celebrated author of the "Treatise on Tenure." By this lady he had six children, four sons and two daughters. His first wife died, he re-married Mary Cotes of Woodcote, Salop, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. By his first marriage the eldest son, Littleton, born 1647, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, received knighthood

from William III., on being made Chief-Justice of 1762 North Wales in 1692. In 1695 he became a Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1702 a Judge of the King's Bench, which he resigned in 1726. He married Anne Carter of London, by whom he had no issue; she died November 28, 1720. Sir Littleton, died March 13, 1731, aged eighty-one, and was buried at Bitterley, Salop; having outlived his brothers and eldest nephew, he left his estate to his great-nephew Thomas Powys. Sir Littleton's next brother, Thomas, was also bred to the bar, was Solicitor-General in 1686, when he was knighted, the next year Attorney-General—was at the trial of the seven Bishops, at which his impartiality was greatly admired; constituted one of the Judges of Queen's Bench in 1713, removed from this in 1714. Sir Thomas purchased the manor of Lilford in Northamptonshire in 1711; it had long been held by the family of Elmes, also resident at Bolney Court, Oxon; the last survivor, William Elmes, sold it to a Mr. Adams, a money-scrivener, whose estates being afterwards in Chancery for his debts, Sir Thomas Powys purchased it. Sir Thomas married twice, first to Sarah, daughter of Ambrose Holbech, Esq. of Mollington, Warwickshire, and by her had three sons and three daughters. Secondly, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Meadows of Bentley, Suffolk, by whom he had one surviving son, Philip. This Philip married Isabella Lybbe, sole child and heiress of Richard Lybbe, Esq. of Hardwick Hall, Oxon. The issue of this marriage was three sons, Philip Lybbe, born October 26, 1734, married to our heroine in 1762; Thomas, born 1736, in holy orders; and Richard John, born 1741, a captain in the Guards. (*Vide* Lybbe Pedigree, and narrative of

1762 family in account of Hardwick House.) I will now copy a letter of the bride to a Derbyshire friend describing her husband.

HARDWICK HOUSE,

October 24th, 1762.

If my dear Bessy has still the friendship for her Caroline I used to flatter myself she had, the known superscription of this letter will, I'm certain, give her pleasure. To make excuses when silence has been so long is impossible, therefore I shall only say the change of scene I've undergone since last I corresponded with my friend has engrossed my every thought. The newspapers, I imagine (tho' I have not), may have inform'd you that I've dropped my former name for that of Powys, but I'll give you a short history of myself for some months. Months past, in November, my poor mother's health wanting country air and exercise after the death and fatigue she experienc'd during the long illness of my dearest father, we took a house at Caversham, one mile from Reading and five from here, round which place you know formerly we had an agreeable set of acquaintances, which after some time we were happy to renew, and at an assembly (for assemblies, you know, are often productive of matrimony), Mr. Powys and I met, and soon after agreed—he to love, I to love and obey for life ; indeed, we had often heard of each other, and years ago the families were intimate, but the children of each then too young to think of those weighty matters. However, my mother approving in every point, for tho' of age, I think one is never at liberty to make those unhappy who gave us being, so the deed was done the 5th of last August! My mother admires her son ; his father, the best of men, doats

on her daughter. As to my Philip, as all new-married 1762 ladies say, he is in every respect the man I wished, and I do really think I shall tell you the same seven years since. As many say who have known him from his infancy, he was never guilty of any vice, and hardly of any fault. A rare husband, you'll say, my Bessie; but we will allow for the partiality of the character given by friends; but his father has often told me his two eldest boys never gave him one moment's uneasiness by their conduct; so you find I've two brothers, two both younger than Mr. Powys—the eldest a clergyman (then twenty-six years old), who is in every respect what a clergyman and a gentleman ought to be, and has just been given a living by Mr. Freeman, of Fawley Court (Bucks), on a sweet spot thirteen miles from us,¹ and two from his patrons. The different pursuits may serve to characterise the minds of each, as our young officer is what I fear too generally young men in the army are, gay, thoughtless, and very handsome; but what boy of fourteen having a commission in the Guards can be otherwise? and one rather pities than blames this inconsiderateness, and as he has good sense and good temper, we hope he will soon be all we wish. My being first introduced to him was rather unpleasant, as he was but just came from abroad, and got to Hardwick by breakfast the morning after we were married; but we soon became acquainted, and not to like him is quite impossible. We live at Hardwick (our father² with us), in a large old house, about twelve rooms on a floor, with four staircases, the situation delightful, on

¹ Sambrook Freeman presented Fawley, Bucks, to T. Powys, October 30, 1762.

² Mr. Philip Powys, ætat 62, had lost his wife May 1761.

1762 the declivity of a hill, the most beautiful woods behind, and fine views of the Thames and rich meadows in front. Hardwick Woods you may perhaps have heard of, as parties come so frequently to walk in them, and request to drink tea in a cottage¹ erected for that purpose in a delightful spot commanding a noble view of the Thames. My mother has taken a house in Reading, which adds to my happiness her being so near, and for which I am much obliged to her, as she has a house in London,² and loves the Metropolis so much better than her daughter, whose utmost ambition, you may remember, was to marry a gentleman who always resided in the *country*; but this I dare say is generally the case where girls have not been debarr'd in early life from seeing in moderation all the diversions of that gay world. You'll want, I dare say, some description of the person of my dear Phil. He's tall and thin. Tall men, one generally sees, marry little women; as to myself, the compliments I am paid here by my poor neighbours is, 'that I am a very *little* madam, indeed!' But to proceed. My father and all the tenants tell me there never was so beautiful a boy as the young Squire; but I think (fortunately), the small-pox has given him now a good, rough, manly face. His age, twenty-eight, tolerably adapted to mine of twenty-four; but I had rather he should have been past thirty. Our tempers—you are acquainted with mine—I flatter myself, will agree; but I hardly ever saw one so excellent as his appears to be. And now, my dear, I think it is time to conclude this long epistle; but mind you give me joy soon, and remember me to all Derbyshire and Yorkshire

¹ Called "Straw Hall."

² In Lincoln's Inn Fields.

acquaintances, and believe me, tho' a bad correspon- 1762
dent, not a dilatory, but most sincere friend,

CAROLINE POWYS.

A miniature existing in the family of "my Phil" represents him as a fine man, with good features, a high forehead, an aquiline nose, bright blue eyes ; but the complexion (a rosy one), shows signs of the roughness produced by the ravages of small-pox. Young ladies of the end of the nineteenth century are advised to read, and take to heart this letter, so descriptive of an honest, suitable, and loving courtship, so different from the inculcations of Society novels of the *fin de siècle*.

Besides an excellent husband, our Caroline had become the mistress of one of the most beautiful estates on the banks of the Thames. Hardwick House, near Whitchurch, Oxon, was, and is, of unique interest, equally to lovers of history as to admirers of scenery. Situated on a grassy slope leading down to the river, commanding fine views of the same, and yet elevated sufficiently to avoid the river fogs, backed by a steep hill, richly clad with exquisite hanging woods, which protect the house from the north and east winds, it possesses an unrivalled aspect, whilst its exterior presents a crowd of picturesque gables, surmounted by the quaint clock-tower, rising from mellowed red walls, adorned with stone mullioned windows—a most pleasing style of architecture. Internally its interesting and comfortable apartments combine to form a *tout ensemble* hard to beat.

As to its ancient history, the Manor of Hardwick was amongst the list of twenty-eight lordships given by William the Conqueror to his favourite, Robert

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- 1762 D'Oyley, on his marriage with Aldith, the daughter of Wigod, Thane of Wallingford (the faithful friend and cupbearer to the Conqueror).¹ Maud, the daughter of Robert D'Oyley and Aldith, carried the manor in marriage to Miles or Milo Crispin. Canon Slatter, in his "History of Whitchurch," says Hardwick seems to have been a separate manor to Whitchurch, and states that Milo Crispin gave its tithes to the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. He dying, his widow remarried Brien Fitzcount. She was supreme lady of the honour of Wallingford, in which Hardwick was included. Brien Fitzcount was an ardent supporter of the claims of the Empress Matilda to the English crown. By his wife, Maud, he had two sons, but they were both unhappily lepers. After the accession of Stephen, and the Treaty of Wallingford, signed in 1153, Brien Fitzcount took the Cross and went to the Holy Land. His wife, Maud, had already, circ. 1149, embraced a religious life in the Abbey of Bec, the poor leper sons being immured in the Priory of Berghavenny, provision being made to the monks for their maintenance. Robert D'Oyley the second, nephew of the original Robert, now held the honour of Wallingford. It is stated in a paper of Bransby Powys, grandson of our heroine, and who may be deemed the archæologist of the family, that the family of De Herdewyke held Hardwick soon after the Norman Conquest. Canon Slatter derives the name Hardwick as Hard Spring, *wick* or *wyke*, used for *wich* and *wyck*, being Celtic for a spring. This spring is named in the old Saxon boundaries of Whitchurch. As proper names were frequently derived from the place persons lived in, doubtless the De Herdewycks adopted

¹ *Vide* "The House of D'Oyley," &c.

theirs from their abode. They would hold the estate 1762 from the Lord in capite (or supreme lord), under feudal tenure. In the Rotuli Hundredorum, com. Oxon, in Langtre, temp. Edward I., under the head of Whitchurch, we find Ralph de Anvers held two parts of a fee therein in capite, and that William de Herdewycke held of him one virgate of land given in frank-marriage, and that Walter de Herdewycke held of him a half virgate of William de Herdewycke by the annual rent of 21s. Ralph de Anvers is mentioned in a Fine Roll of 13 Henry III., memb. 4, of the men of the honour of Wallingford, begging to be excused from going to war. "Who made a fine of 100s. for the same to have his scutage of two knights' fees, &c., of the same honour." In an inquisition taken at the death of John de Herdewycke, in the 18 Richard II., it states Hardwick was held "with demesne lands of the crown of the manor of Whitchurch, in honour of Wallingford, for 111s. per annum and suit of court for all services." At the death of Richard de Herdewycke in the reign of Henry VIII., Hardwick passed by the female line to the family of Crochefelde, and tenure was reaffirmed by inquisition of 12 Henry VIII. (1521), on the death of William Crochefelde, therein styled "cousin and heir to Richard de Hardewycke." In 1526 Hardwick was sold by "William Davy and Allys, his wife (late wife of William de Crochefelde), and Allys Preston" (cousin and heir of the said William Crochefelde), to Richard Lybbe, originally of a Devonshire family from Tavistock, but then seated at Shinfield, in Berkshire (*vide* Lybbe Pedigree). Richard Lybbe married Bridget, daughter of William Justice, of Reading. He died in 1527, and was buried at his other property

1762 at Shinfield. He was succeeded by his son, another Richard Lybbe, who married Joanna, daughter of John Carter, of Checkendon, Oxon. This Richard was sewer to Queen Mary, and a stirrup of a curious shape, and large enough to hold two feet, said to be hers, is still possessed by the Lybbe Powys. It must have been during this Richard Lybbe's life that Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Hardwick.

A fine coloured and gilt monument exists in Whitchurch Church to Richard Lybbe and his wife. He is represented, clad in armour, kneeling at a prie-dieu; his wife opposite, in a ruff and quaint head-dress. A fine coat-of-arms and crest surmount the monument, the date of which is 1599. A tablet to their son, another Richard Lybbe,¹ and his wife, Ann Blagrove, daughter of Anthony Blagrove, of Bulmarsh, Berks, has this quaint inscription:—"To Richard Lybbe, of Hardwick, Esqre. and Anne Blagrove, united in sacred wedlock 50 years, are here againe made one by death. She yielded to the change Jan. 14. 1654, which he embraced July 14. 1658."

EPITAPH.

"He, whose Renowne, for that completeth Man,
Speaks louder, better things than Marble can;
She, whose Religious Deeds makes Hardwick's Fame
Breathe as the Balme of Lybbe's Immortall Name,
Are once more Joyned within this Peacefull Bed,
Where Honour (not Arabian Gummes) is spread.
Then grudge not Friends who next succeed 'em must,
Y' are Happy, that shall mingle with such Dust."

During this Mr. Lybbe's life occurred the dreadful period of the Civil Wars. In 1642, at its commencement, loans were levied by King Charles I. on his

¹ This Richard Lybbe was High-Sheriff of Oxon in 1640.

faithful subjects. The following is a copy of the loan 1762 levied on Richard Lybbe :—

“ 1642. Declaration to raise £100,000 from subjects in loans. £40 demanded from Mr. Lybbe on plate. Toucht plate at 5s., untoucht plate at 4s. 4d. per ounce. Seven days given to find and give to the High Sheriff (then Sir Thomas Chamberlayne), who is to pay back at Corpus Christi, Oxford.”

The King's signature is at the top of this paper, the rest in print, containing the signatures of the Earl of Bath, Lord Seymour, John Ashburnham, John Fettiplace. It was addressed “To our trusty and well-beloved Richard Lybbe.” The King acknowledged the receipt of the loan, and Mr. Lybbe eventually endorsed the paper at the back, “Was never paid back, nor expected it, but the document would have a *value of its own*.” But this was only the commencement of levies of money for the Royal cause ; besides the levies soon enforced by Parliament added to the latter a real case of plundering.

In 1643 the Parliamentary troops from Reading sacked the house at Hardwick, “taking awaie,” as Mr. Lybbe piteously describes it, plate to the value of near £200 (a list of which will be found at the end of this work), and other goods, including a fine bed with velvet hangings, to a total of £800. Mr. Lybbe meanwhile being obliged to conceal himself for fear of being taken prisoner. He, however, managed to save his best horses, and sent three for the King's service to Captain Tom Davis, who was in a troop under the Marquis of Hertford. Mr. Lybbe's son, Anthony, who had married in 1637 Mary, daughter and heiress of Leonard Keate, of Checkendon, Oxon, was in arms attending the King. Mr. Richard Lybbe

1762 pleaded after this for remission of further loans to the King, stating, first, that he had been High Sheriff for Oxon in 1640, by serving which office he had incurred debts to the amount of £300, which prevents his furnishing the King with more money; secondly, he had already voluntarily paid £40; thirdly, driven from home by fear of rebels, who plundered him of £800 in money and plate; fourthly, his revenue of £600, £200 of which was settled in marriage on his son Anthony, and with what he had settled on other children, only £200 per annum left for himself. Parliament enforced their payment, as in December 1644 there is a receipt given him for £6, 10s. and six bushels of wheat for Hardwick, and £11, 18s. for Whitchurch property. Twice he has to pay this year, twice in 1645, and twice in 1646. No wonder, in a paper dated 8th March 1646, he says: "Since which time, by this unnatural war, my house and study being plundered by soldyers, and among my many and great losses I lost my accounts, and many writings of great concernment."

There is a tradition in the family that at the commencement of the war a large sum of money was buried for security, and every subsequent generation of descendant children have dug for the same, but without success! Richard's son, Anthony, was attached by Parliament for his support of the King and his estate sequestrated, but in a paper dated 14th April 1646 is discharged from sequestration. This was signed at Reading Abbey by Francis Pile, Tanfold Vachell (of Coley, Berks), Daniel and John Blagrove. The two latter, being his near relatives on his mother's side, were doubtless of great use in rebutting the charge; but even as late as 1649 he is again reported,

but through Mr. Blagrave's influence got off. This 1762 was the year of the execution of the unfortunate King. In one of the memorandum books of the Lybbes is this entry: "King Charles the First was prisoner at Causham Lodge,¹ and bowled in Collin's End Green, 19th July 1648, attended by a troop of horse of Colonel Rossiter's." Collin's End² is on the top of the hill at the back of Hardwick, and belonged to the Lybbe estate. There was a bowling-green attached to an inn there, afterwards called the "King's Head." The original house is now Holly Copse, but there is an inn near bearing the same sign.

Charles I. was at Caversham,³ from July 3rd to the 22nd in 1647. Mr. Jesse, in his "History of the Stewarts," says: "He (the King), frequently went to the bowling-green at Collin's End, Mr. Lybbe Powys' possession. There was a small building for shelter and refreshment near. Mr. Powys has a picture at Hardwick of the old lady who lived in the house near, who used to wait on the King when he visited the green." This picture is now at Holly Copse, near Collin's End, belonging to Mr. Lybbe Powys, as well as Queen Mary's stirrup.⁴ The bowling-green is now an orchard. Lord Augustus FitzClarence, Rector of Maple-Durham, gave to this inn, years after, a portrait-sign of the King, copied from a Vandyck, under which the following lines by Mr. Jesse were inscribed:—

"Stop, traveller, stop; in yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the royal martyr played;

¹ Caversham Park, was then called "Lodge."

² It belongs still to the Lybbe Powys, being made into a shooting-box.

³ Then Lord Craven's property.

⁴ The stirrup is of iron heavily gilt, and would hold four ladies' feet; eight holes at the bottom to let rain out.

1762

Here, stripped of honours, children, freedom, rank,
 Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank ;
 Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
 And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown."

But to return to Anthony Lybbe. On the Restoration he borrowed, in 1672, £500 in order to restore Hardwick, which had been lamentably injured during the war. In a paper of Bransby Powys he states of the house: "Some portions are evidently of a very early period, and were probably existing in the time of Richard II., but the south front or river front was built by Anthony Lybbe after the restoration of Charles II., when the house appears to have required great repairs, in consequence of the dilapidations occasioned during the Civil War, the known loyalty of its owner having subjected it more than once to the pillage of the Parliamentary forces." For the more minute details of these and subsequent repairs, the reader must turn to a note at the end of this book. The debt on the house was discharged March 24, 1676, two years after Anthony's death, by his son, another Richard Lybbe. This Richard married first Sophia, daughter of Sir Thomas Tipping;¹ she died in 1682, and he re-married Mary, daughter of Sir William Hill, who died the year after. Mr. Lybbe founded, in 1714, the almshouses for old men at Goring, Oxon, where he had property. He died the year after, and was succeeded by his son, another Richard, who in 1712 was High Sheriff for Oxon, and the same year married Isabella, daughter of Sir William Twysden of Roydon Hall, Kent. From this union was born Isabella, sole

¹ Made baronet by William III. Lady Tipping was sister of and co-heiress with Dame Alice Lisle of Moyles Court, Hants, who was condemned to be beheaded by the infamous Judge Jeffreys for sheltering two fugitives from Sedgemoor. See note at end of book.

child and heiress, who on December 19, 1730, married 1762 Philip Powys, only surviving son of Sir Thomas Powis of Lilford, by his second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Meadows¹ of Bentley Hall, Suffolk, thus bringing to her husband Hardwick. From this union were born three sons, Philip Lybbe, born October 26, 1734, the husband of our heroine; Thomas, born September 26, 1736, afterwards Dean of Canterbury; and Richard John, born August 1741, subsequently captain in the Guards; and one daughter, Elizabeth, who died in infancy.

To return to a description of Hardwick House. The general architecture is Tudor, though, as mentioned before, a portion is far older, supposed to be of Richard II.'s reign. Time has mellowed the bricks it is built of into a colour that fascinates the artist's eye; the windows picked out with stone, a few modernised, but the majority retaining their original shape. The south front of the house has been extended considerably by the present lessee, Mr. C. Day Rose, but very judiciously; he has also built new stables, a covered tennis-court, cottages, &c., but the modern portion of the house I do not purpose to describe. At the end of this book will be found a note (No. 2) of all the dates known of alterations; but as these details are less interesting to the general reader than the family, I do not insert them here. On the south side of the house runs a broad terrace, beneath this a flower-garden on a gradual slope to the river Thames, with fine trees scattered around—notably a fine cedar on the east side, and opposite Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber a large mass of clipped yew, through which

¹ Some Peerages spell it "Medows," but in Sir Thomas Powys' epitaph it is Meadows. See note at end of book.

1762 an arch is cut, forming a quaint object. The entrance is on the north side of the house, under the clock-tower, but another door has been made close by. On this side the ground rises in a steep grassy slope for a great height; on either side this vista hang the most exquisite woods, forming a complete shelter from the north and east. On the top of the slope is a fine natural terrace, from which is a superb view. Here stands a cottage called "Straw Hall," once a favourite resort of picnic parties, but since game has become more strictly preserved is closed to the public. Written over "Straw Hall," in 1756, is a verse by Thomas Powys, brother of Philip, and afterwards Dean of Canterbury, who had a great turn for rhyming:—

"Within this cot no polished marble shines,
Nor the rich product of Arabian mines;
The glare of splendour and the toys of state,
Resigned, unenvied, to the proud and great;
Whilst here reclined, those nobler scenes you view
Which Nature's bold, unguided pencil drew."

"Straw Hall" has always been a favourite resort of the family, and innumerable are the mentions of teas held there in Mrs. Powys' journals. Near the other end of the terrace in a grotto lies buried "Muff," long the beloved dog of the Dean's, who erected this epitaph on a stone:—

"From insults rude thy poor remains to save,
Thus faithful Muff thy master makes thy grave."

At the west end of the terrace is a cottage disguised by a church-like gable called "The Baulk."

Returned to the house, the spectator enters from the porch a square panelled hall, hung with many family portraits and furnished with old oak; to the

left of this is a drawing-room. A very fine room used 1762 as a dining-room is beyond the Queen Elizabeth's staircase. The wainscoting of the walls, most elegant in design, a very handsome plaster ceiling, and in the mantelpiece is a stucco head, said to be a likeness of King Alfred.

One of the principal staircases, which is shut off from the hall, is extremely handsome, the balustrades all oak richly carved, the plaster ceiling most exquisitely modelled. This staircase leads to Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber, now used as a drawing-room, and both staircase and room were decorated for the visit paid by the Queen to Mr. Lybbe. Queen Elizabeth's room looks east, is very large, with a splendid oriel window at east end. The whole of it is panelled with most richly carved oak, the details of which would take too much room to describe. The door and its case are remarkably ornate. Over the fireplace, which has a carved back and contains very ancient dog-irons, is a most curious over-mantel, which represents Abraham offering Isaac as a sacrifice. An angel is seizing his arm to prevent this. In niches at the side are large figures of Faith, Hope, Justice, and Charity. Above these are the Lybbe arms. But what makes this very noteworthy is that the whole is carved in chalk, which retains its original sharpness of outline in a remarkable manner, and is, I believe, in these days a lost art.

The plaster ceiling is elaborately modelled, and in the centre, at intervals, are three portrait medallion heads of Queen Elizabeth. Four other heads in medallions are placed at the corners, of the following incongruous personages, viz., Joshua (dux), Jeroboam, Fama, and Julius Cæsar, all fully inscribed, so that no

1762 doubt may exist as to their personalities, though why they are selected, with the exception of Fama, is a mystery. Some years ago, unfortunately, the bedstead was disposed of, but a pencil-drawing of it exists in one of Bransby Powys' big family scrap-books, and represents a huge handsome carved four-poster, in which we can imagine the Virgin Queen reposing under her own medallion portraits.

The bedrooms are numerous and comfortable, retaining old-fashioned names, such as the "blue room," "mahogany room," &c., &c., the "powder room," a very essential apartment when people loaded their head or wigs with powder. This is now made into a dressing-room. There are several staircases, many sitting-rooms, and long corridors filled with pictures, the principal of which are Sir W. and Lady Twysden, by Sir Peter Lely, A.D. 1693. He is represented in armour. Their daughter married Richard Lybbe (*vide* Pedigree). Sir Littleton Powys, in a black cap, red furred gown, and white upper cloak; also his brother Sir Thomas, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Sir Philip Meadows, father of the second Lady T. Powys, 1717, by Dahl; three-quarter length portraits of Philip Powys and his wife Isabella, by Davenport, and many others, amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Girle, by Vanderbanck, Caroline Powys' parents. Mrs. Girle has a sweet round rosy face, with an abundance of soft brown hair, of small stature, according to her picture. The only picture of our heroine is a miniature painted by Spornberg at Bath in 1807, when she was sixty-nine. In this a curious sort of turban-cap conceals all her head, with the exception of a fringe of hair on the forehead. She has pleasant eyes, a well-shaped nose, and a rather

prominent chin, denoting firmness of character. We 1762 know from her own showing, our Caroline was dubbed "a very little Madam," and in later life, from her diary, that she was rather embonpoint.

One curious discovery in her time must be noticed. In a recess in the corridor leading to the breakfast-room was found a bronze jug, inscribed "Edward, Rex Anglia." It is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, $5\frac{1}{4}$ at base, with a straight handle of 4 inches. It holds exactly a gallon of wine. This was considered by General Conway and Lord Frederick Campbell, connoisseurs in antiquities, to be a standard measure of the reign of one of the Edwards.

To return to Caroline Powys' diary. September 7, 1762, is the next entry of a first visit to a place and people destined henceforth to be intimate friends.

"We went to see Park Place,¹ the seat of General Conway, and one of the most capital situations in England. The house stands agreeably, but is too indifferent for the surrounding grounds. They have a pretty cottage near the river, which the General took the idea of from 'Straw Hall,' in Hardwick Woods." A note added in later years: "*N.B.*—In July 1793 Gen'l Conway alter'd the house, and whiten'd it, and 'tis now an exceeding good one."

As we shall come to frequent mention of General Conway, a short sketch must be here given of him. Henry Seymour Conway, the second son of the first Lord Conway, was born in 1720. Educated at Eton, he entered the army; was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Dettingen; present at those of Laffeld and Fontenoy; at the latter was

¹ Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, now the seat of Mrs. Noble.

1762 taken prisoner. About 1747 he married Caroline, daughter of John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyll, and widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury. By her first husband Lady Aylesbury (who retained her first married name after marrying General Conway), had one daughter, married to the Duke of Richmond;¹ by her second marriage she had another daughter, Anne,² born in 1745, married to the Honourable John Damer. General Conway bought Park Place after the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1752, who had been its previous owner. The General commanded the British forces in Germany in 1761. In 1765 he was dismissed for persistent resistance of war and rejection of corruption. He opposed vigorously in Parliament (which he now entered), the taxation of America, &c. ; became Secretary of State ; in 1768 returned to his military profession ; in 1782 became Field-Marshal, and in 1785 Governor of Jersey. General Conway and his wife were devoted to Park Place, and from the commencement of their ownership endeavoured in every way to improve and adorn a spot so romantically beautiful. The General was first cousin on the maternal side to Horace Walpole, who was also his dearest friend. Walpole took deep interest in all the improvements at Park Place, and eventually made his young cousin, Anne Damer, his heiress. Lady Aylesbury was remarkable for her beauty, as well as her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond. Horace Walpole mentions the exquisite picture she and this daughter made, sitting in a seat shaped like a shell at Strawberry Hill, and fondly termed the Campbells "huckaback beauties," a homely

¹ Charles, third Duke of Richmond.

² See note at end of book.

term, but meaning that they were beautiful always, 1762
and for daily use, owing nothing to fictitious charms.

Mrs. Powys' first child, Caroline, was born June 1763
14, 1763. On the 14th July the same year, "My
brother (-in-law), Captain Richard John Powys, married
to the daughter of General Bedford; they met at
Bristol, both so ill of consumption that 'twas thought
neither could recover, but in a few weeks they went
off to Scotland."

A Gretna Green match!

In March 1764, Mrs. Powys lost her little Caro- 1764
line, and in April she, her husband, and father-in-law
went to Bath for a little tour to recover her spirits.¹

"*September 6th*, 1764.—Died in childbed, and like-
wise the infant, my sister, Richard Powys, just sixteen
years of age, a most amiable young creature in mind
and person, the latter particularly elegantly pretty.
The General and Mrs. Bedford had been reconcil'd
from almost the first, and lived with them at the time
of her death."

"*April 27th*.—Our boy Philip Lybbe born!" 1765

"*August 16th*, 1766.—We all set out on an ex- 1766
cursion for a day or two, and went first to Hedsor,
Lord Boston's, near Clifden; but I think a still finer
situation, a very indifferent very old house,² but stands
on such an eminence as commands a beautiful view
of the Thames and fine country round that spot. We
din'd at March's, and in the evening went by water
to drink tea at Monkey Island, belonging to the Duke

¹ She never forgot her first child, but as each year came round noted
its birth and death in her diary.

² New house built in 1778.

1766 of Marlborough.¹ On this little island are two buildings, richly decorated on the inside. We went back to Maidenhead Bridge, and next morning went to Windsor. First we went to the Duke's Lodge² in Windsor Great Park (which is twenty miles round); the avenue leading to the lodge is three miles and a half long, a perfectly straight line; when at the upper end, the castle at the other makes a noble point of view. The late Duke, son of George II., built to it a number of new rooms, and began a pretty chapel. . . . The late owner (the Duke of Cumberland), seem'd regretted as his merit deserv'd; for, tho' a year after his death, every domestic he was mentioned by paid the grateful tribute of tears to his beloved memory. Having seen the house, we went to the Tower, call'd Shrubs Hill. The plantations the Duke made here on a soil so barren appear wonderful; but firs will grow almost anywhere. The building is pretty, commanding a most extensive prospect. In the principal room is a chandelier of Chelsea china, the first of that manufacture, and cost £500. From hence we went to the Chinese Island, on which is a small house quite in the taste of that nation, the outside of which is white tiles set in red lead, decorated with bells and Chinese ornaments. You approach the building by a Chinese bridge, and in a very hot day, as that was, the whole look'd cool and pleasing. The inside consists of two state rooms, a drawing-room, and bed-chamber, in miniature each, but corresponds with the outside appearance; the chamber hung with painted satin, the couch-bed in the recess the same; in the drawing-room was a sort of Dresden tea-china, most

¹ Built by third Duke of Marlborough.

² Duke of Cumberland.

curious indeed, every piece a different landscape, 1766 painted inimitably; in short, the whole of the little spot is well worth seeing. We dined at Windsor, and then went to the Castle, where, I think, there is but little worthy one's observation; the furniture is old and dirty, most of the best pictures removed to the Queen's palace,¹ and the whole kept so very un-neat that it hurts one to see almost the only place in England worthy to be styled our King's Palace so totally neglected.² The fine carving of Grindeline Gibbons in St. George's Chapel is still left there. The view from the terrace, I know, is generally admir'd, but tho' I may show my want of taste, I must own it never strikes me with the idea of beautiful. Shenstone has a pretty idea of distinguishing between landscape and prospect, but says mere *extent*, is what the vulgar admire.

"We lay again at Maidenhead Bridge, and the next morn went to see Lady Orkney's at Taplow,³ where is a terrace more, I fancy, adapted to the word landscape, as that of Windsor is to prospect; 'tis two miles and a half in length, a hanging wood below you; all the way the Thames runs along the bottom; the country all round highly picturesque; a Gothic root-house which hangs pendant over the river is exceedingly pretty; the building is like 'Straw Hall' in our woods, only the inside is Gothic paper resembling stucco; the upper part of the windows being painted glass gives a pleasing gloom."

"*October* 1766.—Went to dine at Sir John Cope's,

¹ Buckingham House, bought by George III. in 1761, and given to the Queen.

² Very different in 1899.

³ Taplow Court, now H. Gren'ell's, Esq.

- 1766 Bramshill, in Hampshire, a most immense pile of building now, tho' I think he told us hardly the half of what was erected first by the Lord de la Zouch in the reign of Elizabeth.¹ The range of apartments are so vastly spacious that one generally sees Sir John toward the winter put on his hat to
 1767 go from one room to another."

"*March 23rd, 1767.*—Went to see what is rather a difficulty to see at all, the Queen's Palace.² The hall and staircase are particularly pleasing; the whole of the ground-floor is for the King, whose apartments are fitted up rather neatly elegant than profusely ornamental. The library consists of three rooms, two oblong and an octagon. The books are said to be the best collection anywhere to be met with. The Queen's apartments are ornamented, as one expects a Queen's should be, with curiosities from every nation that can deserve her notice. The most capital pictures, the finest Dresden and other china, cabinets of more minute curiosities. Among the pictures let me note the famed cartoons from Hampton Court, and a number of small and beautiful pictures; one room panell'd with the finest Japan. The floors are all inlaid in a most expensive manner, and tho' but in March, every room was full of roses, carnations, hyacinths, &c., dispersed in the prettiest manner imaginable in jars and different flower-pots on stands. On her toilet, besides the gilt plate, innumerable knick-knacks. Round the dressing-room, let into the crimson damask hangings in a manner uncommonly elegant, are frames of fine impressions, miniatures, &c., &c. It being at that time the coldest weather possible, we were amazed to find so large a house

¹ James the First.

² Buckingham Palace.

so warm, but fires, it seems, are kept the whole day, 1767 even in the closets, and to prevent accidents to furniture so costly from the neglect of the attendance, there is in every chimney a lacquered wire fireboard, the cleverest contrivance that can be imagin'd, as even the smallest spark cannot fly through them, while you have the heat, and they are really ornamental. By the Queen's bed was an elegant case with twenty-five watches, all highly adorn'd with jewels.

"*May 12th, 1767.*—Went to see the so-much-talk'd-of church built by Lord Le Despencer,¹ near his own seat at West Wycombe, Bucks; but as Mr. Young in his six weeks' tour has so well described this place, I shall set it down in his words as follows: 'On the summit of a hill which overlooks the whole country, his Lordship has erected a church, and adjoining to it a mausoleum, the latter a six-angled open wall of flints, with stone ornaments and row of Tuscan pillars; on the inside runs a quarter stone around it, two of the six divisions are occupied with dedications to the late Earl of Westmoreland and Lord Melcomb. There is not much to recommend in the taste of this building; it is either unfinish'd, or the idea very incomplete, and situation such as to appear from many points of view to be one building with the church, which has a bad effect; and had even St. Paul been to preach here, he must have furnish'd the neighbours with more than mortal legs to have become his auditors, for it was with

¹ Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer, founder of the mock Monks of St. Francis at Medmenham Abbey. Their proceedings are chronicled in *Chrysal, or The Adventures of a Guinea*. For real characters in this book *vide note*.

1767 the utmost difficulty I could gain the top. I consider this church, therefore, much in the same style as Beatrice did Don Pedro for a husband, "fit only for festivals, with another for common use, too elevated, for every day." I agree with Mr. Young that the difficulty of this ascent must be dreadful on the ancient and decrepid parishioners. The inside of the church is striking as a fine *concert* or *ball* room, 'tis indeed an Egyptian hall, and certainly gives one not the least idea of a place sacred to religious worship, having no pews or pulpit, but two sort of ornamented writing-desks for the clergyman and clerk, and the font is shown as an elegant toy; the congregation sits each side on rows of forms, as at an assembly. The house and grounds of this nobleman are, I think, indifferent."

This extraordinary church was built by Lord Le Despencer in 1763, just after the break up of the sham Franciscan Brotherhood at Medmenham, of whose doings the least said the better. A full description of this church, too long to insert here, will be found in Chambers' "Book of Days." See note at end of this book.

"*July 28th, 1767.*—Went to breakfast with Mr. Clayton at Harleyford,¹ near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, to see his place, justly esteem'd one of the prettiest of that neighbourhood. He has lately built an elegant brick house, less, but after the model of Lord Harcourt's; his library one of the most pleasing rooms I was ever in, the eating-room good, but I think the entrance, drawing-room, and apartments above stairs on too contracted a plan. The situation is beautiful (except one meadow before the eating-

¹ Built in 1715 by the first Baronet, Sir William Clayton.

room, from which I should imagine the rushes might easily be remov'd), the approach to the house uncommonly pleasing, and the whole of the offices so contriv'd in a pit, as to be perfectly invisible—a great addition that to the look of any place, and certainly adds infinitely to the neatness so conspicuous round Harleyford.” 1767

“*September 16th, 1767.*—We went to meet many families at a turtle-feast at Colonel Vansittart's at Shottesbrook,¹ Berks, a good old house, a most notable collection of pictures, but the place and country round it exceedingly dreary. Mr. Vansittart is reckon'd to have the best fruit and kitchen garden, better arrang'd than most others.”

January 1768, Captain Richard Powys, whose Gretna Green marriage has been before noted, tho' in very precarious health, re-married a Miss Gibson, grand-daughter to the Bishop of London. He did not long survive his second marriage, dying on February the 7th. Mrs. Powys says: “There could not be a young man of a more amiable, sweeter disposition, tho' in the very early part of life had been gay and extravagant to a degree; but how readily was that to be pardoned in a youth exceedingly handsome, in the Guards at fourteen years of age, keeping company with persons of the highest rank.” He was only twenty-six when he died. Bransby Powys says in one of his journals of his uncle Richard: “A large bundle of papers bearing the unvarnished title ‘Dick's Debts’ exists at Hardwick, forming perhaps the most complete catalogue of the expenses of a dandy of the court of George II., consisting chiefly of swords,

 1768

¹ A most ancient manor, held by Alward the goldsmith, temp. William Rufus. Church dates from 1337.

- 1768 buckles, lace, Valenciennes and point d'Espagne, gold and amber-headed canes, tavern bills, and chair hire!" The chairs would be Sedan chairs.

On Michaelmas Day 1768, Mrs. Powys' second son, Thomas, was born. In the same year occurs: "Master Pratt, only son of the Lord Chancellor, came to my brother Powys at Fawley." This boy was John Jeffreys, afterwards second Earl, and first Marquis Camden. Born in 1759, he was consequently nine years old when he became pupil of the Rev. Thomas Powys, Rector of Fawley, and the next year the Lord Chancellor Camden¹ made Mr. Powys a Prebendary of Hereford and Bristol, whilst the King presented him to the living of Silchester, Hants.

- 1769 On July 13, 1769, Mrs. Powys says: "We went with a large party to see Bulstrode, the seat of the Duchess-Dowager of Portland, in Buckinghamshire. This lady was daughter of Harley,² Lord Oxford, mention'd in the late publish'd letter of Swift. This place is well worth seeing, a most capital collection³ of pictures, numberless other curiosities, and works of taste in which the Duchess has displayed her well-known ingenuity. Among the pictures most famed are a Holy Family as large as life, by Raphael; 'The Building of Antwerp,' by four eminent hands, from Sir Luke Shaub's collection. The hall is surround'd by very large pieces of every kind of beast, by Snyders. The menagerie, I had heard, was the finest in England, but in that I was disappointed, as

¹ Charles Pratt, an eminent lawyer, born 1713.

² Margaret Cavendish Harley, only child of Edward, second Earl of Oxford; Prior's "My noble, lovely, little Peggy."

³ When sold in 1786, the collection took thirty-seven days to sell.

the spot is by no means calculated to show off the many beautiful birds it contains, of which there was great variety, as a curassoa, goon, crown-bird, stork, black and red game, bustards, red-legg'd partridges, silver, gold, pied pheasants, one, what is reckon'd exceedingly curious, the peacock-pheasant. The aviary, too, is a most beautiful collection of smaller birds—tumblers, waxbills, yellow and bloom paraquets, Java sparrows, Loretta blue birds, Virginia nightingales, and two widow-birds, or, as Edward calls them, 'red-breasted long-twit'd finches.' Besides all above mention'd, her Grace is exceedingly fond of gardening, is a very learned botanist, and has every English plant in a separate garden by themselves. Upon the whole, I never was more entertain'd than at Bulstrode.

"On our return we went to see Mr. Waller's¹ at Beaconsfield. Fine gloomy garden quite in the old style, but I never saw anywhere so well-grown a collection of firs and every sort of evergreens as at this seat of our famed poet, Waller.

"This summer we spent a week at Shotover, in Oxon, the seat of Mr. Schutz, whose father, Baron Schutz, came over into England with George II. It is within four miles of Oxford, a magnificent place, an elegant stone house, which stands in the centre of very fine gardens, something in the style of Mr. Waller's; straight avenues terminated by obelisks, temples, porticoes, &c.; it has an air of grandeur. Mr. Schutz is now every year making openings to an extensive country before altogether excluded. While at Shotover we visited at Lord Harcourt's.² An exceedingly fine situation, and reckon'd a good

¹ Hall Barn.

² Nuneham Park.

1769 house ; but though lately built, and of stone, coming from Shotover made it, I imagine, not to appear so good a one as 'tis generally esteem'd. Lord Harcourt had just finish'd a pretty church,¹ which he rebuilt near his own house."

Mrs. Girle this year presented her daughter with a new coach, made by Poole of Longacre.

1770 January 1770, Lord Camden resigned the seals. This year Mrs. Powys visits her aunt Mrs. Mount at Clapham, and with her, visits Hampton Court Palace, which she pronounces neater kept than Windsor Castle, a better collection of pictures, but considers the situation dull ; but she is enraptured with a visit to Richmond Hill.

She mentions in May being at the Exhibitions of pictures in London. "The Royal Academy is always stil'd the only one worth seeing, at least 'tis unfashionable to say you had been to any other ; but while Elmer excels so in dead game, still life, and droll portraits, and Stubbs in animals and trees, I must own I've pleasure in seeing their performance, tho' not exhibited at the Royal Academy."

She also visits the model of the city of Paris, "a most ingenious piece of workmanship. We were taken to see the wedding-chair of Lady Craven,² then exhibited as curious, the first of the kind, being of red morocco leather, richly ornamented with silver, lined with white satin, fringed and tassell'd ; it cost £250. Seems too superb to meet the inclemency of the weather, but 'twas only meant as a Court chair, and tho' exceeding elegant, I question if, when occu-

¹ All Saints, built 1764.

² Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, wife of the sixth Baron Craven ; married subsequently the Margrave of Anspach.

pieced by its still more elegant mistress, it takes the 1770 eye for more than an instant from her beautiful form.

"Took some friends to see Sir Harry Englefield's¹ and Mr. Birt's, two places in Berks stil'd pretty; the former I think little deserving the epitaph, the latter a good house and grounds."

"*July* 13, 1771. — Being at my brother Powys' 1771 at Fawley, one I suppose of the most elegant parsonages in England, commanding from a very good house² a prospect uncommonly noble, he took us to Mr. Michell's new house,³ which makes so pretty an object from his own place. The house was not finish'd, stands in a paddock, rises from the river on a fine knoll commanding a view which must charm every eye. The hall, and below-stairs, if we could then judge, seem too minute, the plan of the bed-chambers exceedingly convenient and pleasing, kitchen offices are all very clever. About a mile from the house, through a sweet wood, you mount a vast eminence which brings you to an exact Chinese house call'd Rose Hill,⁴ from being built in the centre of a shrubbery of roses, honeysuckles, &c. The situation of this commands what some call a finer prospect than the other house, but the variety of each is pleasing. A poor woman lives here, and 'tis a sweet summer tea-drinking place inside and out, in the true Chinese taste."

¹ Englefield House, a most ancient manor.

² Built by Rev. John Stevens, circ. 1740; two vicars before Mr. Powys. Old vicarage made into stables. Mr. Powys was presented in 1762.

³ Culham Court, Berks.

⁴ Rose Hill, built for General Hart in Chinese style.

1771

SHROPSHIRE JOURNAL

1771

Taken from three letters to Mrs. Wheatley, cousin to Mrs. Powys.

COURT OF HILL, WORCESTERSHIRE,
Aug. 28th, 1771.

Your kind partiality to your friend when last at Hardwick, my dear Margaretta, in professing yourself entertain'd by journals of my former excursions, makes me suppose, vainly imagine, I may give you pleasure by a concise account of our present journey into Shropshire. Mr. Powys, myself, and our eldest boy¹ set out on Monday the 26th, went in our carriage to Benson,² from thence in post-chaises as more expeditious than coach or phaeton, as we purpos'd laying at Worcester the first night, tho' eighty miles from Hardwick. From Benson we went to Oxford. As to this city, so strikingly noble, I shall say nothing, as I know you have seen it. Blenheim, too, we now pass'd, both of us having often seen that heavy pile of Vanbrugh's, tho' we talk of reviewing it on our return, to see the fam'd Brown's so-much-talk'd-of improvements in the gardens. Near Euston, on the right, you see a seat of Lord Shrewsbury's.³ Seems not remarkable, except for an avenue of clumps, the first trees so planted in England. The roads here are turnpike, but not good, the country unpleasing, stone wall hedges, and the heaps of same materials lie so scattered about for mending as gives a most litter'd appearance; but from Chapel House⁴ to Broad-

¹ Then six years old.

² Bensington, Oxon.

³ Heythrop Park, now Albert Brassey's, Esq.

⁴ A celebrated coaching inn.

way all is still worse. I never saw a country wear 1771
a more melancholy aspect, and yet were we highly
entertain'd by a "Turkish Spy." Don't you recollect
charging me to read it soon. I took the first
moment to comply with your request. 'Tis amazing
clever. The going down Broadway Hill is still formidable,
but I remember it horrid. They have just laid
out £200 on it, and by dragging we got safe to the
bottom. At Broadway² dined. Our next stage to
Persnore, through the Vale of Evesham, so famed of
old for fine grain of all kinds. Our last stage that
night was by moonlight. Got to Worcester about
nine, ourselves nor little companion in the least
fatigued, tho' a long journey for a boy of six years old,
but novelties took up his attention, and the day pass'd
agreeably even without sleep.

Worcester city in some parts well built, fine
assembly-room, excellent town-hall, Cathedral indiffer-
ent, and a large infirmary now building. As to
its china manufacture, 'tis more worth seeing than
anything I hardly ever did see. They employ 160
persons, a vast number of them very little boys.
There are eleven different rooms, in which the em-
ployment is as follows: First room, a mill for
grinding the composition to make the clay; second,
the flat cakes of clay drying in ovens; third, the
cakes work'd up like a paste, and form'd by *the
eye only* into cups, mugs, basons, tea-pots, their
ingenuity and quickness at this appears like magic;
fourth, making the things exactly by moulds all
to one size, but they are seldom different, so nice
is their eye in forming; fifth, paring and chipping
coffee-cups and saucers in moulds, a boy turning the

¹ 1086 feet high.

² Worcestershire.

1771 wheel for each workman ; sixth, making the little roses, handles, twists, and flowers one sees on the china fruit-baskets, all these stuck on with a kind of paste ; seventh, scalloping saucers, &c., with a pen-knife while the composition is pliable, and in this room they make the china ornamental figures ; these are done in moulds, separate moulds for the limbs, and stuck on as above ; eighth, the heat of this eighth room was hardly bearable, filled with immense ovens for baking the china, which is put in a sort of high sieves about six feet long ; ninth, glazing the china, by dipping it into large tubs of liquor, and shaking it as dry as they can ; tenth, some sorting the china for painting, others smoothing the bottom by grinding ; eleventh, painting the china in the different patterns. I rather wonder'd they did not in one room exhibit their most beautiful china finished ; they did, it seems, till finding people remain'd in it too long, and so took up too much of the men's time, so now they send it to the shops in Worcester for sale. You pay for seeing the manufacture by putting what you please in a box at the gate.

We left Worcester about one the morning after we got there, and instantaneously entered a fine country. Their race-ground is a mighty pretty meadow, of an oblong shape, but thought dangerous, as the horses going round it on one side are absolutely close to the river Severn. Glasshampton,¹ a house of Mrs. Winford's I've heard her speak of, lies below on the right, Lord Foley's² on the left. Within a few miles of Worcester we dined at what they call the "Hundred

¹ Old family seat of the Winfords ; afterwards burnt down by a careless drunken workman.

² Whitley, now Earl of Dudley's.

House," a most lonely but sweetly romantic situation, 1771 accommodation dreadful ; but the pleasures of travelling in my opinion ever compensate for inconveniences on the road, and ladies too delicate should remain at their own seats ; but the inns on the Bath road really make one think others so bad, that people used to those, may the more easily be pardon'd. Sir Edward Winnington has a sweet place call'd Stanford Court near the "Hundred House," which we passed in our way to Court-of-Hill, which we reached about seven o'clock, and were received by that family with that cheerful ease characteristic of real friendship. I don't think we merited such a reception, as 'tis now nine summers we have intended to return the visit politely made me by these relations¹ of Mr. Powys, the following one to that in which we were married ; but I don't know how it is, but one is apt to think a journey of a hundred miles so vast an undertaking, when in fact when once set out 'tis trifling.

Court-of-Hill is an ancient building, spacious, not uncomfortably so, situation particularly fine, the house stands on a steep knoll which is laid into paddock, from three sides of which 'tis impossible to conceive a prospect more beautiful, except for the want of water. You look from a vast eminence down on valleys so sweetly diversified, then the country rising mountain above mountain, almost reaching the clouds ; Malvern's famed hills just in front, and as you look round part of eight counties are at once in view—Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, beyond these the Welsh ones of Brecknock, Randor, Monmouth,

¹ Andrew Hill, of Court-of-Hill, married Anne Powys in 1679, daughter of Thomas Powys of Snitton and Henley Hall, Salop. The Mr. Hill here mentioned was their grandson.

1771 and Montgomery. Behind the house is a fine grove, bounded by a vast mountain called Clee Hill,¹ which produces stone, lime, and coal in great abundance. This rock or hill is dreadfully steep to *ascend*, but dismally so to *descend*, tho' they make nothing of it in their coach or on horseback. At the top indeed one is rewarded for all frights and trouble in the view around you ; but don't imagine that, noble as this place is, I give up the sweet softness and natural simplicity of our Hardwick. . . . And then our Thames may be set against their wooded mountains ; but how many truly beautiful situations are there in England, and why not give each its due praise without depreciating the rest ? Sir Charles Grandison, you know, had the art of complimenting twenty women in the same company on their peculiar accomplishments, and yet left them *all satisfied* ! a much more difficult task than mine. As to our relations here, I need say no more than to say they bear a most astonishing resemblance to our relations in Kent, and express a real friendship for us, and prove the reality by conspicuously treating us without form or ceremony. Their manner of living, as I've before heard, is always in the superb style of ancient hospitality, only their winters are spent in London. You see generosity blended with every elegance of fashionable taste ; but they have a vast fortune, and only two children, both girls, one ten, the other five. Their house, Mrs. Hill² says, is ever full of company, as at present. Our present party, sixteen in all, relations ; but they have nine good spare chambers. Among the number is our elegant cousin Conyngham, who, I believe, you have heard me men-

¹ Titterstone, the highest of the Clee Hills, is 1780 feet.

² Was Lucy, daughter of Francis Rock, Esq.

tion as so very pretty. Nay, General Conway, and 1771
Mr. Freeman, say the handsomest woman they ever
saw in France or England. What makes her still more
lovely is, she has not a grain of affectation, tho' only
eighteen. He is an agreeable little man, heir to about
£5000 a year. I could not help liking him, he is so
very like in manner, tho' not near so handsome, as
my brother, Captain Powys,¹ whose sweetness of dis-
position must ever make one regard his memory.
Our little Phil, for person and ease, is next in admi-
ration; indeed, behaves cleverly, and is no trouble,
which is lucky, as we have only our man-servant (Mr.
Powys, you know, loves not travelling with female
attendants). Indeed, Phil might be spared a nurse
or two. The Miss Hills have each a servant. I've
already seen eight maids; how many more there be I
know not. The roads about here are wonderful to
strangers. Where they are *mending*, as they *call it*,
you travel over a bed of loose stones, none of less size
than an octavo volume; and where not mended, 'tis
like a staircase. There are turnpikes—some of the
roads not better than where we have none, but some
are good, and Mr. Hill and other gentlemen are so
laudably anxious for the improvement of them that
I imagine in a few years there will be none bad; for,
by all accounts, the worst of the present is fine to
what were formerly. They appear unfit for ladies
travelling, but they mind them not; and I thought
if the delicate Mrs. Conyngham had no fears, such
a one as your Caroline ought not. So I mounted
“Grey,” Mr. Powys' great horse—luckily a native of
Shropshire—and up I went the tremendous hill before
mentioned. The fashion here is to ride double. How

¹ Captain Richard Powys, died 1768.

1771 terribly vulgar I've thought this; but what will not fashion render genteel. 'Tis here thought perfectly so. As to carriages, they make nothing of going a dozen miles to dinner, tho' own to being bruised to death, and quite *deshabbiller'd* by jolts they must receive. Here I shall conclude my first epistle.

FROM LETTER 2ND.

COURT-OF-HILL,

September 8, 1771.

. . . Wednesday, the day after we came, and Thursday, company to dinner. Friday morn a large riding cavalcade set forth to see Henley, a seat of their uncle's, Sir Littleton Powys,¹ two miles from Ludlow. You've heard us mention, I believe, Mr. Powys² of Lilford, in Northampton; he has just sold it, rather to the concern of the family, particularly the Hills, who were most of them brought up there. They indeed could have no prospect of its coming to them, being even after us in the entail; but they think it a pity to go out of the name that has been in possession such a number of years. 'Tis really a fine old place, badly situated, but I find 'tis far from every part of Shropshire that resembles Court-of-Hill. What a monopoly of beauty else would be that county! The house and furniture of Henley are quite antique, but one receives pleasure in these reviews of former times. In a gallery are the portraits of

¹ Sir Littleton Powys, Baron of Exchequer in 1695; Chief-Justice of Wales, 1697; Judge of Common Pleas, 1700; Judge of Queen's Bench; died at Henley Hall, Salop, 1731.

² Thomas Powys, great-nephew of Sir Littleton, and his heir, father of first Baron Lilford,

our family (not yet removed), for some generations, 1771
down to the present possessor of Lilford,¹ among
them that of the famous Lord Keeper Littleton.² On
our return we rode through a fine park belonging to
Witton Court,³ one of the two finely situated seats
Sir Francis Charlton has near Ludlow. Saturday we
dined at Bitterley, at Mr. Rocke's. Met with no acci-
dent but breaking a splinter bar. Mighty fortunate,
too, I thought, considering the roads. There seems
such confusion with the intermarriages of our cousins,
that I give over recollecting who they were, and rest
satisfied with who they are. Mr. Hill married a Miss
Rock, and Mr. Rock a Miss Hill, &c., &c., just at the
same period; so that, as a smart gentleman said on
paying the wedding visits, "Really, the Rocks having
turn'd into *Hills*, and the *Hills* into *Rocks*, it was
utterly impossible to distinguish them so as to pay
each his proper compliments on the occasion."

Sunday at church; but their own clergyman being
on a tour of pleasure, we had one too thoroughly
versed in the Welsh language for us to understand
the least of what, poor man, he no doubt thought
English!

Monday, you perhaps, who have not a shooting
husband, may forget was the first day of September,
but Mrs. Conyngham and I lost ours by six that
morn; they were out with their guns, and being
both excellent shots, were useful in Mrs. Hill's

¹ Lilford, Northamptonshire, had been bought from the Elmes family, who had possessed the property from Henry VII.'s time, by Sir Thomas Powys, in 1711, grandfather of Mr. T. Powys, who sold Henley Hall, and brother of Sir Littleton Powys.

² Sir Edward Littleton, born 1589, made Lord Keeper 1641, died 1645.

³ Whitton Park; the other place was Ludford House, at Ludlow.

1771 numerous family ; others of the gentlemen rode with the ladies.

Tuesday, Sir Walter and Lady Blount to dinner ; she was a daughter of Lord Ashton's—very agreeable people. I was bid to take notice of a present his cousin the Duchess of Norfolk made him at their wedding, viz., an exceedingly fine pair of diamond buckles, very handsome indeed they are. They are Catholics. They obligingly insisted on our dining there next week ('tis a mighty fine place, it seems), if we would not spend some days there ; but our party being so large, we would all have excus'd ourselves if possible even from a dining visit.

Wednesday morning, I mounted double, but found it utterly impossible, as I thought, to keep on, so had again recourse to my tall horse and side-saddle, provok'd beyond measure to follow Mrs. Hill, who sat knotting on her pillion with such unconcern, while we were going up and down such places as I imagin'd our necks in danger each step. That evening we walk'd up the Clee Hill to see the whole process of making lime at Mr. Hill's kilns.¹ To see the quarries of solid rock is rather tremendous, not made less so by seeing the men standing on its sharp points. They make a small hole with a chisel, in which they place gunpowder, light it, and retire to a safe distance ; you instantly hear the report of its blowing up that stone, or rather it only cracks, and then the labour is immense before the stone is thrown down ; when it does fall, they have to break it in pieces very small, and for doing this use hammers 30 lbs. weight. Only think of labouring with tools so ponderous, and these poor fellows work for about a

¹ These kilns are still in work.

shilling a day. Next a deep round hole is dug, in 1771 which is regularly laid bit by bit the pieces of stone till raised above the ground five or six feet; underneath is an oven easily set fire to. As these kilns are on the slope of the knoll, they burn four or five days and nights, and there being several at a time, have a pretty effect from the house in a dark evening.

Thursday being the first day of Ludlow races, we were all to set out for that place. The Pardoes,¹ at whose house some of us were to be, went the evening before to prepare for our reception, and to take lodgings for those their house could not hold. Ludlow is ten miles from Court-of-Hill. We did not set out earlier on the Thursday morn than to reach Ludlow just as dinner was ready; that over, we re-enter'd our carriages and proceeded to the course,² that is most exceeding pretty, so calculated for a race. 'Tis a circular spot one mile round, and a perfect flat, so that the horses are in your view the whole time, and the field itself is so beautifully surrounded by such fine wooded hills that you seem in an amphitheatre, surrounded by a country most delightfully cultivated. On one side of the course is a large mount cut into the turf seats, and one fine tree on the top; this being cover'd by the multitude had the drollest effect, and put me so much in mind of an ordinary painting I've often seen in cottages of a genealogical tree of poor Charles I. The race over, we flew back to dress. Here I was better off than the rest of the ladies, except Mrs. Conyngham; her's and my man are clever in the hair-dressing way, so that we were ready long before those who waited for

¹ They were cousins of the Hills, an old Shropshire family.

² Bromfield racecourse, near Ludlow.

1771 the hair-dressers. We got to the ball about nine, a very agreeable one, tho' 'twas said not near so brilliant as formerly. This, indeed, I can easily conceive by our race-assembly at Reading, which used to be thought the next to York ; but the fashionable resort to water-drinking places every summer takes from each county those young people who otherwise would be ambitious of shining at these annual balls. However, Ludlow's assembly, with two lords and six baronets' families, might be stil'd tolerable, tho' it seem'd a mortifying thing that Lord Clive's¹ family were at Spaw, and Lady Powis² ill in London. Mr. Conyngham and Greenly, as stewards, were of course masters of the ceremony, assisted by their ladies. Mrs. Conyngham must be ever most elegant, but such a figure ornamented by dress and jewels must be still more conspicuous. There were many pretty women—Miss Pardoe greatly admired ; indeed these two cousins, Harriot and Lucy, put me not a little in mind of Richardson's " Harriot Byron, and Lucy Selby ;" Lucy Pardoe, like the latter, a very fine girl, all pleasing vivacity ; Harriot Conyngham, sweetly delicate in manners, with every advantage of person, and, if any advantage to us females, I might say learn'd, as her father instructed her in the Greek and Latin from her earliest years. But to return to and then adjourn from the assembly to Mr. Pardoe's, where our whole company came to supper, not a-bed as you may suppose till near five.

The following morn 'tis the custom of the place for all the company to meet at the theatre, which is a

¹ Of Oakley Park, Salop.

² Wife of first Earl of Powis, of Walcot, Salop, and Powis Castle, Montgomeryshire.

very pretty one, and always a good set of actors; 1771 the play always bespoke by the stewards' ladies. It was now "The Author and the Citizen," indeed perform'd exceedingly well. This was not over till dinner-time. All the gentlemen in town dine at the ordinary, and every lady of any consideration is invited to a Mr. Davis's, a gentleman of large fortune in Ludlow, and having been formerly an eminent attorney, of course acquainted with the surrounding families. She is a very clever, agreeable woman, and we had everything in the highest elegance, but it look'd so odd sitting down three- or four-and-twenty ladies, and not one man (but my very little one, Phil). We had not time to sit long at the dessert, tho' consisting of every kind of fruit, ice, pines, and fine wines, as the race-time again drew near, to which we got just as the horses started. When over, we return'd to dress, and then to the assembly, and about four in the morn a very large party indeed (being double our usual one), met at Mr. Hill's lodgings, where he had order'd a supper for a very numerous company. We here staid some hours talking over, as usual, the incidents of the day, and were most exceedingly gay; for I don't agree with Miss Paget (in the novel of "The Card"), that a ball when over, "is a horrid thing." I rather think a most diverting one, in recollecting the droll figures that generally contribute to make the group, I can't say it was early that we met next day, and I had then to walk about what is esteem'd the prettiest town in England. It stands on an eminence, or rather brow of a hill, which renders every street as remarkable for neatness as they are for the goodness of their houses. It was formerly a principality of Wales, and their prince resided in the

1771 now ruinated castle standing at one end of the town. From the castle terrace, under which runs the river Teme, you look down on it from a vast height, while the fine nodding ruin hangs over you on the other side, making a landscape the most picturesque. As to your little Phil, I believe he was almost in every house in Ludlow, as Mrs. Hill stil'd him one of the race-week sights. Three or four times a day he acted Prince Henry to audiences of twenty or thirty people with vast *éclat*. Luckily. he don't mind strangers, indeed it has been my endeavour he should not, for I think shy children of his age are dreadful. One day at the course Lord Bateman came up to the coach, and says to Mrs. Hill, "What is the name of that beautiful boy?" He gave her no time to answer, but says "My name is Philip Lybbe Powys, of Oxfordshire." "Why then, Philip," replied his Lordship, "you are the very finest fellow I ever saw in my life." Poor man! he is, it seems, remarkably fond of children, and wrongly miserable that he has none. Indeed, one finds them most agreeable *douceurs* when with one. But now, for instance, my little Tom, at the distance he is now from me, makes me feel for him each moment lest he should not be well as I left him. . . . I find it impossible to finish my journal while here, as we go so soon, but you shall, if you desire it, have the conclusion in a third letter as soon as I get home.

LETTER 3RD.

HARDWICK,

September 22nd, 1771.

Here we are, my dear Margaretta, once more return'd to our beloved Hardwick, happy that, not-

withstanding the noble prospects we have seen, this 1771
still appears more beautiful than ever, and doubly
happy were we to find those well we have been so
long absent from. . . . We quitted the very pretty
town of Ludlow with our large party on the Saturday
evening, all of whom had promis'd to return to Court-of-
Hill for the time we were to stay there. Indeed, the
set was a most agreeable one, never less than sixteen
or eighteen of ourselves, and most days additional
company. . . . Sunday pass'd, as usual, with people
cheerfully thanking for the enjoyments of life. We
now heard an excellent preacher in Mr. Bowles.

Monday, the morning as usual divided into parties
of riding, walking, shooting, reading, working, drawing.
Never met at dinner till after four (this, too, you
know, is the usual Hardwick hour), tho', indeed, in
the shooting season seldom before five. A walk in
general after tea, and in the evening a large pope
table,¹ another quadrille, and many lookers-on besides ;
never supp'd till near eleven, or a-bed till near two. So
as I generally had letters to write at night, and Phil's
rising to shoot with Conyngham by seven, I don't
really think I could say I had a night's rest while
there.

Tuesday, the family of Bowles to dinner. This
name you know, as the father,² who lives near
London, is, I think, tenant of Mr. Wheatley's, his
eldest son not married. This is the second, and a
clergyman,³ married a Miss Hale, a Herefordshire
beauty of very large fortune. He has, indeed, a good
income, £12,000, as one of the younger children, and

¹ Game of Pope Joan.

² Humphrey Bowles of Wanstead, Essex.

³ Rev. George Bowles, ancestor of Baron Northwick.

1771 the two livings here in their own gift. I never saw anything so handsome, too much so for a man, I think. It seems he is the image of his sister, who married Sir John Rushout's son when Becky Bowles, I've ever heard talk'd of as a perfect beauty. These Bowles live at Burford, a fine house badly situated.

Wednesday, a Miss Strahen came for one night on her way to Shrewsbury races. This daughter of Sir Patrick Strahen's I've long known by name, being almost a proverb for plainness. Two gentlemen once laid a wager that each could name the ugliest woman in London, the company were to judge, and poor Miss Strahen was mention'd by both! She came the moment before dinner, and Mrs. Conyngham happening to sit next her, and I opposite to both, it was hardly possible to suppose those two of the same species; but would you imagine with such a countenance she had a hand and arm the most beautiful, nay, she is so agreeable, so exceedingly clever, so everything but handsome, that before she left Court-of-Hill next day, I had lost the idea of her bad person. She must have been sensible in her youth her chance for society was the cultivation of her mind; in that she succeeded; no one's company is more sought. You can't imagine a person of rank she is not intimate with. They told me that in person she was really every year more agreeable, and I fancy if Miss Strahen would take a more matronly title, as her person is genteel, she'd soon pass for a good comely woman, an excellent exchange for that of an ugly Miss, in my opinion.

Thursday we were to dine at Sir Walter Blount's. We had all been invited, but it being utterly impossible for all to go, Mrs. Hill left eleven, besides

children at home, and attended three of us ladies in 1771 the coach, Mr. Hill, Mr. Conyningham, and Mr. Powys on horseback. Mawley, the seat of Sir Walter, is ten miles from Court-of-Hill; the road over the Clee Hill more horrid than any I had yet seen, literally mended with the iron-stone. We were, however shook mighty merry, and only forced to get out once. Had the sweetest views. In about two hours and three-quarters we got there. Mawley is indeed a very fine place. They begged us to be early, to go over the house before dinner. The floors are most of them inlaid like those of the Queen's palace, as is the grand staircase; that and the hall being exceedingly pleasant. Every room is carved in the most expensive taste. In what is call'd the little drawing-room, the wainscot, floor, and furniture are inlaid with festoons of flowers in the most curious manner with woods of different colours. In this room is a cabinet of ivory and ebony, a present to the late Sir Edward from China. It would take hours to examine it. Out of this is the state bed-chamber, bed and furniture crimson velvet and gold lace. The library, eating-room, and large drawing-room all good. Lady Blount's dressing-room you may imagine elegant; fine India paper on pea-green, put up by Spinage, with equal taste as Mrs. Freeman's (at Fawley Court, Bucks), by Bromwich. The chambers all good, spacious, and well-furnish'd. I think Lady Blount has more chintz counterpanes than in one house I ever saw; not one bed without very fine ones. But she seems to have everything very clever, and a thousand nick-nacks from abroad, as one generally sees in these Catholic families. The elegance of their table you may suppose not inferior to that of

1771 their house ; genteelest service of plate, and everything that was in season. The gentlemen at dinner, speaking of the present dearness of provision and rise of meat, Sir Walter said they indeed were exempt from the imposition of a butcher, as they kill'd all their own, and did not go to market for one thing. This must be exceedingly comfortable to a man of large family and large fortune, both of which he is possessed of. I believe I told you she was a daughter of Lord Aston, and co-heiress of £200,000. Sir Walter and Lady Blount are both about thirty, both rather handsome—would be more so if both were not too inclined to grow fat ; are most agreeable and easy in their manners, and have three charming boys, the eldest not three years old, and a fourth coming. Never did three little creatures look so pretty ; the two youngest in fine sprigg'd muslin¹ jams, the eldest in a vest and tunic of tambour (Lady Blount's own work), large sprigs of gold on a thin muslin lin'd with pink. I much wanted to see their chapel, as I imagine it must be superb. There were many pictures about, and one small room with many fine religious subjects.

We were talking of the amazing wit of Pope, who was often at Mawley, tho' much oftener at our neighbours the Blounts of Maple-Durham, where there is such fine portraits of himself and Patty Blount. One day Sir Walter's father was in his company and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject offhand, when a lady in the company said, "Well, then, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling." He instantly replied, "That, madam,

¹ Jamdari, a figured Indian muslin.

is indeed putting a man under a *hard ship*!" Keel- 1771
hauling is drawing a man under a ship. What a ready invention must the man have had! One could hardly have found a more crabbed word to exercise the punster's faculty.

They would fain have persuaded us to come there for some days, obligingly saying it was far the nearest road in our way home, but we had already exceeded our intended stay from Hardwick. The next day we had an invitation to Croft Castle,¹ Mr. John's, and for the day after to Burford,² Mr. Bowles', but as we had fixed the next Monday for our departure, we got Mrs. Hill to make our proper compliments for not waiting on these families. We all had a very high entertainment for some days in finding Mr. and Mrs. Evans at Court-of-Hill the evening we came from Mawley. Mr. Evans is, or rather was, a poor Welsh clergyman, having £18 only a year, till Mr. Hill gave him a small living which made his income to about £80, making him and his wife the most happy as well as most grateful couple in all Wales. They are always desired to pay an annual visit to their benefactor, and not knowing the house was full of company, or having sense enough to make inquiry, they came, and at first, I verily believe, were near frightened to death; but as all insisted on their stay, and took the utmost pains to encourage them, they soon seem'd, at least the wife, charm'd to a degree. Indeed ours was the most difficult task, for while she was a novelty, it was

¹ The Crofts had been seated here from Edward the Confessor till the reign of George III., when Sir H. Croft sold it to Mr. Johns.

² Burford House, once the Mortimers', then Barons of Cornwall, sold to William Bowles, M.P., ancestor of Lord Northwick, the present owner.

1771 hardly possible to keep one's countenance—a very large, far from ugly woman, continually inquiring about fashions, and not willing to be out of it. Having, I imagine, heard ladies wore curls, she had literally an amazing frizzed black wig; her clothes were good and in great variety, but you may guess how made and how put on. With all this finery she keeps no maid, nor he a man. At sitting down to supper, she takes out a flaming coloured linen handkerchief, and pinn'd it by way of bib on each shoulder. Mrs. Hill, being aware that this usual ceremony must have nearly killed the most of the company with laughing, had whisper'd it about before we left the drawing-room, and we were all weak enough to imagine politeness would come, if not by instinct, yet by example. But we were miserably mistaken, for this badge of meal-time was daily three times display'd; so you may judge of what with her figure and determination to taste of every “nice thing,” as she term'd them at table, if it were hardly possible to keep our countenances free from a smile. As to venison, she did not seem tired either with the sight or taste, as we most of us were, as Mrs. Hill once was obliged to give us a haunch for five days running, they had such quantities sent them; but in Shropshire they have not yet come into the saving method of disparking, as about us, where venison now is absolutely a rarity. I've had but two haunches at Hardwick this summer, not even our annual buck from Blenheim. The *poor* Duke¹ of Marlborough is forc'd some years to send his excuses, tho' from the old Duchess my father had an unlimited warrant for both bucks and does, as many as he chose to send

¹ The second Duke.

for.¹ Mr. Evans, poor man, tho' equally illiterate, 1771 had not the drollness of his wife, and rather chose breakfasting on cold pasty with "the gentleman," as he styl'd Mr. Hill's servant out of livery, than with our gentlemen. But she was really diverting, laugh'd so hearty, and seem'd so happy, particularly when Conyngham talk'd Welsh to her.

One evening at tea Mrs. Pardoe, who is exceedingly droll and clever, whispers Mrs. Evans that now she had been so long with all the ladies, she wanted to know how she lik'd them. "Oh, to be sure, 'tis a fine sight to see so many, and so well dress'd too." "But give me your opinion of them. My niece Conyngham, is she not exceedingly handsome?" "Why, ah! mighty well, to be sure." "Mighty well. Why, she is reckon'd quite a beauty." "Yes, yes, I've heard—I have heard so. To be sure she is very well, for all that she is so spare." "My sister Hill, then, she is fatter. What is your opinion of her?" "Oh, Madam Hill is mighty well look'd." "And Mrs. Powys?" "Mrs. Powys is a mighty clever lady. Has a good eye." (I told Mrs. Pardoe I suppose they only saw my profile, or else both eyes might have come in for a compliment.) Miss Galaher comely, Miss Pardoe very smartish, and so she went on. Then, turning to Mrs. Pardoe, "But, indeed, indeed, you yourself are far the handsomest." Once, indeed, Mrs. Pardoe was pretty to a degree, but we begg'd her now not to be vain on

¹ There is a warrant from the great Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Powys extant. "May 1, 1739.—To the keepers in Woodstock Park, Stone, Ashworth, and Wyatt. This is to order you to send to Mr. Powys whenever he pleases to command them, every season, without any new directions from me, one brace of bucks and another of does.—J. MARLBOROUGH."

1771 the given preference, as it was size only that made her obtain it!

On Monday we quitted this every-way agreeable Court-of-Hill. I cannot say we set out so early as we ought, as they all insisted on seeing us at breakfast, which afterwards we ladies at least repented, as most of us rose from the table in tears at the breaking of a circle in which for three weeks we had with so little ceremony and sincere friendship experienced the real enjoyment of a large society. The day, unfortunately, was the only bad one we had had, and that of course seem'd to participate in one's gloomy ideas; but by the time we reached the Hundred House the day and ourselves brightened up; for you know Phil and your Caroline cannot be long unhappy when not separated, and we had an agreeable journey to Worcester, there dined, and walk'd about a good deal, taking the boy to the Cathedral. On our way to Broadway, where we lay, we were surprised at the amazing numbers of Quakers we met, but afterwards heard they were going to Evesham. Once in seven years 'tis their rule to meet at four different places to settle their accounts. The next morn we walk'd up Broadway Hill, from the top of which is seen Ragley (Lord Hertford's), Overbury (Mr. Martin's), and many others. We pass'd that morn the four-shire stone,¹ at which point Worcester^{re}, Gloucester^{re}, Oxfordshire, and Warwick^{re} meet. Near Woodstock you see at one view Blenheim, Lord Lichfield's, and Sir James Dashwood's. The first, as I told you, we intended to spend some time at. The inside of the

¹ A stone pillar, which also stands on the site of a battle between the Saxons and Danes, in which Canute was defeated by Edmund Ironsides.

house I've given a description of in a former journal. 1771
 The new piece of water is a grand design of Brown's, tho' I think one too plainly sees that 'tis only a *piece* of water, which I should have thought might have been conceal'd by a genius so great as Mr. Brown's in design. We dined and stay'd a vast while in Oxford; indeed it is a place so entertaining one can hardly ever quit it, and our little fellow-traveller was so diverted with the grandeur of it, that we did not reach Hardwick till between nine and ten, when, as I before, I believe, told you, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding all that we could wish. . . .

From Hardwick to Benson	10 miles.
Benson to Oxford	12 "
Oxford to Woodstock	9 "
Woodstock to Chapel House	10 "
Chapel House to Broadway	17 "
Broadway to Pershore	12 "
Pershore to Worcester	10 "
Worcester to Hundred House	11 "
Hundred House to Court-of-Hill	15 "
	<hr/>
	106 "

October 1771.—Mrs. Freeman's,¹ Fawley Court, Bucks, I've deferred mentioning, tho' so frequently there, till it was more finish'd. 'Tis in Buckinghamshire, built by this gentleman's father,² but, though always an excellent house, had no ornaments till now, when Mr. Freeman has laid out £8000, I believe, in inside decorations, besides having the celebrated Mr. Brown³ to plan the grounds. We spent a week there

¹ Once the seat of Sir Bulstrode Whitelock. Sold to the Freemans after the Restoration.

² Wrong; his great-uncle, William Freeman, in 1684.

³ Lancelot Brown, nicknamed "Capability" Brown, eminent landscape gardener.

1771 this year in the shooting season, and tho' one had seen it so frequently while the improvements were going on, one could hardly have imagin'd either house or its environs could have been so embellish'd by the artist's hand. Every room is of a good house size, being fitted in an elegant, and each in a different style. The hall is a very noble one; round it statues on pedestals, some fine ones large as life. It's stucco'd of a French grey. The saloon answerable to the hall, with light blue and gold cord. In this room are many fine pictures, a magnificent organ at the lower end, inlaid with many curious woods; a fine chimney-piece, two very beautiful marble tables, on each an elegant candlebranch of ormolu; the paper cost fifty guineas! The ceiling of this room is very fine old stucco, which Mr. Freeman thought too good to be destroy'd. On the right hand is the drawing-room, fitted up with every possible elegance of the present taste, hung with crimson strip'd damask, on which are to be pictures; a most beautiful ceiling painted by Wyatt; the doors curiously inlaid, the window-shutters painted in festoons, a sweet chimney-piece, a grate of Tutenar's, cost 100 guineas; two exceedingly large pier glasses, the chairs and confidant sofa in the French taste. This room leads to the eating-room, in which the colour of the stucco painted of a Quaker brown. The ceiling and ornaments round the panels all display such an elegant simplicity of neatness that I almost prefer this to any room at Fawley Court. On the left hand of the saloon is a large billiard-room hung with the most beautiful pink India paper, adorn'd with very good prints, the borders cut out and the ornaments put on with great taste by Broomwich, and the pink colour, be-

sides being uncommon, has a fine effect under prints. 1771
From this room you enter the breakfast-parlour, a sweet apartment, peagreen stucco, gold border, elegant chimney-piece, green marble with gilt ornaments; the sofa and chairs, Mrs. Freeman's work, a French pattern, pink, green, and grey; curtains, peagreen lute-string. In recesses on each side the chimney are two elegant cases of English woods inlaid, glazed so as to show all the curiosities they contain of fossils, shells, ores, &c., &c., in which Mr. Freeman¹ is curious, and has a fine collection. On one side of the room is a large bookcase of the above woods, and at the bottom of the room is a table in which the maker has amazingly display'd his genius in disposing the different colours. Near this is a small library. The staircase, now separated from the hall, is a superb one, and the apartments above nobly spacious as the rooms below. The best room is furnish'd with bed, &c., of the late Mrs. Freeman's work. One is seldom partial, I think, to ladies' work of this kind, as it generally carries the date of the age it was perform'd in, but this is peculiarly fine, differs from any one ever saw, and certainly does her honour. Her own picture is properly placed over the chimney of this room. The dressing-room to this is prettier than 'tis possible to imagine, the most curious India paper as birds, flowers, &c., put up as different pictures in frames of the same, with festoons, India baskets, figures, &c., on a peagreen paper, Mr. Broomwich having again display'd his taste as in the billiard-room below, and both have an effect wonderfully pleasing. The next bedchamber is furnish'd with one of the finest red-

¹ This was Sambrook Freeman, great-nephew of the first Freeman owner.

1771 grounded chintz I ever saw, the panels of the room painted, in each a different Chinese figure larger than life. In the dressing-room to this, an exceedingly pretty tent of Darius bed. The third capital apartment is furnished with bed, counterpane, &c., of yellow damask, the room hung with India paper, buff ground. Over the chimney in this dressing-room a droll picture of a Chinese pauper.

There are numberless other more common rooms, but Mrs. Freeman's own dressing-room must be mention'd as most elegant. The room is a dove-color'd stucco, ornamented with pictures and a thousand other curiosities, as one might expect to see in the particular apartment of the mistress of Fawley Court.

The grounds laid out by Mr. Brown with his usual taste. Though Mr. Freeman's own house unfortunately cannot boast a situation so uncommonly eligible as his parsonage, yet tho' at the bottom of the hill, it stands on a fine knoll, commands a beautiful view of the Thames and surrounding hills, cover'd with the finest beech woods. Mrs. Freeman has a pretty menagerie and most elegant dairy in the garden, ornamented with a profusion of fine old china.

N.B.—Since the above, Mr. Freeman has erected an elegant building in his island,¹ planned and executed by Wyatt,² and the room is ornamented in a very expensive manner.

In December 1771, being at my cousin Wheatley's in Kent to spend Xmas with a very large party, they were so obliging as to take us to see many places, the weather being remarkably fine. We set out first for Knole, that fine old seat of the Dukes of Dorset . . .

¹ This is now the so-called "Regatta Island."

² James Wyatt, eminent architect, born 1743 ; died 1813.

It stands in a park of eight miles circumference, and not a little resembles the old stone Colleges of Oxford. Part of it was built four hundred years since, and part in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. 'Tis a double quadrangle, spacious to a degree that's hardly credible, having, as the groom of the chambers inform'd us, five hundred rooms, tho' he own'd he never had patience to count them, tho' he often had the thirty-five stair-cases. In the old Duke's¹ time, he said, the company us'd to be as innumerable as the apartments, and made us laugh by an instance of this, having desir'd the housekeeper to count the sheets she gave out, having delivered fourscore pairs, she said, she would count no longer! One is almost sorry the present owner has it not in his power to keep up this ancient hospitality, but everything possible was left from the title—a great pity with such a seat as Knole. One goes through the apartments with concern that this young Duke cannot refit the furniture of each. One longs to repair every old chair, table, bed, or cabinet, exactly in its former taste, particularly in the room call'd the king's bedchamber, the furniture of which was a present from the royal family, and certainly had been equal to the rank of the donor and splendid to a degree. The bed and chairs cost £8000,² the outside cloth of gold, the inside that of silver, the beakers, jars, &c., on the cabinets of most curious filigree, the frames of all the glasses, sconces, tables, and chairs, of solid emboss'd silver. In that, and many other rooms likewise, old cabinets very fine with silver emboss'd frames. The pictures I should imagine to be the finest, and no doubt the largest collection in England. The portraits

¹ Charles Sackville, second Duke. His nephew succeeded him.

² The bed alone cost £3000. The whole fittings of room, £20,000.

1771 of the family for many generations. One parlour is hung round with all the English poets only. 'Tis amazing and impossible to enumerate the many fine pieces in each room, and the present Duke has just brought many, being just return'd from abroad, particularly a Lucretia, by Titian, from Rome. The chapel here is pretty and adorn'd with some fine painted glass.

The Powys also visited Sir Gregory Page's, Blackheath ; Sir George Young's at Foots Cray Place ; and Sir Sampson Gideon's villa called Belvidere, lately Lord Baltimore's. Of this it is stated :—

“Commanding a noble view of the river Thames for above twenty miles. Thirty or forty sail constantly passing and repassing before you. The house is very small, except two rooms built by Mr. Gideon, Sir Sampson's father, for his pictures, which, tho' numerous are exceeding pleasing. In the eating-room, two paintings by Teniers over the door you enter. Van Tromp over the other, Rembrandt by himself, two fine heads ; the creatures entering the Ark, by Rubens ; two insides of churches, very fine. The Genealogy of our Saviour by Albert Durer, capital tho' not pleasing ; two views of Venice by Canaletti ; two small landscapes with horses, beautiful, by Wouvermans ; two landscapes by Poussins ; a fine piece of dead game with a dog barking at it ; Boors at cards, and other Dutch pictures of Teniers. In the drawing-room on one side of the chimney, the Duchess of Buckingham and three children large as life, and one of Rubens' children with them, all by Rubens ; on the other side Mars and Venus, the latter face the most pleasingly beautiful I ever saw ; opposite, at the bottom of the room, the Assumption

of the Virgin Mary, the Flight into Egypt, both 1771 large as life, by Merelli;¹ over the door, Snyders, his wife and child, by Rubens; Our Saviour in the Temple amid the Doctors; on the other, Venus and Cupid, an allegorical piece; the rest of the house very small—two small parlours, in one, panels painted of monkeys, another *Scaramouches*, which the old Lord Baltimore used to call the Monkey and Scaramouch parlours. (*N.B.*—Since I was at Belvidere, I hear Sir Sampson has rebuilt the house in a most magnificent taste, and immensely large)."

1772.—On January 2nd Mr. Wheatley took us 1772 to see Mereworth, built by Lord Westmoreland in 1715, and left at his death to Lord Despencer, the present owner. The plan is in the Italian taste, for coolness as we were informed; but, in a country so different as ours from Italy, 'tis a plan, I think, unnecessary to adopt, as it seems to make one's residence uncheerful. As you enter from a vast flight of steps, a large hall of an octagonal figure, lighted only from a dome on the top, so entirely excluding the sun; opposite the great doors the saloon or picture gallery—many capital ones. The staircases are made in the corners of the octagon hall—of course, winding, narrow, and steep. At the top is a gallery round, and looking down on the hall; round this are the chambers, more spacious and convenient than one would imagine, but on the whole 'tis not a pleasing house.

January 18th, 1772.—At court on the Queen's birth-night, her Majesty dressed in buff satin, trimmed with the sable just made her a present of by the Empress of Russia.² The Princess of Brunswick³ was

¹ Murillo.

² Catherine II.

³ Augusta, sister of George III.

1772 there, coming on a visit to her mother, then ill. We used to think her, though not handsome, a good figure, but she is now grown so fat and plain, that, tho' cover'd with jewels, I never saw a woman that look'd more unfashionable.

January 28th, 1772.—This week the town was in a vast bustle at the opening of the Pantheon, and Mr. Cadogan was so obliging to send me his tickets for the first night. As a fine room I think it grand beyond conception, yet I'm not certain Ranelagh struck me not equally on the first sight, and as a diversion 'tis a place I think infinitely inferior, as there being so many rooms, no communication with the galleries, the staircase inconvenient, all rather contribute to lose the company than show them to advantage.

February 8th, 1772, died the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother to the present King George III., was buried the 15th, and Sunday the 16th began the public mourning, twelve weeks in crape and bombazine, broad hemm'd linen, a fortnight black silk, fringed linen, drest and undrest greys, or black and white, and another fortnight colour'd ribbons, white and silver, &c. ; went quite out the 10th May.

1773 *January 6th, 1773.*—Mr. Powys, myself, and our eldest boy went to Bath for five weeks for Mr. Powys' health, and the waters were of infinite service to him. While there we saw King's Weston, a fine place of Mr. Lenthall's ; breakfasted at the Hot Wells, Bristol, which I always think a most melancholy place out of the season ; saw the Bristol glass-houses, which are really curious. The celebrated Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan), was now a capital singer at Bath. We heard her in "Acis and Galatea," and

nothing but the elegance of her figure can equal her 1773
voice.

November.—Being then in London, went to see Mrs. Wright's waxworks, which, tho' exceedingly well executed, yet being as large as life, if of one's particular friends, 'tis rather a likeness strikingly unpleasing.

February 5th, 1775.—Caroline Isabella born at a 1775
quarter after two in the afternoon.

On July 5th went to Stowe.¹ Sir Charles,² Lady and Miss Price, Mr. Powys and myself, set out in our two phaetons. On our way to Abingdon, we stopped to see Mr. Phillips,³ the builder's house, Culham House. From there to Abingdon, dined there, and got to Oxford early in the evening. It happen'd, as we before knew, to be the time of Commemoration, but we none of us chose taking different dresses for that occasion, as we had been at that and the oratorios the year before, when at Mr. Schutz's of Shotover. The performers were the same as Miss Davis, and Linley, Gerdini, Ficher, &c. But tho' we did not go to the music, we did to Merton Gardens after the assembly was over, and it being a beautiful evening, it was really a most pleasing sight to observe the variety of dress. Those from the theatre full drest,

¹ The seat of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

² Sir Charles Price of Blount's Court, Oxon. His second wife, Mary Brigham, of Cane End, Oxon.

³ Mr. Phillips was a remarkable person, and undertook the public works and buildings, now occupying a whole department, for the sum of £53,384 per annum. He built Battersea and Culham Bridges over the Thames. Was a great collector of pictures and china. He lies buried in Hagbourne churchyard with this epitaph, "Here lyeth the body of Thomas Phillips, son of Matthew Phillips of this parish, whose known skill, and diligence in his profession, joined with great probity in his dealings, gained him that reputation in business which recommended him to be carpenter to their majesties King George I. and King George II. He died the 14 August 1736, aged 47 years."

1775 accidental travellers in riding dresses, the Oxonians in their gowns and caps. It had almost the appearance of a masquerade. Thursday, we went to Bicester, a most dismal and unsafe road as I ever travell'd in my life. Soon after we pass'd Sir James Dashwood's at Cadlington,¹ which seems a melancholy situation. I rather fancy we lost our way, as the roads were so bad. I often thought the phaetons could not stand the ruts, and to complete our miseries it was impossible for Macbeth's Witches to have been in a worse storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, after a most displeasing morning. We got to Bicester in a torrent of water. The people at the inn seeing us in phaetons thought only of beds for us, but we ourselves most luckily were the least wet. I can't say the same for our servants, all four nearly drowned, but by taking great care of them none were luckily ill, and in the evening we got to Buckingham; but hearing there was an inn quite at the park gate at Stowe, we chose to lay there to take the first fine weather for seeing the place. This we afterwards almost repented, as never were accommodations so wretched. The next morning, very fortunately, was exactly such a one as we wished it to be. The garden being a five-mile walk, which we accomplish'd with great ease, as you go over the house when just half round the grounds. These more than answer'd my expectation, as I had always heard it represented as a perfect flat, which it by no means is, as you ascend the whole two-miles avenue from Buckingham. The buildings used, I know, to be thought too numerous, but in such an extent I do not think even that, and the fine plantations now grown up to obscure them properly, must

¹ Kirtlington Park.

add infinitely to many picturesque views of porticos, 1775 temples, &c., which when originally were expos'd at once, with perhaps three or four more seen from the same point, must have had a very different and crowded effect. The house, which will be one of the most noble in the kingdom, we then saw to infinite disadvantage, as entirely altering, a fine new saloon not even cover'd in, scaffolding around the whole building, every room unfurnish'd, all the fine pictures taken down. There is some of the fam'd Gobelin tapestry at Stowe, which (I own I may be partial to English manufacture), is not in my opinion anything equal to Saunders, at Lord Cado-gan's, Caversham Lodge.

We lay that night at Aylesbury, pass'd Lady Tent's, Sir William Stanhope's, and Sir William Lees,¹ both near that town. The next morning by Wendover is Mr. King Dashwood's,² a brother of Lord Le Despencer's; two miles from thence is Hampden³ Lord Trevor's, and at Missenden⁴ is the fine old abbey of that name sweetly situated. At High Wycombe Lord Shelbourne has an odd pretty place just at the end of the town. We went on to dine at West Wycombe, as the Prices had never seen the so-much-fam'd church of Lord Le Despencer's. The house,⁵ which we first saw, is nothing remarkable, tho' very habitably good; you enter it sideways thro' a portico—odd and uncommonly pleasing, some good pictures, the gardens and park pretty, those and the house much improved since we were there before.

¹ Hartwell House.

² Wycombe Park.

³ Belongs to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

⁴ Formerly Abbey of Austin Canons, founded circ. 1133.

⁵ West Wycombe House.

1775 The new church and mausoleum, on an immense eminence, dreadful for the old people at least to ascend ; the former gives one not the least idea of a place sacred to religious worship. 'Tis a very superb Egyptian Hall, no pews, pulpit, or desk, except two ornamental seats which answer the two latter purposes. The font is shown as an elegant toy ; in fine, it has only the appearance of a neat ballroom with rows of forms on each side. The mausoleum is a six-angled open wall of flints, stone ornaments, and rows of Tuscan pillars, two of the six divisions are occupied with dedications to Lord Melcomb and Westmoreland, and in the centre of the mausoleum is a monument for Lady Despencer, lately dead. On the whole this extraordinary building is well worth the observation of strangers. We that night went to my brother at Fawley,¹ parting near there with the Prices, who, as ourselves, seem'd greatly pleas'd with our little tour.

1776 1776. — The most severe frost in my memory began January 7th and lasted till February 2nd. It began to snow about two in the morning as we were returning from a ball at Southcote, and kept snowing for twelve days, tho' none fell in quantities after the first three days, but the inconvenience from that on the ground was soon very great, as strong north-east winds blew it up in many places twelve to thirteen feet deep, so that numbers of our cottagers on the common were oblig'd to dig their way out, and then hedges, gates, and stiles being invisible, and all hollow ways levell'd, it was with vast difficulty the poor men could get to the village to buy bread ; water they had none, but melted snow for a long

¹ Fawley Rectory.

while, and wood could not be found—a more particular distress in Oxfordshire, as our poor have always plenty of firing for little trouble. As to our own family, we were fifteen days without the butcher from Reading being able to get to us, and then he came on foot, but luckily we had sheep, hogs, and poultry; our farmyard looked like a picture I've seen of all animals collected to enter the ark, as all our sheep, cows, horses, &c., were oblig'd to be fodder'd there. We could have no news or letters from Henley or Reading for ten days, but then we began to be so impatient we got a man to venture on foot; no horse passed for a month, or cart for two. On the fifteenth day the butcher sent over two men with a little beef and veal, which then began to be scarce even there; not one team at Reading market the Saturday after it began—a thing never known. The two London waggons came in with sixteen and fourteen horses; but one horseman that day thro' the turnpike; all stages and machines stopped for ten or twelve days on the very best roads. It kept on freezing intensely after it had done snowing, the river being froze over from Whitchurch to Maple-Durham. Some of our people were silly enough to walk over it. Two hundred and seventeen men were employ'd on the Oxford turnpike between Nettlebed and Benson to cut a road for carriages, but then a chaise could not go with a pair of horses, and very dangerous, like driving on glass. A waggon loaded with a family's goods from London was overturn'd, a deal of damage done in china, &c., but 'tis astonishing any one would venture to send any goods in such a time, or venture themselves. We wish'd much to have had some company in the house, but we were

1776 even so unfortunate as not to have Mr. Pratt, my brother, and our boy Phil, as they were all at my Lord Camden's for the Christmas. Our gamekeeper measured a piece of ice from a pond on the 29th ; it was nine inches and a half thick. The beer and ale froze as they drew it, and the cream was forced to be put in the oven to thaw before they could churn it for butter, all my tender greenhouse plants died, did not save one geranium, the oranges and myrtles not hurt, or any shrubs or flower-roots out of doors, the snow no doubt preserved them. Every one dreaded the so-much-wish'd-for thaw ; we by the river expected a deluge, but, thank God ! never could such severe weather end more moderately. On the 2nd February began a most gentle thaw, and the immense quantities of snow melted away by gentle degrees to every one's astonishment. The road to Reading continued impassable till the 15th, after that the way was shovell'd, but when I went long after, it was in many parts a lane of snow above the coach windows. There was a deal of snow on the 20th March ! I fancy the weather of 1776 was very like what Sir William Temple in his works mentions of 1678 in Charles II. time : "I was going," says Sir William, "from the Hague to Niemegen, the inclemency of the season such as was never known in any man's memory, the snow in many places nearly ten feet deep, and ways for my coach to be digg'd through in many places ; several postboys died upon the road. I pass'd both Rhine and Weal with both coaches and waggons upon the ice, and never suffered so much from weather in my life as in this journey, in spite of all I could do to provide against it, yet was it perfectly ridiculous to see

people walking about with long icicles from their 1776 noses."

Before resuming Mrs. Powys' experiences, it must be acknowledged, from notes of her various occupations, and collections of objects of varied interest still owned by her family, that few people could be more fitted to amuse and employ herself usefully when confined to the house. She was a skilled needlewoman ;¹ later on we shall find Queen Charlotte taking interest in her work, and asking if she was working anything new. She embroidered, worked in cloth, straw plaited, feather worked, made pillow lace, paper mosaic work, &c., dried flowers and ferns, painted on paper and silk, collected shells, fossils, coins, and was a connoisseur in china, &c. ; besides this, she was an excellent house-keeper, and as a specimen of the patience exercised in the careful preparation of household drugs in those days, I give the following receipe as made by her :—

"LAVENDER DROPS.

"Six handfuls of lavender flowers stript from stalks, put them in a wide-mouth glass, and pour on them four quarts of the best spirit of wine, stop the glass very close with a double bladder tied fast down that nothing may breathe out, let it stand in a warm place six weeks, keep it circulating about, then distil it in a limbeck. When all is run off, put to this water sage flowers, rosemary flowers, bugloss flowers, betony flowers, burrage flowers, lily of the valley

¹ Her mother, Mrs. Girle, excelled in needlework, and in 1753 finished a bedquilt for her daughter, which had taken several years to work. It had her coat of arms in the centre, and crest (a wheat sheaf), in each corner.

1776 flowers, cowslip flowers, each a handful gathered in their seasons in dry weather ; let this stand six weeks, then put to it balm, motherwort, spike flowers ; cut some small bay leaves, orange leaves, and the flowers of each an ounce ; distil all these together again, then put in citron peel, lemon peel, dried single piony seed, and cinnamon, of each six drams, nutmeg, mace, candimums, cubels, yellow saunders, of each half an ounce, lignum aloes, one dram ; make these into a fine powder and put them into glass, then take juinbes,¹ new and good, a pound stoned, and cut small, stop all quite close for six weeks more, shaking it often every day, then run it thro' a cotton bag, then put in prepar'd pearl two drams, ambergrease ditto, of saffron and saunders and yellow saunders each an ounce, put these in a bag and hang them in the water, and close up the glass well ; at three weeks' end it will be fit to use.

“*N.B.*—When you find any indisposition, or fear of any fit, take a small spoonful with a lump of sugar ; it helps all palsies of what kind to cure.”

She also adds that in 1782 she had still some drops made years before by her father-in-law, Mr. Powys, made by this receipt, and notes, “They are far superior to any one buys ;” so they ought to be, for they contained thirty-two ingredients, and took twenty-one weeks to make !

1776.—Mr. Pratt² left my brother this March, having been with him seven years and some months ; he soon after went to Cambridge. The parting was a most melancholy one on both sides, as I believe never

¹ A fruit with a stone.

² Only son of Lord Camden, the Lord Chancellor, pupil to Rev. Thomas Powys at Fawley Rectory, Bucks.

was there a tutor and pupil who had a more sincere 1776 affection for each other.

On the Queen's birthday Mr. Hanger,¹ brother to Lord Coleraine, was drest in a sky-blue Paduasoe, the seams work'd with gold, gold cuffs and waistcoat, a velvet muff trimmed with cheneal blonde, and long streamers of the same, a large white feather in his hat ; and the next summer another standard for dress, Mr. Bamfield² (now Sir Charles), at Exeter Races, had a blue trimm'd with Devonshire point, and olives of fine pearl ; the coat cost £800.

When in London this spring (1776) we had the very high entertainment, at a private concert, of hearing the celebrated Mrs. Sheridan sing many songs, accompanied by Giardini on the violin. I had never had that pleasure since she was Miss Linley ; was then charmed, but more so now. I think indeed her voice, person, and manner are more than one generally sees combined, and then her being so totally unaffected, render each ten times as pleasing as otherwise they would be.

June 1776.—Tho' we never have any friends at Hardwick that we don't take them to see Caversham Lodge,³ yet I've not here mentioned it, as I knew it was to undergo many alterations ; those are nearly finished, and from always being a pleasing, 'tis now a very fine place, the situation beautiful, and these grounds laying out were the first performance of the since so celebrated Brown, who made a just tho' droll observation on the vast number of trees of an amazing

¹ George Hanger, last Lord Coleraine, an early boon companion of the Prince Regent, nicknamed "The Hanger On."

² Sir Charles Bamfylde, ancestor of Baron Poltimore.

³ Then the seat of second Lord Cadogan, now of W. H. Crawshay, Esq.

1776 growth all through the whole spot, "that it was impossible to see *the trees* for wood." Indeed they stood so thick that this was literally true, they hiding each other. But by taking some down and leaving conspicuous the most noble, he has made it one of the finest parks imaginable, and at the time of the white-thorns being in blow, which at Caversham are by far the oldest and most beautiful I ever saw, 'tis hardly possible to describe the scene it offers. The terrace at Caversham (next to Lord Lincoln's), I've heard is the finest in England. On this stands the house, now white, formerly of brick and infinitely larger than at present; you enter a charming hall (lately new), the old hall now a very elegant library, which you go through to a breakfast-room adjoining the saloon, in both of which are many good pictures, but the drawing-room beyond the saloon is one of the most pleasing apartments I ever saw, being fitted up with the English tapestry, which in most people's judgment exceeds the Gobelin. This history is a pilgrimage to Mecca, the camels, horses, dogs, amazingly well executed, the attitudes of the people fine, the colours of the finest tints, and all the figures of a pleasing size. Over the chimney-piece is a piece of the same, which represents a Sultan going into the private apartments of his women, his handkerchief in his hand to cast at the favour'd one, an attendant behind, and a most beautiful girl holding up a festoon curtain through which he is to enter. This piece is reckon'd inimitable; in short, the whole does great credit to Saunders. There is a little fire-screen of it, groups of flowers which show the different kinds of tapestry. From this room you go through a pretty lobby into the eating-room, a very good one. Among the pictures is a remarkable one

which belonged to General Husk, who made a present 1776 of it to the family, as 'tis taken from a circumstance in the Duke of Marlborough's wars in which General Cadogan¹ was present. The Duke, General, &c., are on horseback in conference with the French General, and the Duke has dropp'd his glove which his aide-de-camp is dismounting to pick up, and mark privately the spot, as they had before agree'd that just where that fell he would have the battle. . . .

JOURNAL OF A FIVE DAYS' TOUR, IN A
LETTER TO A FRIEND

1776

We have some years wish'd to see Stourhead, so at last suddenly fix'd on the 5th of August, the fourteenth anniversary of our wedding-day; our party small, Mr. Annesley, my brother,² Mr. Powys, and myself in two phaetons. We call'd at our friends the Rushs of Heckfield; their place a very pretty situation, close to two pleasing parks, Lord Rivers', and his brother's, General Pitt. Basingstoke is only ten miles from thence. We got too early there to remain the night, and as we found afterwards, too late to reach Overton, eight miles farther. Fortunately the road was good and safe, as we were literally benighted travellers in an unknown country; many times I could not see any horses to the phaeton. We sent one of the servants on for a light, and so by the light of a lanthorn we were ushered into the town at near eleven. The

¹ William Cadogan, first Earl, succeeded the Duke of Marlborough as Field-Marshal.

² Rev. T. Powys, her brother-in-law, always styled "brother."

1776 next morning we pass'd the house of Capt. Jennings at Laverstock, near that a house and mills of a Mr. Portal, at which is made the Bank paper.¹ Near the town of Whitchurch, in Hampshire, is the seat of Lord Portsmouth, call'd Hurstbourne, a large and very ancient pile, standing in a park eight miles in circumference, but at present not one modern improvement about its environs; we then pass'd a hunting-seat of Mr. Delmé's named Redrive; and seven miles from Salisbury, the spot where Lord Holland's house was burnt down the year before. We had breakfast at Andover, and got to the above-mention'd city (Salisbury), by three. Tho' we had all been there often, 'twas agreed to spend that evening in a review of it. We of course laid out money in the famous steel-work of this place, and paid as much again for it as in London, at which place they have told us they could not even make a pair of scissors. On Wednesday morning we went three miles on the other side of Salisbury to see Longford Castle, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, situated in a pleasing valley, the river Avon running thro' the garden. The house, built in the reign of James I.,² is in a triangular form, round towers at each angle, which are the eating-room, library, and chapel, these rooms are octagon in the inside; there is a fine gallery; the fitting up and pictures of that only, is said to have cost £10,000; at each end are the two celebrated pictures of Claude Lorraine, of the rising and setting sun, amazing fine landscapes indeed, and which we went on purpose to see; but there are many of the most capital masters

¹ Still made there.

² Long before this, in 1591, by Sir T. Gorges, but enlarged by late Lord Radnor.

dispers'd all over the house, some inimitably fine; a 1776
boy, whole length, by Rubens, in the breakfast-room,
is almost life itself; but I cannot enumerate half, for
tho' there is a catalogue to every room, we could not
allow ourselves time to see them with just attention,
not having imagin'd this house near so much worth
seeing as it really is, and from its triangular form 'tis
so singular¹ (there being but one more in England, built
by the same person, six miles distant), that it has an
agreeable effect; it neither looks modern or ancient
but between both; stands in the middle of the garden,
only one step from the ground, so that you may in-
stantly be out of doors. The park is fine, the environs
in taste, the furniture elegant, the pictures a most
noble collection, so that we were quite pleased that
Claude Lorraine had tempted us these three miles
out of our first propos'd excursion. We return'd back
thro' Salisbury, and so to the inn at Wilton,² where
we breakfasted, as we could not resist seeing Lord
Pembroke's, tho' we all had often been there before;
indeed I fancy few people pass by, as at the porter's
lodge, where he desired us to set down our names and
the number of our company, we saw by the book there
had been to see it the last year 2324 persons. Merely
to see, 'tis certainly one of the finest sights in England;
but to reside at, 'tis too grand, too gloomy, and what
I style *most magnificently uncomfortable*, the situation
bad, the rooms, except one, too small, and I want
three or four more considerable ones. Were I Lord
Pembroke,³ I'd have two superb galleries, one for

¹ It was built after the model of the Castle of Uraniberg, designed by Tycho Brahe.

² Seat of Earl Pembroke.

³ Wilton has been much altered since this account was written, at the beginning of the nineteenth century by Wyatt, and since.

1776 pictures, the other for statues, busts, &c., of which many here it seems are nowhere else in the world to be met with ; they would then appear with advantage, whereas now the whole house gives one an idea of a statuary's shop. 'Tis universally allowed that the one grand apartment¹ I before mention'd is the noblest can be seen—60 feet by 30 and 30 feet high. The celebrated family picture by Vandyke every one has heard of if not seen—20 feet long, 12 feet high—contains thirteen figures large as life, and at the farther end of the room one could imagine them animated. 'Tis well known that of late years the most capital pictures of the best masters have been brought into England ; many indeed were taken away in Charles I.'s time, but now there's hardly a gentleman's seat without a good collection. At Wilton they are fine indeed, tho' I think a good deal hurt by being too highly varnish'd in a late cleaning. The building was begun in the reign of Henry VIII., the great quadrangle finish'd in that of Edward VI., and the porch design'd by Hans Holbein ; the hall-side being burnt down, was again finished by Inigo Jones, 1640.

From Lord Pembroke's we went to Fonthill, the seat of Mr. Beckford, now a minor. The old house was burnt down about twenty years ago,² and this just finish'd as this young gentleman's father (the great Beckford, as he is usually styled), died. 'Tis a large stone house, eight rooms on the principal floor, but, as a contrast to Lord Radnor's, which we had that morning admir'd for being so near the garden, the ground apartments at Fonthill³ by a most

¹ Called the Double Cube.

² June 1755.

³ Cost Alderman Beckford £240,000. His son sold it and built the still more magnificent Abbey, commenced in 1796.

tremendous flight of steps are, I believe, more distant 1776
from the terrace on which the house stands than the
attic storey of Longford Castle ; and the housekeeper
seems to show it to a disadvantage, I think, taking
us under these steps through a dark and gloomy
hall, from which she mounted us to the second storey
of bed-chambers first. The state bed and furniture
crimson velvet, gold frames to the chairs, tables,
and cornice to the bed. Mrs. Beckford's dressing-
room has in it numbers of superb and elegant nick-
nacks. From thence we descend'd to the principal
floor, where is display'd the utmost profusion of mag-
nificence, with the appearance of immense riches,
almost too tawdrily exhibited. There are many good
pictures and many very indifferent. Cassaulis I never
admire ; the best at Fonthill are of the small kind,
fit only for lady's cabinets ; of these there are many
capital ones. The chimney-pieces all over the house
are elegant to a degree ; even those in the attics must
have cost an immense sum, all of statuary or Sienna
marble ; but what hurts the eyes most exceedingly is
that every hearth, even the best apartments, are com-
mon black and white, which seems such a saving of
expense in the very article where profusion has been
so lavish'd that 'tis perfectly amazing. A fine grove
of oaks, with clumps of evergreens on the left of the
house, is very picturesque, and there is a fine piece
of water, otherwise the situation is disagreeable.¹

From hence we went to dine at Hendon, the
borough which was then so talk'd of on General Smith's
account, then in the King's Bench for bribery there.
'Tis a horrid, poor, thatch'd, dirty-looking village, not
a tolerable house in the place ; we could hardly pro-

¹ William Beckford shifted the site to build his splendid Abbey.

1776 cure a dinner. We intended laying at the inn at Stourton, built by Mr. Hoare for the company that comes to see his place, but to our great mortification, when we got there at near ten o'clock, it was full, and we oblig'd to go on to Meer, a shocking little town three miles off. There too the best inn was filled. The other, or rather ale-house, was bad indeed, but the landlord so anxious to accommodate us with beef steaks or anything of that kind for supper, that, as we could not do better, we laugh'd ourselves into good-humour, tho' his only parlour, the man said, was taken by two gentlemen from the other inn, belated too, and whom he begged we would join, he was sure they would be willing; but as we imagin'd the gentlemen, like ourselves, liked their own company, and might not be of the landlord's sentiments, we stuff'd ourselves into the bar-room till bed, when the above heroes were so kind as to resign the best bed, as the maid styled it to me, and getting two more in the village, we did tolerably, and in the morn return'd to Stourhead, which answered every difficulty we had met with the preceding evening, as both house and grounds are so vastly well worth seeing. The inn I mention'd is just at the entrance of the garden. We there left our horses and carriages, and walk'd for about two miles; the pleasure-ground in all is seven; Alfred's Tower, at the extent one way, which is seen for miles round Stourhead. The first building after the gardener's cottage is the Bristol Cross,¹ a present from that city to Mr. Hoare, a very light Gothic structure, but its kings and queens in the niches round it would,

¹ Erected in that city in 1373 in gratitude for grants made to the city by Edward III. Contains eight statues, four last added in 1633. Removed in 1733, and sold to Mr. Henry Hoare.

in my opinion, have look'd better of the original stone 1776
colour than so ornamented with red, blue, and gilt
clothing; but still 'tis pretty through this profusion
of finery, and I believe it may in some measure be
more strikingly gaudy from its nearness to one; could
it be plac'd on an eminence at a little distance, it
surely would have a more pleasing effect. Fifty
men are constantly employ'd in keeping the pleasure-
grounds, rides, &c., in order, in all about 1000 acres.
It was a park when Mr. Hoare purchas'd it of Lord
Stourton, but all the buildings and plantations are the
present owner's own doing,¹ without any assistance
but common workmen to plan or lay out the whole
seven miles' extent, nor could Brown have executed
it with more taste and elegance. Nature indeed had
been profuse in giving a spot the most beautifully
irregular, without which no grounds can be laid out
pleasing to the eye. These were nothing more than
naked hills and dreary valleys, which now are so
beautifully adorn'd by art, assisting Nature with trees,
her greatest ornament, where hills and water only were
before. This indeed might be discovered by the
disagreeableness of the country the instant you are
out of Mr. Hoare's domains. The next building after
the Cross is a greenhouse, prettily adorn'd outside
by stone or burnt cinders from the glass-houses at
Bristol, the inside black gravel stones mixed in the
mortar; it looks like pounded flints and has a pretty
effect. We then pass'd over what the gardener
called a Palladian bridge, but he certainly mistook,
as I think Palladio's bridges were cover'd over.
This is open top and sides, pretty at a distance;
when near, the idea of going over a kind of ladder

¹ Mr. Richard Hoare, afterwards made a Baronet in 1786.

1776 only is frightful. Another party of company could not bring themselves to venture, but 'tis not so bad after you have brought yourself to venture a few of its steps, tho' its perpendicular appearance and seeing the water through at first looks formidable. We saw many pretty seats at the stems of trees of stones piled like rock-work on each other. The next building is the Pantheon,¹ in which are seven niches with statues large as life, over them seven alto-relievos. From the Pantheon colonnade you have a fine view of a constant cascade which is very beautiful; from this we went to the Temple of Apollo.² On the outside niches with statues, on the inside a gilded sun with a skylight to illuminate it. From thence we cross'd another bridge leading to a stone alcove, then to the Temple of Flora. In general these edifices are so alike at all gardens, and the seats and buildings here put one greatly in mind of Stowe, if it were not for the much more beautiful spots each is here erected on, to what that flat situation can boast. The Turkish tent at Mr. Hoare's is very pretty; 'tis of painted canvas, so remains up the whole year; the inside painted blue and white in mosaic. We thought it best for our horses to take them at this time to Alfred's Tower, three miles off, that they might again rest while we walk'd the remainder of the tour. They sent a guide with us over the top of the hill, which commands so many fine views of this now cultivated spot. One of them looks down an immense valley, where is the head of the river Stour. It rises in six different springs at a piece of rock-work where the figure of Neptune is striking, and the river gushing

¹ A copy of the famous Roman temple.

² Temple of the Sun, designed after that at Baalbec.

out. The tower¹ is lately finish'd, cost above £4000, 1776 yet we thought it the least worth seeing of any one building at Stourhead. It being brick in a country of stone is rather wonderful. The form triangular, 150 feet 10 inches high, one of the angles round a stone pillar is a spiral staircase of 225 stone steps before one gains the top, and then there being no seat or enclos'd room, only an iron at such a distance that people may just pass in walking round, and those who can, may look down the tower from top to bottom on the inside. It does take in an immense tract of prospect, and our guide inform'd us of twenty different things he saw and meant us to see. The tower was erected in honour of Alfred the Great, as an inscription over the entrance mentions that on this summit his standard² was erected against the Danes.

After seeing the tower we descended the hill, and by the banks of the river came to the Convent, an elegant building, painted glass in the upper part of the windows in miniature. Nuns in their different habits in panels round the room, very pretty Gothic elbow-chairs painted in mosaic brown and white. Two very ancient pictures found in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey—the Wise Men's Offerings—well painted. From this place we came back to the house, again put up the horses while we saw indoors, which in itself answers the situation, and contains a thousand curiosities of furniture, pictures, &c. You enter a noble hall, round this in panels are whole-length portraits, very capital ones, one in particular by Carlo Maratti. He is drawing the portrait of a young nobleman standing by him, other figures behind as large as

¹ Built by Henry Hoare, Esq. The hill is 800 feet above the sea.

² In A.D. 879.

1776 life. Opposite the chimney, Mr. Hoare, when a youth, on horseback. There are ten rooms on the principal floor, the saloon finely proportioned, 50 by 30, and 30 high. The paintings here large and fine, some historical. In the third room shown is the so-much-talked-of cabinet¹ that once belong'd to Pope Sixtus, which Mr. Hoare purchased at an immense sum, so great that he says he never will declare the sum. It is, indeed, most beautifully ornamented, as well as valuable, for on the outside are many fine gems. A border goes round the frame four feet from the ground, here set in frames. Pope Sixtus's picture, and those of his family, drawn, you may be sure, after he was raised from his original obscurity. Some time after the purchase was made, in some inner private drawers were found seventy-two other miniatures, some in the old English dress, others of Spain and Italy. The date on this curious antique cabinet is 1677. In a closet out of this room is a most inimitable portrait of Titian by himself, at ninety-two years old. Round this are hung the seventy-two miniatures above mention'd. There are a number of fine paintings, and they are hung in a most clever manner, the frames having hinges fasten'd to the walls on one side as a door is, and may be pulled forwards as the light is required. The best picture at Stourhead is, I think, over the chimney in the picture gallery, a Rembrandt—Elijah restoring the widow's son to life, Elijah as large as life, and a most striking figure. There are many of Rembrandt, Canaletti, Claude Lorraine. There are two from the

¹ This cabinet was left by a nun, the last of Pope Sixtus' family, to a convent at Rome, where it was purchased by Mr. Hoare. It is made of ebony, agate, and lapis-lazuli, fronted by pillars of precious stones, and inlaid with gold.

last master by Wotton, well executed ; one fine landscape by Gainsborough, of Bath, some cattle of Cuyp's. The state bed and furniture are of India painted taffeta. In the eating-room is a most curious emboss'd piece of plate,¹ a present from the City of London to Sir Richard Hoare when Mayor, intended for the sideboard, but 'tis now in a frame over a table, on which stands three fine pieces of the Sevres manufactory, reckon'd superior to Dresden ; 'tis immensely dear. I forgot to mention a sweet picture of Angelica Kauffman's, a lady in a white and gold Turkish habit, working at a tambour. But for all my encomiums about this charming place, I cannot think it equal to a situation in our own neighbourhood. I mean Park Place,² General Conway's, which has more of the soft and beautiful, with the addition of a fine country every way round, while the charms of Stourhead are literally confin'd within itself. We dined that day at Dedford Marsh, and from thence to Amesbury, so dreary a road as quite from Mr. Hoare's I never went over ; dismal downs, not a cottage or tree to enliven the scene. Here and there a melancholy looking shepherd, attending, as they told us, flocks, sometimes of three to five thousand ; some farms having two or three such flocks.

When we got to Stonehenge, we drove up and got out of the carriages to see "this stupendous piece of antiquity," as Dr. Stukeley stiles it ; the number of stones, he says, are 140. Our coachman informed us it was impossible to tell them, and no one ever did, as they would actually die if they attempted it. Our sagacious servant told us "the Devil brought them

¹ Represents the story of Cyrus and Queen Ismaris.

² Park Place, near Henley-on-Thames, Berks.

1776 there from Ireland, tied up in a withe, which breaking, is the reason they are so scatter'd, and one fell just at the river at Amesbury." He told us this with the gravest countenance, and seem'd angry at our laughing. We had only one mile to Amesbury from Stonehenge. We were this night too unfortunate, for being late, the inn was full, and as we were settling with the landlady to get us beds at private lodgings, our servants came and whisper'd us that the two gentlemen from the inn at Meare were now in that front room. We then look'd in, and so they were. Sitting with candles, we saw our former night's facetious landlord's "two agreeable gentlemen," were Mr. Walpole¹ and Mr. Adams, who we were exceedingly well acquainted with. You may be sure we now made ourselves known, and passed a very pleasant evening with them, laughing exceedingly that none of us chose the evening before to join company. The Duke of Queensberry's seat borders on this town; seems a most dismal, dreary situation.

We left Amesbury next day, came most shocking roads thro' a new turnpike to Kingsclare. On the top of Kingsclare Hill we saw the clouds pass below in the valley with great velocity; rather shocking, but that hill is a vast height, looks very romantic with the big town just under it. We see this hill, you know, from Straw Hall, in Hardwick Woods. We din'd at the town, and reach'd home that evening, perfectly pleased with our excursion, and perfectly happy to return here. As you know, tho' we have great pleasure in seeing fine places, we are so vain as to think few surpass our own, I mean in natural beauties. Hardwick's merits is all its own, never has been indebted

¹ Horace Walpole and Adams, the architect.

to modern improvements, and in this age may, for 1776 that reason, be thought more uncommon, as the rage for laying out grounds makes every nobleman and gentleman a copier of their neighbour, till every fine place throughout England is comparatively, at least, alike! Miles travelled, 174.

October 11th, 1776.—From my brother's at Fawley we went to see Hurley Priory,¹ Berks, an immense old white house near Marlow. Formerly it belong'd, with a vast tract of land, to Lord Lovelace, but now is in possession of a Mr. Wilcox, who purchas'd it, with little of the ground remaining except the gardens. This gentleman is a nephew² of Bishop Wilcox (Rochester), is a man curious in antiquity, and seems deserving of so fine an old mansion by the care he seems to take of it. I own I never was better pleas'd with any house I ever saw. You enter from the garden one of the most pleasing halls you can imagine, vastly large, amazingly light, in which is a fine staircase, with a gallery looking down into the hall; the rooms all large, windows immensely so, all glazed with a multiplicity of little panes, but no casements, so that 'tis the most cheerful house possible. In a large drawing-room upstairs is the fine paintings of Salvator Rosa,³ every panel a distinct landscape, shades of

¹ A Benedictine foundation, on the remains of which Sir Richard Lovelace built or added to largely. He accompanied Sir Francis Drake, and was fortunate, capturing a galleon containing much Spanish gold. His son, in 1626, was created Baron Lovelace.

² Mrs. Powys is wrong. He was son of the Bishop, and inherited it in 1791 from his aunt, Mrs. Williams, who, winning two prizes in a lottery, one of £500 and one of £20,000, was enabled to buy it. Her daughter, Mrs. Lewin, dying, the place went to the nephew.

³ These panels, 32 inches long, 14 broad, green, grey, and brown, lights in silver lacquer. In modern times these pictures have been attributed wrongly to Pietro Tempesta. Mr. Lane, of Badgemore, bought some; Mr. Budd, of Newbury, thirty panels; also Mr. F. Maitland some.—Vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731 to 1868.

1776 greens and browns, the large trees inimitable. Salvator lived in Charles II.'s time. He never was in England; but this work of his was sent over in separate panels. In one of the windows in this room are 365 panes of glass. The cellars of this house have long been famous for their goodness, tho' they are uncommonly so, but because in them was plann'd the Revolution. The servant inform'd us two kings had dined there. They might indeed, as they are light, answerable to the rest of the house;¹ but we could see no reason for such an entertainment. The following inscription is plac'd against a wall :—

"The Priory of St. Mary's, Hurley, founded in the reign of William the Conqueror, by Geoffrey and Lecelina Mandeville, A.D. 1086."

Mrs. Powys' account of this most interesting place, about which a volume could be written, ends here. An inscription in these vaults existed till 1831, now removed, to this effect :—

"Mortality and Vicissitude to all."

"Be it remembered that the Monastery of Lady Place, of which this place is the burial cavern, was founded at the time of the great Norman Revolution, by which Revolution the whole state of England was changed.

"Be it remembered that in this place, 600 years after, the Revolution of 1688 was begun. This house was then in the possession of Lord Lovelace, by whom private meetings of the nobility were assembled in this vault, and it is said that several consultations for calling in the Prince of Orange were held in this recess, on which account this vault was visited by that powerful Prince after he had ascended the throne."

¹ They were visited by William III. after his accession, and George III. and his Queen in 1785.

When William the Third arrived in England, Lord 1776
Lovelace, with seventy followers and gentry and
others, rode to welcome the King, but were stopped
at Cirencester, where Lovelace was taken prisoner,
and young Bulstrode Whitelock, grandson of Sir Bul-
strode Whitelock, of Fawley Court, Bucks, and son of
Mr. William Whitelock, of Phyllis Court, Oxon, was
shot, and died November 14, 1688. On Lord Love-
lace's liberation from prison, he was made captain of
the band of gentlemen pensioners to William III.
He lived in such a costly state that he involved him-
self in debt, and Lady Place was sold in two portions
under a decree in Chancery. The direct title was
extinct in 1736, but the present Earl of Lovelace, by
his first marriage with Ada Byron, daughter of the
poet, she being nearest heir to the Lovelace's line,
assumed the title.

In 1838 three bodies of monks, clad in their Bene-
dictine habit, were found in the vaults, and reinterred in
the churchyard. The fittings of the house were sold in
December 1837. Mr. Budd bought staircase, columns,
hall fireplaces. The house was pulled down, and mate-
rials sold by public auction. There is a picture of the
house in "Illustrated Thames," by G. Leyland, pub-
lished in 1897 by G. Newnes. The vaults of the
priors, refectory (now a stable), some out-buildings,
ponds, and walls, are the sole representatives of the
once magnificent mansion. The tithe-barn and ancient
pigeon-cot of the monks exist as well, whilst the
Church of Saint Mary,¹ built in 1086, is deeply in-
teresting. To return to Mrs. Powys.

¹ Mentioned as a church in Domesday Book, probably then rebuilt
and freshly endowed by Geoffrey de Mandeville.

1776 ACCOUNT OF A GALA WEEK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF HENLEY-UPON-THAMES, OXFORDSHIRE, JANUARY 1777 (which I wrote of in two letters to Mrs. —).

December 1776.—But I must take up no more time, my dear, on other subjects, as we have one in this county at present will furnish out a letter of length sufficient to *tire you*. 'Tis of a play to be perform'd by Lord Villiers¹ and some company at their house about ten days hence. You know Lady Grandison,² his mother, who married Sir Charles Montagu, took Phyllis Court (Oxon) of Mr. Freeman³ some time since. The Villiers live with them, and their house is generally full, and to make it gayer than usual this Christmas, they talk'd of performing "The Provoked Husband," at first, I imagine, intending the audience to be merely their own family; but such interest has been making among people of fashion for admittance, that at present 'tis the sole object of the neighbourhood for miles round. We thought ourselves not the least likely to be of the fortunate number invited, for, as in their case, there must be limitations, they properly give none but to those they visit (and you may remember when first Lady Grandison came we never went, as we imagined a family so deeply engaged in the fashionable game of loo, could never wish an intimacy with one who never play'd at all); but my brother⁴ at Fawley is very intimate there, who as a clergyman may, you know, easily keep

¹ Afterwards Earl Grandison.

² Elizabeth, Countess of Grandison in her own right.

³ Sambrook Freeman, of Fawley Court, Bucks.

⁴ Rev. Thomas Powys, rector of Fawley, Bucks.

clear of gaming, even with the approbation of the most polite. When Lord Villiers sent him his ticket, there were some for us, but as my father chose not to be in the scene of gaiety, the tickets were returned, but Lord Villiers desir'd the Camden family to be invited, for whom he'd send more. 1776

The plan of the week is as follows: Three nights the play is to be perform'd. The first only as rehearsal, on Saturday the 4th, it being young Mr. Hodges' birthday, and the day of Mr. Hodges' tenants' feast, to whom 'tis supposed 'twill be a high entertainment, and perfect the performers for the grand exhibitions of the Monday and Friday following, when there are to be balls, and supper given by Lord Villiers at the "Bell,"¹ at Henley, after the plays, and a grand ball at Freeman's on the Wednesday after the plays. The famous Monsieur Tessier is to perform Pygmalion; if you inquire what theatre, I must inform you a very neat one, fitted up by Lord Villiers at Bowney² (Mr. Hodges')—a barn and coach-house laid together, hung with green baize, the seats the same, scenes from the Brighthelmstone Company, and the whole to be lighted with wax. It holds 300, so that number of tickets is given for each night. My brother has much to do in it, as they begg'd him to write two prologues, one for the play and another for Pygmalion, besides to assist Mrs. Howe (sister to Lord Howe), in prompting them. Hedley's, the inn where the balls are to be, is already so fully engaged, that he has bespoke forty private beds in the town;

¹ The "Bell" Inn is now the Royal Grammar School, an interesting building, with a curious secret chamber on the roof. It was a great coaching inn, once had stables for a hundred horses. Prince Rupert during the Civil War had a spy hung on the tree still opposite it.

² Bolney Court, Oxon.

1776 the other great inn,¹ too, entirely bespoke, and every lodging in Henley ; fourteen and sixteen guineas given for the three nights. A band of ten musicians have been down at Sir Charles Montagu's these ten days, the best hands from Italy.

Lady Grandison was telling my brother yesterday they had about thirty set down to dinner every day in the parlour. "And yet, Mr. Powys, you shall judge if my larder will not hold out. I've three does, a warrant gone for a fourth, three brace of pheasants, eight hares, six brace whistling plovers, twelve couple woodcocks, ten brace partridges, a peafowl, two guinea-fowls, snipes and larks without number, and most of these sent for the occasion, as I suppose, without names!" This is all I can send you word about it at present ; only that poor Sir Charles Montagu and *Garrick* (who was to have been there), are both ill with the gout ; but as I'm certain female curiosity will wish for the conclusion, I'll write again when I return to Hardwick, till when I am at *this* and *every* season, most affectionately your

CAROLINE POWYS.

HARDWICK,

January 13th, 1777.

1777 And now, my dear, for my promise, which I fear'd with all our airy schemes of pleasure would have been buried in a deep snow, for just at this time last year how many weeks were we kept prisoners, and now we live in continual apprehensions as it fell daily, and the very night before we were to set out, so much as to fill up the track of our usual way to Fawley, how-

¹ The "Red Lion." At this other historic inn Shenstone wrote his celebrated lines "On an Inn," on a pane of glass. The great Duke of Marlborough had a room there, fitted for himself in his journeys to and from Blenheim.

ever, by going some miles round we got into the 1777
 Henley turnpike, and at last, to our great joy, safe to
 my brother's,¹ where we heard of every house in the
 neighbourhood being full of company, even Freeman's²
 were obliged to put up five new additional beds; yet
 we afterwards heard of many tickets returned on
 account of the weather, which was indeed bad to a
 degree. The Saturday, as I said before, was only a
 rehearsal before Mr. Hodges' tenants, and as they
 found it was wish'd, many of the town people of
 Henley, from which it was about three miles; how-
 ever, the house was filled even that night. On Mon-
 day, the 5th, we got there in time, you may be certain.
 The two first rows were left, by desire of those who
 were first there, for the Grandison family, and tho'
 Lord Villiers' servants said he had express orders
 none should be kept, however, common politeness was
 sure to counterbalance such a command. The house
 was very soon filled, and you'd hardly imagine such
 an audience in the country. As the company was
 nearly the same both nights, I'll set down those I
 knew to be there on either, tho' there were numbers
 of fine men behind, whose faces I was not acquainted
 with. The Duke of Argyle,³ Lord Frederick Caven-
 dish,⁴ Count Brule, the Lords Tyrconnel, Beauchamp,⁵
 Harrowby,⁶ Sefton, Rivers,⁷ Camden,⁸ Macclesfield,⁹
 Barrymore,¹⁰ Parker,¹¹ General Conway,¹² Sir George

¹ Fawley Rectory.² Fawley Court.³ John, fifth Duke of Argyll.⁴ Field-Marshal, son of third Duke of Devonshire.⁵ Third Earl Beauchamp.⁶ First Earl Harrowby, then renting Shiplake Court from Henry
Constantine Jennings.⁷ First Earl.⁸ Lord High Chancellor.⁹ Thomas, third Earl.¹⁰ Richard, the celebrated Earl of Barrymore.¹¹ George, Viscount Parker.¹² Of Park Place.

1777 Warren, Sir Thomas Stapleton,¹ Sir Michael Fleming, Sir Harry Englefield,² Sir George Beaumont;³ the Ladies Grandison, Aylesbury,⁴ Egremont, Hertford, Macclesfield, Villiers, Dowager, Tyrconnel, Sefton, Powis, Harrowby, Lady Almeria Carpenter, Lady Louisa Clayton,⁵ Lady Caroline Herbert, Lady Harriot Herbert (daughters of Lady Powis), Lady Cecil Price, Lady M. Churchill, Lady Elizabeth Conway, Lady M. Parker, Lady Isabella Conway, Lady Warren, Lady Englefield, Lady Cornwall; Sir Thos. Clarges, and the families of Onslow, Churchill, Conways, Rivers; John Pitts and General Pitts, Howes, Pratts, Claytons, Freemans, Prices,⁶ Tufnells, Vanderstegens,⁷ Jennings,⁸ Eliots, Rices, Mortons, Stonors,⁹ Tilsons, Englefields, Norths, Monsons, Winfords,¹⁰ Herberts, &c., &c. The curtain drew up about half after six o'clock, when Lord Villiers did great justice to my brother's prologue, which was much applauded. The play really amazingly well done throughout. "Sir Francis Wronghead" inimitably; "Manley," as well as it could be possibly; "Lord and Lady Townly" both shone. Miss Hodges, who is a most beautiful girl, had every advantage of dress, a pink satin suit of clothes, elegantly trimmed with gauze and flowers, all Lady Villiers' diamonds, valued at £12,000; four large

¹ Of Grey's Court, Oxon.

² Of Englefield House, Berks.

³ Seventh Baronet.

⁴ Wife of General Conway.

⁵ Wife of Sir William Clayton of Harleyford, Bucks, sister of George, Earl of Pomfret.

⁶ Sir Charles Price of Blounts Court, Oxon.

⁷ Of Canons End, Oxon.

⁸ Shiplake Court and Shiplake House, Oxon.

⁹ Mr. Thomas Stonor of Stonor, Bucks.

¹⁰ Of Thames Bank, Marlow.

bows making a complete stomacher, two of the same 1777
 as sleeve knots, a superb necklace and earrings, her
 head almost cover'd, and a girdle of jewels, the ends
 hanging down a quarter of a yard; besides these a
 complete bouquet, so that her angelic form was as
fine as it was *beautiful*. "Lady Grace"¹ (a sweet
 girl), acted her part so well that I daresay she is the
 character in real life; and I could not help supposing
 "Manley" *really* as much the *lover* as he appear'd to
 be, especially as they had been in the same house for
 so many weeks.

After the play, as I before inform'd you, was per-
 form'd, a piece, taken from Ovid's *Pygmalion*, wrote
 in French by the famed Rousseau,² and Tessier spent
 some weeks with him, perfectly to comprehend the
 author, as he declar'd he wrote it to express by action
 every passion to the eye. We had first my brother's
second prologue, spoke by Lord Malden,³ and the
 audience a second time gave a great share of applause
 to both the *speaker* and *writer*. When the curtain
 draws up, Tessier (the Prince), is leaning on a table
 in the most melancholy mood, dress'd in a most superb
 habit. At the further end of the stage was a canopy
 and curtain of gold and silver gauze (which cost £10),
 behind which, on a rise of four steps was conceal'd his
 beautiful statue. He was, I suppose, twenty minutes
 in all the attitudes of tragic woe, deliberating whether
 he should withdraw the veil, so fearing the sight of
 this too lovely object. His powers are certainly asto-
 nishing; 'tis said no one equals him. Some *partial*
English flatter themselves *their Garrick* might come
 up to him. I own myself of that number; but then

¹ Miss Clark.² Jean Jacques Rousseau.³ George, afterwards fifth Earl of Essex.

1777 as not a perfect mistress of the French, I fear one's opinion would go for nothing, tho' he speaks so just and distinct, I understood by far the greater part of the *whole*. At last he ventures most gently to draw aside and fasten back the curtain, discovering a figure which seem'd to captivate the audience almost as much as it did the inamored Pygmalion. Indeed she was the sweetest statue imaginable ; clothed in a white lute-string close-bodi'd, flowing train, her hair in ringlets down to her waist, just tied behind, a white fillet across her head, a long veil of white gauze button'd on the shoulder and one side. Her first appearance was in the finest attitude, leaning on a pedestal, one hand hanging over it, holding in both a wreath of flowers. Standing first in this posture almost an hour, not her eyes (as far as one could perceive) *mov'd*. It was quite astonishing to her audience ; such claps you never heard, as between the woe and raptures of *her* now almost distracted lover. He once tried to proceed with his work, but throws away his implements as if fearful they must injure a frame so *delicate*. At last, by his prayer to Venus, she becomes animated, turns her head, moves a hand, and at last, with vast seeming apprehension, *descends* the steps. Her attitude so pleasing, his admiration 'tis not possible to express on paper. She speaks, he kneels down, grasps her hand, and while both seem under the most *indescribable* surprise, the curtain drops. It was really the finest scene imaginable, and you see avoided every indelicacy. Most of the company had privately express'd their apprehensions of, from the well-known story in Ovid, for the sake of our sweet actress, who was so much admir'd, that I found most were of my sentiments of its not being the thing for a girl of fashion to appear

in an affair of this very public nature. After the play ¹⁷⁷⁷ we returned to Fawley, as my brother excus'd us to Lord Villiers for the ball *that* night, as I had then no young people. I also rather fear'd not being able to go thro' *all* the diversions of the week, and it was then twelve o'clock. The rest of the company (invited by his Lordship), went to the ball and supper at Hedley's, the inn at Henley.¹

The next morning we expected Lord Camden, Mr. Pratt, and two of the young ladies, but unfortunately poor Miss Jenny had too bad a cold to venture, so my Lord stay'd till Thursday, in hopes she would then be better. Lady Camden, too, was not well enough to come down, the weather being terribly cold.

On the Wednesday, Mr. and Miss Pratt, my brother, and ourselves got to Freemans' a little after eight. So great a crowd, or so fine a house² to dispose them in, you don't often see in the country. I need not mention the company, as it was nearly the same as that of Monday night, as they sent cards to all the people of fashion who were at the play. Their usual eating-room not being large enough, the supper was in the hall, so that we did not come in thro' that, but a window was taken out of the library, and a temporary flight of steps made into that, from which we passed into the green breakfast-room (that night the tea-room), thro' the pink paper billiard-room, along the saloon, into the red damask drawing-room. Though none set down, this room was soon so crowded as to make us return to the saloon. This likewise very soon fill'd, and as the tea was carrying round, one heard from every one, "Fine assembly,"

¹ The "Bell."

² Fawley Court, Bucks.

- 1777 "Magnificent house," "Sure we are in London." They danc'd in the saloon. No minuets that night ; would have been difficult without a master of the ceremonies among so many people of rank. Two card-rooms, the drawing-room and eating-room. The latter looked so elegant lighted up ; two tables at loo, one quinze, one vingt-une, many whist. At one of the former large sums pass'd and repass'd. I saw one (nameless here), lady of quality borrow ten pieces of Tessier within half-an-hour after she set down to vingt-une, and a countess at loo who ow'd to every soul round the table before half the night was over. They wanted Powys and I to play at "low loo," as they term'd it, but we rather chose to keep our features less agitated than those we saw around us, for I always observe even those who have it to lose have no less a tinge of the rouge in their countenances when fortune does not smile. Oh ! what a disfiguring thing is gaming, particularly to the ladies. The orgeat, lemonade, capillaire, and red and white negus, with cakes, were carried round the whole evening. At half an hour after twelve the supper was announced, and the hall doors thrown open, on entering which nothing could be more striking, as you know 'tis so fine a one, and was then illuminated by three hundred colour'd lamps round the six doors, over the chimney, and over the statue at the other end. The tables were a long one down the room, terminated by a crescent at each end, and a crescent table against the two doors in the middle ; the windows were sideboards. The tables had a most pleasing effect, ornamented with everything in the confectionary way, and festoons and wreaths of artificial flowers prettily disposed ; all fruits of the season, as

grapes, pines, &c.; fine wines (Freeman is always famous for); everything conducted with great ease—no bustle. Their servants are particularly clever on these occasions, indeed are annually used to it, and none of those of the company admitted, which generally creates confusion. Ninety-two sat down to supper. Everybody seem'd surpris'd at entering the hall. The house had before been amazingly admir'd, but now there was one general exclamation of wonder. This, you may be certain, pleas'd the owners, particularly as many of the nobility there now never saw it before. The once so beautiful Lady Almeria, I think, is vastly altered. She and Lady Harriot Herbert had the new trimmings, very like bell-ropes with their tassels, and seemingly very inconvenient in dancing. Lady Villiers had a very pretty ornament on, which was the girdle "Lady Townly" wore, fasten'd round the robing of her gown, and hung down as a tippet. After supper they return'd to dancing, chiefly then cotillons, till near six.

On the Thursday, we were hardly up and breakfasted at the genteel hour of three, when Lord Camden and his other daughter came from London, the latter with such a cough, that I was in a continual fright about her going; but the disappointment of Freeman's ball had been so great, Lady Camden ventur'd to let her try for the last night, but she was really the next day infinitely mended.

The Friday morn Henley town was just like any public place, such different sets of company walking about it. Never before was it so gay, or so much money spent there; provisions rose each day immoderately. The gentlemen walk'd down. (We were engaged in hair-dressing, of which fraternity five from

1777 London were at Lady Grandison's, three at Freeman's, and others in the town no doubt). In Henley our party meeting that of Lord Villiers, my brother told his Lordship he had sent to Lord Camden at his desire, who was happy in the thoughts of seeing their performance of that evening. My Lord Villiers said : —“ Since they had been flatter'd in having some little merit in the theatrical way, 'twas impossible but they must wish to have such an orator as Lord Camden approve if just, or blame with his unerring judgment if otherwise.” My Lord, pleas'd with the compliment, return'd one as flattering. The graces (as Chesterfield says), are never wanting to persons of true politeness. We dined early, and got to the theatre in time. Most of the same people of fashion as the first night, and the sweet little Lord Barrymore being very near us. From being so very young,¹ my boy could not conceive to be of any consequence, and made all round us laugh by telling Lady Villiers he was much too small to be a Lord! Phil luckily is a great favourite with her Ladyship, otherwise he would have seen no more than you did, sitting just behind her head, whose feathers were full three quarters of a yard high. All the Conways, too, are so immensely tall; one of the boys of an amazing height is to be a clergyman,² and my brother telling him he must have all the sounding boards raised wherever he preached, it put Lord Camden in mind of a *bon mot* of Princess Amelia's, who asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for; he told her Highness, “the Church.”

¹ He was born in 1769, hence only eight years old then. Phil Powys was fourteen.

² Edward Conway, one of seven sons of Earl Hertford, and nephew of General Conway of Park Place.

"Oh, sir," replied the Princess, "you must mistake; 1777
it's certainly for the steeple!" The performers again surprised the audience. It was indeed vastly well acted. Lord Villiers had a different and still finer dress, buttons and buckles quite in ton, viz., large to an excess, all the very fine men wear two watches—Lord Villiers, Lord Malden, and Tessier had. The play over, we wondered not to hear the coaches call'd up, but were soon inform'd there was to be a dance. This, as there seem'd no performers, we all wonder'd at, but the curtain drawing up, three characters only appear'd. Those, tho' disguised, we soon found were Tessier, Churchill, and Englefield. The first an excellent figure as an old woman playing on the violin, the second, a girl with a brandy bottle, looking rather delicate, as Churchill is a pretty young man exceedingly fair, she and her *pero* danc'd the *fricassée*, a most robust performance, an excellent burlesque on fine stage dances. Tessier who is a fine hand on the violin, play'd to them, and afterwards came forward, and in broken English said he knew not our language well enough to sing in that, but would with our leave give us a little French song made by himself since dinner, which he did in a most droll manner, sings well, and the thought was clever, the whole turning in compliment on the Grandison family and their neighbourhood, showing so splendid an audience as that he address'd. Everybody was much pleas'd, particularly as none but the three concerned knew of it till the instant. All over, the performers joined the company, and compliments you may be sure were liberally bestow'd; those of the morning between the Lords Villiers and Camden renewed and added to. The family insisted that none that night be excus'd from

1777 ball or supper; we wanted to send Phil home (not because he has not yet learned as you may suppose of Gallini), but as too young; but Lord Camden would have him at the whole, and introducing him to Lady Grandison she obligingly said she would not only now but always look on him as her particular guest. When the company was all got to the inn, tea was brought round the ball-room, a most comfortable thing after the play, tho' then twelve o'clock or later. The conversation was for some time on a subject you'd hardly imagine—robbery. Post-chaises had been stopped from Hodges to Henley about three miles; but tho' the nights were dark we had flambeaux. Miss Pratt and I thought ourselves amazingly lucky. We were in their coach, ours next, and the chaise behind that, robb'd. It would have been silly to have lost one's diamonds so totally unexpected; and diamonds it seems they came after, more in number than mine indeed. It seems it was well known Mr. Hodges would not let Lady Villiers' jewels be kept at Bowney,¹ so that each night her woman was sent in a hired chaise to bring them home, and we found only hired chaises had been stopped. On the alarm, Lord Villiers sent a guard of six arm'd men for the Duenna, and so to the great joy of the company we soon heard of her being arrived in safety. After this there were two dances before supper; that ready, the family desired the company to go down just as nearest the door, without ceremony, and fill the rooms below, in all which were tables ready, as they came to them, so that there was not the least confusion. The suppers were very elegant, provision of every kind, wine, fruits, &c., &c., as at Freeman's. No servants but those of the

¹ Old spelling for Bolney Court, Oxon.

Grandisons and Villiers; indeed they have such 1777 numbers no others could be wanted. Everything was sent from their house, and their own three cooks to dress it. Soups and game as usual hot, the rest cold. We hear cost Lord Villiers £1000. The dancing, with cotillons, we heard continu'd till near six. We took our leave rather sooner, as Lord Camden was oblig'd to be in town that day to dinner, so that returning to Fawley, we took not quite three hours' sleep before we sat down to breakfast; that over, my Lord and family set off for London, and us for Hardwick, and thus ended this agreeable week. . . .—I am your sincere friend and affec., CAROLINE POWYS.

HARDWICK,

January 14, 1777.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

In Play of "The Provoked Husband," acted at Bolney Court, Oxon.

<i>Manley</i>	Mr. MILLS.
<i>Count Bosset</i>	Lord MALDEN.
<i>Sir Francis Wronghead</i>	Mr. FURZE.
<i>Squire Richard</i>	{ Mr. ONSLOW, second son of Lord Onslow.
<i>Poundage</i>	Mr. CHURCHILL.
<i>Lord Townly</i>	Lord VILLIERS.
<i>Lady Grace</i>	Miss CLARK.
<i>Lady Wronghead</i>	Miss HERVEY.
<i>Miss Jenny</i>	Miss HOPKINS.
<i>Myrtiller</i>	Miss P. HOPKINS.
<i>Mrs. Motherly</i>	Mrs. JOHNSON.
<i>Trusty</i>	Miss NEWEL.
<i>Lady Townly</i>	Miss HODGES.

PYGMALION.

<i>Pygmalion</i>	Monsieur TESSIER.
<i>Statue</i>	Miss HODGES.

1777

Prologue by the Rev. T. POWYS, spoken by Lord VILLIERS.

Most raw recruits in times of peace appear
 To brave all dangers, and to mock at fear,
 But, when called forth to tread the embattled plain,
 They fairly wish themselves at home again,
 Whilst hardy veterans long inured to arms,
 Hear unappalled the battle's loud alarms.
 Thus *we, unpractis'd* in the stage's arts,
 Have fearless oft *rehears'd* our various parts,
 Talk'd wondrous big of our theatric feats,
 And dared the censure of the vacant seats.
 And now alas! the case is altered quite
 When such an audience opens in our sight;
 Garrick himself in such a situation
 (Tho' sure to please), might feel some palpitation.
 Our anxious breasts no such presumption cheers,
 Light are our hopes, but weighty are our fears.
 We then ('tis too late to quit the field),
 Must to your judgment at discretion yield.
 Oh! then be merciful; the fault's not ours,
 If, with a wish to please, we want the powers.

The following prologue was alter'd by Mr. Powys as it was first wrote by Mr. Coleman, to be spoke by "Lady Wronghead." The lines mark'd with commas were in the original:—

Spoken by Mr. MILLS in the character of "MANLEY."

I fear the ladies think my last night's dealing,
 Betray'd a heart quite destitute of feeling:
 Who to my married friends such lessons gave,
 As made each husband think his wife a slave.
 So doctor like, I've took an early round,
 And just stopt in to tell you what I found.
 My Lady Townly's quite to health restor'd:
 And cousin Wronghead's *pulse* is vastly lower'd.
 The first whose bosom grateful friendship warm'd,
 Thus spoke the dictates of a heart reform'd,
 "Sick of my follies, faithful to my vows;
 "I'm now remarried to my former spouse.

1777

"Ladies *there are* at this might feel remorse,
 "And find perhaps more charms in a divorce.
 "I've trod the giddy round, and don't deplore
 "That the gay *dream* of dissipation's o'er.
 But Lady Wronghead still *bewailed* her fate,
 And sigh'd for splendour, equipage, and state.
 Farewell, dear scenes! she cried, was ever wife
 Born with a genius for the gayest life,
 "Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
 "Like me condemned to such a dismal doom.
 "No money when I just know how to waste it,
 "No London when I just began to taste it.
 "Farewell the high-crown'd head, the *cushioned tête*,
 "Which takes the cushion from its prop'rer seat.
 "'Seven the main,' that sound must now expire,
 "Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire.
 "Farewell, dear scenes, where late such joys I knew;
 "Dress, cards, and dice, I bid you all adieu.
 "These joys thus banish'd I shall taste no more,
 "For Lady Wronghead's occupation's o'er.
 "How shall I drag out life, and how, alas!
 "Shall tedious country winter evenings pass?
 "Dear ma'am, I said, your groundless fears dismiss,
 I have a thought—a new one—it is *this*.
 Shall we come down and try to act a play?
 A play? and what d'ye think the wits will say?
 Unheard with keenest satire they'll decry it.
 Turn all to *farce*, and swear 'tis vain to try it.
Avaunt such wits, who with ill-judging spleen,
 Shall rudely strive to blast the well-meant scene.
 Far happier he his faults like us he stops,
 And *checks* his follies when the curtain drops,
 No more in vice or error to engage,
 And play the fool at large on *life's great stage*.

*Prologue by Mr. T. POWYS before MONSIEUR TESSIER'S performance
 of ROUSSEAU'S French piece of PYGMALION.*

Spoken by LORD MALDEN.

As some there are who may not know the story,
 Which the French poet means to lay before ye,

N

1777

I'll tell you in plain English what he says.
 A young unmarried prince in former days,
 Long rail'd at wedlock, and could never find
 In all the *sex*, a woman to his mind.
 Some were too *short*, and others were too *tall*,
 Too *fat*, too *thin*, there was some fault in *all*.
 Tir'd with the fruitless search, at length he cried,
 Art shall supply what Nature hath *denied* ;
 I'll make a *faultless maid* : so said so done ;
 Just to his taste he made a maid of *stone*.
 Th' enraptur'd artist, as her charms he view'd,
 Stood, by the magic of his art subdued.
 But still she was a piece of mere still life,
 And something more he wanted in a wife.
 A wife, he thought, some little warmth should share
 Are there none here *whose wives have some to spare*
 He kissed her oft, but ah ! how cold the kiss ?.
 Especially in such a night as *this*.¹
 Vain was his art, for, do whate'er he could,
 There was no comfort without flesh or blood.
 To Venus he address'd his fervent prayer,
 That she would animate the obdurate fair ;
 For Venus *can*, whene'er she will, impart
 A yielding softness to the hardest heart.
 His prayer was heard, she *gently* turn'd her head,
 And o'er her limbs the glow of life was spread.
 Convinced at last, he feels her pulse beat high,
 And wanton seem'd to roll her am'rous eye.
 Loos'd was her tongue ! she was *indeed* a wife,
 And he no *more complain'd* she wanted *life* !

1778 *May* 1778.—We went when with Miss Ewer at Clapham to see Panes Hill,² late Mrs. Hamilton's. The grounds are seven miles round, which we went in little chaises. . . . The finest as well as the most strikingly beautiful grotto, all made of Derbyshire spar.

August 12th.—We went to pay a visit to Mrs. Annesley, Bletchingdon House, Oxon. In this part

¹ January 6–10th, *snow* then on the ground.

² Grounds made by Hon. Charles Hamilton.

of our county¹ there are more fine houses near each 1778
other than in any, I believe, in England. We were
reckoning nineteen within a morning's airing worth
seeing. I must say something of that we were at,
as Mr. Brown² would style it, "A place of vast
capabilities," stands high, the ground lays well, and
the views round it far preferable to most in that
county. Mrs. Annesley's is large, tho' only seven
windows in front, the present approach thro' a fine
stone gateway with iron rails, you ascend a large
flight of steps into a large hall, opposite you a second
flight carries you into a second or larger hall, in which
fronts you by far the noblest staircase I ever saw.
'Tis of *Manchineale* wood, and after going up about
twenty steps it turns to the right and left, making a
gallery at the top which looks down into the hall,
this gallery leads to all the chambers. On the ground
floor are four parlours, library, and state bedroom;
many rooms were fitted by the Lord Anglesey who
built it, but which Mr. Annesley was going to finish,
but his sudden death prevented, and as his lady
justly observes, it would be absurd in her to lay out
money there, as her eldest son will have so immense
a fortune, it would only be injuring her younger
children, and she is too good a mother to do that;
indeed, hers and their happiness seem'd centr'd in
each other. I think I never felt more for any one
than I did for her at hearing an account of his death
(tho' now years since), from a lady who is there every
year, and was at the time. I own I am always foolish

¹ Bletchington was held for King Charles I. by C. C. Windebank, who, however, surrendered it hastily to Cromwell, for which he was shot, April 3, 1644.

² "Capability" Brown, the great landscape gardener.

1778 with regard to dreams, and now from these worthy good people, whose veracity I cannot doubt, I fear I shall in future be still more superstitious.

Mr. and Mrs. Annesley were a most happy couple, had known each other from childhood, had been married, I suppose, about ten years, had two sons and two daughters. She waked herself and him one night with crying so violently in her sleep that he was quite alarm'd. He insisted on knowing what dream she had had; she only said she had dreamt he was not well, but it was, that he fell down in a fit. He laughed at her as she lay crying for an hour or two, and going to sleep again, she again dreamt the same. 'Tis impossible, the lady says, to tell her anxiety the whole next day, he laughing it off, and at dinner he said, "Well, my dear, I'm not sick yet, I think, for I never was so hungry in my life;" she answered, "Indeed I am very foolish, but I shall be better in a day or two." That night pass'd over, but, poor man, next day at tea-time he was nowhere to be found; when she heard this, she flew about like a wild creature into every room. Going into their bed-chamber and not seeing him, she was running out of it when the youngest child says, "Mamma, perhaps papa is in the closet," and throwing open the door, there he lay dead; she immediately fainted, and what she must that instant have felt is hardly to be imagined. She has never been in that room or the library since, and if anybody mentions dreams, only says, "Pray don't talk on that subject." We spent a most agreeable week there, there being a good deal of company, fourteen of us in the parlour, but tho' our party was large, it did not hinder our seeing places every day we were there, and the first place,

as the nearest, we went to was Blenheim. . . . The 1778
environs of Blenheim have been amazingly improved
by Brown since I was last there, many rooms furnish'd
and gilt, and as there are many fine pictures, must
be always worth seeing. A fine ride round the park
of five miles which we went, and afterwards three
round the shubbery. The Duke, Duchess, and many
of their children, with other company, were driving
about in one of those clever Dutch vehicles call'd,
I think, a *Waske*, a long open carriage holding fifteen
or sixteen persons. As forms are placed in rows so
near the ground to step out, it must be very heavy,
but that, as it was drawn by six horses, was no incon-
venience, and 'tis quite a summer machine¹ without any
covering at the top.

The next morning we went to Middleton Park,
Lord Jersey's. As Lady Jersey was Miss Twysden,
daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe, so nearly related
to my father,² we had a curiosity to see the place,
tho' the family were abroad, and tho' on a small
plan, I hardly ever saw so clever one for its size, as
every room is good, tho' only four in the whole.
You enter a hall, the staircase behind; on one side
an eating-room 36 by 22, on the other side a draw-
ing-room the same dimensions, with a most excellent
library out of the first, behind the hall, 70 feet long.
In this room, besides a good collection of books,
there is every other kind of amusement, as billiard
and other tables, and a few good pictures. As her
Ladyship is, according to the present taste, a botanist,

¹ The parent, apparently, of the modern char-à-banc !

² The father-in-law, Mr. Powys (whom she always calls father). His
wife's mother was a daughter of Sir William Twysden, hence Lady Jersey
was her cousin.

1778 she has a pretty flower-garden going out of the library; upstairs is an elegant small dressing-room, the window down to the ground, and, what has a pretty effect, the shutters are looking-glass which reflect the prospect very pleasingly. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and many of the principal nobility are hung round the room in miniature pictures, and some very good etchings by the present Lord Harcourt.

The next day we were to pay a visit to Sir James Dashwood's, Kirklington Park, two miles from Bletchington; 'tis not finished yet; when complete will be a most noble one. In the drawing-room are some good pictures, among them those of their daughters. I always thought Lady Galloway¹ the most pleasing, but in these portraits the Duchess² is by far the handsomest. As to Sir James, we could not help saying at our return, that he was at sixty-three, one of the finest men we ever saw. Lady Dashwood's china-room, the most elegant I ever saw. 'Tis under the flight of stairs going into the garden; it's ornamented with the finest pieces of the oldest china, and the recesses and shelves painted pea-green and white, the edges being green in a mosaic pattern. Her Ladyship said she must try my judgment in china, as she ever did all the visitors of that closet, as there was one piece there so much superior to the others. I thought myself fortunate that a prodigious fine old Japan dish almost at once struck my eye. The next morning we set out very early, in a very large party of several carriages to see both Ditchley and Heythrop. The first, the seat of the late Lord Lichfield, a large

¹ Wife of the eighth Earl of Galloway.

² Elizabeth, wife of eighth Duke of Manchester.

house,¹ fourteen rooms on a floor, and not one good one. A bed-chamber with hangings, bed, and furniture of crimson and yellow velvet is shown as a great curiosity, but I think ugly. The pattern is all pagoda. It was a present of Admiral Lee, my Lord's brother, who had it taken out of the loom in China, and the loom broke that no one else might have the same. The drawing-room chairs are Gobelin tapestry, each one of *Æsop's Fables*, and an exceeding fine carpet, the work of Lady Lichfield.² The bed-chambers are very good, and on that floor an excellent library. We there saw a fine book of plants painted exceeding well, which Lord Bute got for Lord Lichfield, and I must mention a leather chair in this room, which from its construction seems the greatest treasure to a gouty or sick person, as if their hands are at liberty they move themselves most easily to any part of a room. It has four wheels, two within the four I believe. The housekeeper could not tell where bought, but cost seven guineas. 1778

From Ditchley is not more than an hour's drive to Heythrop,³ Lord Shrewsbury's, a place well worth seeing indeed, tho' the country is bad. You enter a hall which appears infinitely larger by three arches fronting you. The middle one only is an arch, the other two are windows of plate-glass which reflect the grand avenue of clumps (the first of the kind in England), by which you approach the house.⁴ The deception is strikingly pretty. There has within these few years two rooms here been fitted up at vast

¹ Now Viscount Dillon's, a descendant.

² She brought Ditchley to her husband, being a Lee, a descendant of Sir Henry Lee, mentioned in "*Woodstock*."

³ Now seat of Albert Brassey, Esq.

⁴ Burnt down in 1831 whilst occupied by the Duke of Beaufort.

1778 expense, one of them the most noble library, eighty-three feet long, twenty feet high, the colour green, very fine stucco ornaments by the famous Roberts, of Oxford. There are nine venetian windows, two fine statuary marble chimney-pieces. In the arches over the doorway are fables of Æsop's, finely executed in stucco, with wreaths of vine leaves, the ground round them Artois colour—the sofas, chairs, and curtains fine chintz, a present of the late Lord Clive, a bed and furniture of the same above stairs. The other room is the drawing-room, which Sir James Dashwood informed us Lady Shrewsbury had often told him the furnishing of that only cost £6000—the two sofas ninety guineas each, each chair thirty. They are of tent stitch-work at Paris, the carved frames made there and gilt in England. The grate, polished steel, cost £95; the statuary marble chimney-piece, £1500. This room is 47 feet by 25, and 20 high. Its hung with Brussels tapestry, representing the four quarters of the world. Four fine drawings in chiaro-obscura over each door are most striking, done by Garrety, Antwerp.

One morning while at Bletchington we went to see a fine steel manufacture at Woodstock, made some purchases, but 'tis all amazing dear. Saw some scissors at fifteen guineas a pair, very curious no doubt, but not answerable to the price; sword-hilts and stars for the nobility are beautiful—the latter not dear, about twenty guineas each, but scissors at fifteen guineas are extravagant to a degree, as the steel, they told me, is equally good at 2s. 6d., the *open work* above adding to the price.

1779 On Monday, the 15th March 1779, my brother (-in-law), Powys was appointed a Prebend of Bristol

by the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, by recommendation 1779 of my Lord Camden.

On September 14th, 1779, we had the great loss of a friend, as well as parent, in my Father Powys, who died about six in the morning. 'Tis a most self-pleasing reflection, as a daughter-in-law, to know that in the seventeen years we lived together we never had the shadow of a dispute, and his own sons have now the inexpressible consolation of considering they ever made it the study of their lives to make him happy. Indeed he was so good a man that no one could be more deserving of the happiness he seemed always to have enjoy'd in a life rather uncommonly fortunate, as he lived to seventy-five years of age without knowing what illness was till that which carried him off, for by *great* temperance, and *great* exercise, he was certain of a *great* share of health, and for fifty years he had liv'd with different branches of his family of all ages, from one year old to fourscore, and never known to quarrel with any.

Caroline Isabella¹ inoculated October 13th, 1779.

In April 1780 we went to Bath for Mr. Powys' 1780 health. He soon received benefit from the waters, and having numbers of our old acquaintances there, we passed six most agreeable weeks. We went from there one day to Corsham,² Mr. Methuen's, to see one of the finest collections of pictures now in England—indeed they surpass expectation. In two rooms the value of those only are £30,000, consisting of only sixty-eight pieces. 'Tis an old house, and badly situated. Among the above-mention'd fine pictures it hurts me to mention two portraits of children in the hall by our so famed Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose

¹ Mrs. Powys' daughter.

² Ten miles from Bath.

1780 portraits when first done seem so inimitable, and in the course of a very few years are absolutely without the least colouring left. Sure if he would be shown some of these gone pieces, he would, for his own fame's sake, try to obviate this horrid appearance of his works.¹

We spent one agreeable day at the hot well,² Bristol; dined there, walk'd up those fine rocks, and staying to see the tide come in, had the most beautiful view of that sweet place; crossed over the river to see a place just taken by Mr. Hussey, who married a daughter of Lord Walpole's—a sweet situation. The dismal brown pump-room (at the hot wells), always strikes one with horror. I'm certain its being so dull a one, must strike the miserable concourse of invalids always assembled in it with a melancholy not to be erased.

In July this year, being at Mrs. Winford's, near Marlow,³ we went to pay a visit at Lord Boston's.⁴ I've before mention'd the situation of this charming place, and gave it far the preference to its neighbouring one, Clifden. I must now say how complete the whole is now made by his present Lordship's having built a new house, which tho' not to be styled large or magnificent, is altogether the most elegant one I've seen for a vast while. The drawing-room a white flock paper; the chairs and curtains lute-string, white ground, a faint stripe, and fringed. My lady's dressing-room octagon, the corners fitted up with the cleverest wardrobes in inlaid woods; their own bed the

¹ This is written twelve years before Sir Joshua's death, which was in 1792.

² Clifton hot well.

³ Thames Bank.

⁴ Hedsor. This house built, 1778, by first Lord Boston.

Dutch cord white dimity, Devonshire brown fringe, 1780 curtains and chairs the same; all over the house a thousand elegant neatnesses and contrivances.

The next day we went to see the Queen's bed, lately put up at Windsor, a most curious piece of work indeed. Miss Hudson (who teaches the new patchwork at Bath), was one of the workers, and she was regretting, as every one might, that poor Mrs. Wright died just before it was finish'd. The colours, designs, and work are all beautiful. It was fourteen years about working, but I should fear would not last many years without fading exceedingly. The Castle is now kept much neater than when I was there last; the pictures have been all clean'd, many more brought there, some new furniture, and indeed the whole noble place looks much more like the residence of royalty than it did some years ago.

In September we were at Mr. Mount's,¹ in Berkshire, Wasing Place, a most elegant new house, built of the white brick—fine pictures, and the fittings-up in the modern taste—a contrast to the fine seat of Mr. Chute's,² about twelve miles from them, in Hampshire, a place we had long wish'd to see, as we were acquainted with the family, though at too great a distance to visit from Hardwick. We were happy to accept their obliging invitation to dine there with our friends at Wasing. The Vine is indeed a noble old house; the number of rooms immense; two long galleries, one full of whole-length portraits; the other they make a greenhouse of in winter, and they say

¹ Mrs. Powys' uncle by marriage with her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Girle.

² The Vine, long the residence of the Sandys family, bought by Chaloner Chute in the Commonwealth. He was then Speaker of the House of Commons.

1780 has a most pleasing effect to walk thro' the oranges, myrtles, &c., ranged on each side. The room we dined in, of a vast length, is painted dark blue, small old panels, in each of which is a gold star, the cornice gilt. It has not a bad appearance in a house of that antiquity; but what is most curious at the Vine is a chapel¹ in which are three large windows of the finest painted glass. 'Tis exquisitely beautiful; we might have spent hours in viewing the different histories of the several compartments, and there is likewise a fine ancient pavement² well worth observing, and good carving. Mr. Chute³ is now erecting a most superb monument⁴ of statuary marble in an inner chapel to the memory of Chaloner Chute. It's finely executed, indeed; has already cost him £1000, tho' not near finished. He has got from abroad a screen, I believe 'tis called, or folding doors of most curious open carved work, which is to part the outward and inner chapels. At the Vine are numberless curiosities, among which a service of finest delf, much more valuable than any china, each plate a different view of Venice. In the gallery library are many portfolios of the finest prints, and in a closet below, out of the suit of rooms, is a most elegant cabinet, very valuable.

¹ Built by first Lord Sandys, who brought the glass from Boulogne after the siege, temp. Henry VIII.

² Also from Boulogne.

³ John Chute, the friend of Horace Walpole.

⁴ Sculptured by Banks, after a portrait by Vandyck in the house.

JOURNAL OF A SECOND NORFOLK TOUR

1781

WE set out to Mr. Slaney's,¹ in Norfolk, Mr. Powys 1781 and Phil in the whisky. My mother, Caroline, myself, and Triphosa² in the coach. Lay that night at March's, Salt Hill; breakfasted the next morning at Turnham Green, and got to Mr. Creuzé's,³ Leytonstone, to dinner by four, where we had promised to pay a visit on our way. The next morning they were so obliging as to take us to see Wanstead House,⁴ the seat of the Earl of Tylney, reckon'd one of the finest houses in the kingdom. There are nineteen rooms on the principal floor, and most furnish'd and fitted up in the ancient taste, with Brussels tapestry, in Flanders and cut velvet, the sofas reaching the whole side of the rooms. The hall very magnificent, 50 feet high, the ceiling painted by Kent, whose portrait is over the chimney. The rooms seem all small, at least comparatively so. In the first into which we were shown is a good picture of Titian, a Holy Family, and six whole-lengths of the Tylneys, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The ball-room 75 feet long by 30, olive and gold wainscot; two compartments of Brussels tapestry, one the battle of Telemachus, the other his shipwreck in Calypso's Island. To look through the suite of apart-

¹ Mrs. Powys' cousin on maternal side.

² The maid.

³ Francis Creuzé, Esq., a cousin of Mr. Slaney's and Mrs. Powys's, a banker in Lefevre & Co.

⁴ Built for first Earl of Tylney in 1715; pulled down in 1822. The Earl of Mornington, who married the heiress of Tylneys, spent all her fine fortune of £80,000 a year. The sale of the contents of Wanstead lasted thirty-two days, conducted by the celebrated George Robins.

1781 ments has a fine effect, 360 feet, the length of the house.

We return'd to Mr. Creuzé's to dinner. The next day Mr. and Miss Ewer came to Leyton, and on the Friday morn we left it. My mother staid there till our return from Norfolk. We breakfasted at Brentwood.¹ Near that town was Warley Camp,² but at this time camps had been so numerous, and the rage for seeing them had been so great, that we did not think it worth while to go out of our way for a view of it. We dined at the "Black Boy," Chelmsford, and meant to lay at Kelverden. Got there about nine, and found the two inns quite full. When proceeding six miles farther to Stanway, every soul in the village were in their beds; nor could all our vociferation awake them, which, after some time endeavouring in vain, we were oblig'd, with tired horses and fatigued very much ourselves, to go on to Colchester, in as dark a night as any in July; but the road was fortunately good. Just at eleven we got to the "King's Head" Inn, and there rested ourselves and animals till ten the next morning. Colchester is an exceeding pretty town, full of good houses. We stopped to take a second breakfast on the road on Saturday, and got to Ipswich about seven in the evening, where we stayed most of the next day at the "White Horse,"³ the most nasty, noisy inn I think I was ever at in my life. But indeed the town itself is dreadful—narrow streets, poor-looking old houses, and altogether a most melancholy place. We went to a good church, and

¹ On highway to Chelmsford. Forty coaches a day traversed it then.

² This camp, on the site of an ancient one, was re-established during the French Revolution.

³ Immortalised by Dickens in "Pickwick."

tolerable preacher ; but we were not the least concern'd 1781
to leave Ipswich, which we did in the evening, and
went to Sewell Inn, within twenty miles of Norwich,
which inn seemed a perfect palace after our miseries of
the preceding evening.

Monday we breakfasted at Long Stratton's, and
got to Mr. Slaney's, Norwich, soon after three. His
house is a very good one ; stands on the Tomblands,
so call'd, as imagin'd, by its having formerly been a
burial-place ; but this is mere conjecture.

Tuesday, Mr. Slaney took us to see the usual sights,
as the City Hall, a fine building, formerly a church.¹
The light Gothic pillars are beautiful. There are full-
length pictures of all their mayors in their robes round
the hall. In the evening went to see a garden of Mr.
Ives' in a village call'd Bishopthorp, near Norwich,
from which there is a fine view of the country and the
navigable river that comes up to the city. This gentle-
man has lately built a new house here. The garden
was a marl pit. We took a further drive to a place
called the " Grove " ; the prospect from it is pleasing.

Wednesday we went up the Castle Hill. The
castle is now the county gaol, the finest that can be ;
commands a noble prospect of the city and country
round, with the thirty-six churches, and elegant light
spire of the cathedral. We then went to see the new
hospital, where the poor patients are kept in so per-
fect, neat, and comfortable a manner ; 'tis hardly con-
ceivable. We then paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs.
Chambers, who have just built a new house. In the
evenings walk'd to the tea-gardens, a Vauxhall in
miniature.

¹ St. Andrew's Hall, nave of the Black Friars' Church, given at Dis-
solution to the city.

1781 Friday, we went to see the cathedral, a very fine Gothic building. The Dean's lady, Mrs. Lloyd (who was Miss Grey, the celebrated worker in worsted), has just put up a fine east window of stain'd glass, about thirty portraits of the Apostles, &c., full-length; a window underneath of the Ascension. That evening we drove out some miles to an old Roman encampment.¹

Saturday, we went about ten miles from Norwich to a place called Hoveden Hall, the seat of Mr. Ofrier, a relation of Mr. Powys. We had the mortification to find they had gone to Tunbridge.

Sunday, after church, Mrs. Green, the clergyman's lady, took us to the Deanery to see Mrs. Lloyd's work, which is indeed quite amazing. A whole-length of a hermit with a folio prayer-book open, is beyond description, though some think an old gardener at his stall, with a young girl, is superior to that.

Monday morn we receiv'd and paid visits. About one the Sheriff, Mr. Doughty, came into the city in great state. That office is here attended with great expense, at least £300, whereas with us in Oxfordshire I have heard my father Powys say it cost him between one and two. After his fatigue of conducting in the Judges was over, we met him at his lodgings and drank tea with him and his lady, who was Miss Powys of Northamptonshire.² She desired I'd go with her to the Assize ball the next day, but I had been asked by Mr. Slaney to go with Lady Astley,³ Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Bacon, and Mr. Jerningham,⁴ &c., &c.,

¹ Caister St. Edmund.

² Anne Powys, sister of the first Lord Lilford.

³ Wife of Sir Edward Astley, of Melton Constable.

⁴ Of Costessey Hall, Norfolk.

so was obliged to decline the obliging offer. Tuesday 1781 the procession of the Judges, Mayor, Corporation, Sheriff, and neighbouring gentlemen made a capital cavalcade as they came over Tombland by Mr. Slaney's window. In the evening our very large party met at the ball, a very numerous assembly, and numbers of the ladies profuse in jewellery, particularly the Ladies Buckingham¹ and Astley. The High Sheriff's lady always stands the top couple, the second was Miss Bacon and our son Philip. We got home about two, after being highly entertained.

The next morning we went to see Yarmouth, but I must not forget a church we pass'd on our way. At the top of the tower you may, as you go by, perceive a tomb, the anecdote of which is, "that two maiden ladies always had declar'd that, as they never had lain by man on earth, they never would after death," so were really enclos'd on the top of the aforesaid tower. We got to Yarmouth about four. 'Tis a very pleasing town, and numbers of good houses, and their quay reckon'd the prettiest in England—a mile long, very broad, and numbers of handsome houses. The view from the sea from thence very fine, from the numbers of ships always laying in the road. They are now raising new fortifications in the vicinity of Yarmouth, as they daily expect to be surpris'd by the Dutch. The loss by the Dutch war² to this town was really terrible, as malt and herring houses that did let for £70 a year now let for less than £30.

We went to see the use of the drying-houses for herrings, which is really curious. They are sheds

¹ Wife of first Marquis of Buckingham.

² The Dutch war in 1660, also in 1778, when Admiral Parker repulsed the Dutch, but with heavy loss.

1781 round a little court. Under the sheds the herrings are laid three deep. The shed holds three lasts. A last is 10,000, and a vessel generally brings about eight lasts. When they have hung out of doors two days they are wash'd in tubs of brine, then brought to an inner house to the gang of women—twelve is a gang—who spit them on sticks, which sticks hang from the ceiling to the floor, on cross-band beams from the top, about 40 or 50 feet high, then fires are made under them by sticks of 4 feet long, the size according to Act of Parliament, and when dry'd put into barrels.

We walked and rode upon the sands, from which is a most picturesque view; no shells, but pretty pebbles, many white cornelians, and quantity of pretty sea-weeds. The jetties or wooden platforms are thrown out into the sea. The most droll thing in Yarmouth are their little carts, alias hackney-coaches, in which everybody goes about, as their rows,¹ or what in London we should call alleys, are too narrow for any other carriages to pass, as the broadest are only 4 feet 8½ inches, some only 3, or 3 feet 2 or 3 inches. The riding in these Yarmouth carts is truly comic, and their uncommon jolting hardly to be borne, and those not used to driving them would immediately overturn them, as the wheels are underneath and no farther out than their shafts, the whole lower than our garden-whisky—in short, just upon the ground. There is one fine church² and chapel, the former built about eight hundred years, with a spire so dreadfully

¹ One hundred and fifty-six of these rows still exist in the old part of the town. These carts date from Henry VII.'s reign.

² Dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors; second largest parish church in England. First built circ. 1091 by Herbert de Losinga, Bishop of Norwich.

crooked it hurts the eye of every beholder, and verses 1781
are written to ridicule that and the Yarmouth females—

“The Yarmouth girls are one and all
Straight as their steeple, tho’ not quite so tall.”

It was reported the whole day we were there that the Dutch were to land and burn the town that night. I cannot say we were greatly alarm’d, though certainly the Ministry, by the preparations they are making there of three batteries, the gates and walls repairing, do expect them, and the Dutch knowing the coast so well, ’tis, they say, very easy. In the evening we went to the camp at Hopton Warren, about four miles from Yarmouth, on a hill commanding a most noble view of the sea, and a very dry, healthy situation. Lowestoffe, a town near where the camp is now, is the most eastern point of the kingdom. The Duke of Manchester is there, and Colonel Bullock commands the Essex, and Major Tinon commands the camp. We dined at Blowfield, and return’d to Mr. Slaney’s in the evening.

Saturday we din’d at Mr. Ives’, a party of seventeen—a most superb dinner, eighteen dishes the first course, including the two soups. In the evening we all went to the play; a very pretty theatre. Sunday went to church at St. Andrew’s. The altar-piece, full-length portraits of Moses and Aaron, reckon’d a very capital one.

Monday morning we left Mr. Slaney’s with great regret. He was so obliging as to go with us some part of our journey. We breakfasted at Blickling,¹ the village where Lord Buckingham’s house is—a fine

¹ Was begun building in James I., completed 1628; now the Marquis of Lothian’s.

1781 old seat and noble park, and a very fine piece of water. They told us Anne Boleyn was born here. We dined at "The Feathers" at Holt, and lay at Walsingham, and the next morning went to see that fine old ruin call'd Our Lady of Walsingham,¹ supposed to be the finest in England. They are in the gardens of a Mr. Warren.² It even now (with every disadvantage of an owner who has no pleasure in being possess'd of such a great curiosity), gives one the highest gratification; but if the garden was laid out with the best modern taste, this noble arch would stand clear of all the rubbish with which it is surrounded. I there saw a most beautiful tree call'd the trumpet-ash. Mr. Slaney was so good as to procure me a fine young one, which I planted at Hardwick in remembrance of him and Walsingham Abbey.

From thence we proceeded to Holkham, now the seat of Mr. Coke. When I was in Norfolk some years ago, it was Lord Leicester's, then not near finish'd. I shall say nothing of this place, as in a journal in 1756, in a letter to my father, I've given a description of it.

At Houghton we proposed again seeing Lord Orford's, a seat once so famed for the most capital collection of pictures in England, lately purchased by the Empress of Russia.³ We had most fortunately seen them in the year 1756, and I then took a written catalogue of them all from one Lord Orford had given Mr. Jackson. 'Tis really melancholy to see the hangings disrob'd of those beautiful ornaments, and only

¹ From the famous image of the Virgin once here. An Augustinian Priory founded early in the twelfth century.

² Now in the Lee Warner family.

³ Sold by George, third Earl of Orford, for £40,500 to Catherine II., to the annoyance of his uncle, Horace Walpole.

one picture now there, a portrait of the Empress 1781 herself, which she made my Lord a present of; but though 'tis said to be a striking likeness, and well painted, it rather gives one pain to see the person who must deprive every one who now visits Houghton of the entertainment given to them by these pictures, and their going out of the kingdom makes it still worse. The house is good, but situation unpleasant, as most are, I think, in the county of Norfolk. We din'd and lay at Swaffham. The next day we call'd at Mr. Chute's, who has a house¹ in this country, but they were then at "The Vine," in Hampshire, generally residing half the year at that fine ancient seat. I had forgotten to mention that near Yarmouth is the famous ruin of Sir John Oldcastle's tower. It was said in Shakespeare's time that the character of Falstaff was drawn by him from that gentleman.

At Swaffham, to our infinite regret, we parted with our amiable friend and relation, Mr. Slaney, after spending three weeks with him in the most agreeable manner possible. We breakfasted at Brand, in Suffolk. All about that place is, I think, one of the most horrid countries I ever beheld, and near here is the new purchase of our Oxfordshire neighbour, Lord Cadogan,² call'd Sandy Downham;³ indeed, nothing but sand is visible—no tree, or hardly a bush. The road styled Brand Sands, for about thirteen miles, deep sand over the horses' hoofs, but they are endeavouring to mend it by mixing it with

¹ South Pickenham Hall.

² Charles Sloane, third Lord Cadogan, had just sold Caversham Park to Colonel Marsack.

³ Santon Downham.

1781 chalk. But for his Lordship to sell so beautiful a spot as Caversham Park to purchase the above dreary wild spot is certainly beyond one's ideas.

1782 In the middle of September 1782, my mother (Mrs. Girle), made us all happy by coming to reside at Hardwick. She had long talked of leaving Reading and taking a house at Bath; but we could not reconcile ourselves to her being at so great a distance, so in the end fixed on a scheme agreeable to us all, of living with her at Bath in the winter if she would consent to be at Hardwick the other part of the year.

1783 We went to Bath the first week in February for three months, my mother taking a house in Russel Street.

Our eldest son, Philip,¹ was at Lochée's Academy this year for six months. General Conway gave him a commission in the army, cornet of 50th Foot.

1784 Went to Bath February 6th for three months with my mother; had a house in Gay Street.

The Ewers came to us at Hardwick. Our youngest son, Thomas, was in July this year chosen Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, tho' only fifteen years old.

This summer (1784), we came to reside with my brother² at Fawley, August the 10th, as we found Hardwick too large for only Mr. Powys, myself, and Caroline, after being used to so large a family, for my mother finding she did not like Bath so well as she imagined she would, intended to take a house near London. Our two sons too, being out in life, and my brother Powys, after educating them with

¹ Philip was then eighteen.

² Her brother-in-law, Rev. Thomas Powys, Rector of Fawley, Bucks.

the most parental tenderness, was left too by himself, 1784
as Mr. Pratt, Robertson, Watson, and Annesley¹ had
all left him some years. It was not without the utmost
regret I left Hardwick. Even tho' we proposed to
let² it but for a few years, one must be partial to a
spot so beautiful, where one had lived in the utmost
felicity for two-and-twenty years ; but as the situation
of Fawley is likewise delightful, and the house, tho'
small, compact and elegant, it had ever been a
favourite place with us all, and of course we removed
with less regret as it in many respects was certainly
much more eligible.

However suitable for size and economy, we can
imagine Fawley Rectory seeming like a doll's house
to Mrs. Powys after her splendid mansion at Hard-
wick. The situation of Fawley Rectory is certainly
very fine. Perched on a ridge of the Chilterns, it
commands to this day most extensive views, Windsor
Castle being included in the panorama. Great num-
bers of trees had been cut down throughout the
country before and during the Civil War. Many points
of view which Mrs. Powys could then see are hidden
now by the vast growth and plantations of modern
years. The approach to Fawley Rectory from the
Marlow high-road is a gradual ascent of about two
miles, through the typical beech-woods so familiar to
all dwellers near the Chilterns. These woods, ex-
quisite as they are in spring and summer, are dreary
enough in the winter, and the extremely steep ascent
is inconvenient, particularly in frosty weather.

The Rev. Thomas Powys had been presented to

¹ Pupils of Rev. T. Powys.

² Hardwick was soon let to Mr. Gardiner.

1784 the living of Fawley in October 1762 by Mr. Sambrook Freeman, of Fawley Court, Bucks. There existed a well at Fawley Rectory of the immense depth of 369 feet. In 1765 Mr. Powys planted a number of firs, shrubs, &c., given to him by Lord Cadogan from Caversham Park, which place he soon afterwards sold to Major Marsack. Mr. Powys built a root-house or summer-house the same year. Henceforth we must consider our Mr. and Mrs. Powys as residing at the Rectory.

This autumn they all spent a week at Bletchington Park (Mr. Annesley's). His mother, mentioned before in these pages, had died the previous year at Bath (1783). The eldest Miss Annesley married the same year Mr. Charles Warde, and early in 1785 Mr. Annesley¹ was married to Miss Catherine Hardy, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Hardy. To return to the diary.

1785 "*February 1st, 1785.*—Our eldest son, Philip Lybbe, was appointed sub-brigadier and cornet in the 2nd troop of Horse Guards."

In October 1785 Mrs. Powys gives the following amusing account in a letter to a friend, describing a visit of George III. and the royal family to Mrs. Freeman, widow of Sambrook Freeman, of Fawley Court, Bucks, who was residing then at Henley Park, having given up Fawley Court in 1782 to Mr. Strickland Freeman, nephew of her late husband, and constituted his heir in default of issue.

¹ Father of first Viscount Valentia.

FAWLEY,

1785

December 30th, 1785.

Well, my dear, as I've given you so long a detail of our concerns, I think I ought to endeavour to entertain, as you say I always do, by my anecdotes of this social neighbourhood, but I must then go back from December to October last. Perhaps you may have seen in the newspapers that our Fawley environs was then honour'd by the royal visitors. The servants at Fawley Court heard of them about two miles off; of course thought they were coming there, as they often did in his uncle's¹ time, but to the no small disappointment of the nephew, as well as the domestics, they pass'd by, and went up to the Dowager Mrs. Freeman's at Henley Park, not so noble a house, but all elegance, and one of the most beautiful situations imaginable. She most unluckily had been some time confined to her house with a violent cold; and the butler came running up to her dressing-room, saying, "The King and Queen, M'am." "Don't alarm me, William" (you know her delicate manner); "they are not coming here, but to Fawley Court, no doubt." However, another footman followed immediately, saying the carriages were just driving up, and he had got a good fire in the drawing-room. She had only time to say, "A smart breakfast, William," and to throw on a huge cloak, and was down just as the King, Queen, two Princesses, Lady Louisa Clayton, and two gentlemen entered. They stayed two hours and a half, talked incessantly, seemed vastly pleased, and knew every family and their concerns in this neighbourhood, Mrs. Freeman said, better than she did herself! The

¹ Sambrook Freeman.

1785 worst of these great visitors are that no servants must appear, and you are obliged to wait on them yourself; this, ill as she then felt, was very fatiguing; besides, not knowing the art, one must do it awkwardly. Mrs. Freeman, after standing up in the corner to make the tea in the same spot, she handed a dish to her Majesty, and was carrying one to the Princess Royal, who laughingly said, "I believe you forgot the King." Mrs. Freeman, in some agitation, was ready to laugh too, as she says she had at the moment completely forgotten that kings were to be served before ladies; but immediately rectified her mistake, and it was received in perfect good-humour; but what next vexed her sadly was that she had no opportunity of giving the least refreshment to Lady Louisa, and the two gentlemen, who stood behind all the time, and were out so early in the morning, and to be at home so late, but she knew in the same room with their Majesties it was not to be attempted; therefore if you know of it, another breakfast is prepared in another room in case opportunity offers to let their attendants partake of it. But the King seeing Mrs. Freeman was really ill, would not let her stir, and a servant she could not call in. That such distressing etiquette must be kept up is rather uncomfortable. After breakfast the King said they must see the house. "Certainly," Mrs. Freeman said, and was going to the door to attend them, but he kept her back, and shut her in, saying, "You shall not go out with such a cold; we will go by ourselves." And so they did wherever they chose, as no servant was to attend. The ladies, you know, are great workers, and admired some beautiful chairs Mrs. Freeman is now working. The Queen, too, I'll assure you, asked what work her neighbour, Mrs. Powys,

was about, as she knew she was very ingenious by 1785 some painting she had seen some years ago of hers. This, I am sure, was a great compliment to me, as I should have thought her Majesty must have forgotten my gown, which I painted on white satin, which a lady begged me to let the Queen see. Just before Mrs. F.'s company departed, Lady Louisa had just time to whisper her that she was quite unhappy not to let her know of their coming, but they never tell, and love to take people by surprise. They had sent a note to her the night before to desire her company at nine the next morning to go driving, never mentioning where they were going. Certainly a visit to Mrs. Freeman's cottage, as she calls it, at Henley Park, tho' all elegance, was a great honour, and at the same time a mark of their Majesties good-natured attention, as they had so often visited her in her former splendour at Fawley Court. Well, my dear, here ends the royal visit; but I've not got done with the bustle of that morn, tho', I think luckily, I've got a frank, or my letter would come to a sum from its length. Our family was put in the idea of royal visitors, not ourselves, for we were all rode or walked out different ways. It happened to be market-day at Henley, so, of course, all the country some miles round heard of the great event, and our servants were not a little surprised to see two teams come galloping uphill, not the usual stile of waggons, travelling at a great rate. The carters stopped at our gate, saying, "We cannot stay, as the King and Queen are just behind." Our housekeeper was in such a fuss. "Oh dear, oh dear! what must I do now the family are from home?" But no time had they for consultation, as immediately a coach and six drove up the avenue, but

1785 was soon found to be only Earl Macclesfield¹ coming to pay us a morning visit, and returning thro' Fawley village, passed for King and Queen, and their daughter, Lady Mary,² for the Princess Royal. When I went to Shirburn Castle I made them all laugh heartily at this account. Mrs. Freeman returned, or as it is termed, went to thank their Majesties for their visit, the next court-day. Mrs. Freeman thought it would be a sad worry to her, as she had not been to court since Mr. Freeman's death, and was fearful no suit she had would do; but luckily on her going to the mantua-maker's she found no alterations in the fashions for court dress for years, whereas common ones change every month. Flounces and trimmings, tho' quite out elsewhere, trebled ruffled cuffs and long dangling ruffles as formerly.

The following extract from a letter of Mrs. Powys will show the old-fashioned *Sangrado* form of doctoring.

"*December* 30, 1785. — We have now confined ourselves fifteen weeks with our dear son Philip, nor paid one visit but of a morning. You have not heard of his unfortunate journey here, as his tedious illness was owing to that. I've often told you what a good young man he is, and that he always chooses to be with us in the country except the four days at a time when he is upon guard. On the 15th September we had a letter to say he would come down the next day, as he believed something had flown in his eye as he was walking in the Park, and it gave him great uneasiness. He had shown it to the surgeon of his regiment, who said he would bleed him in the morn,

¹ George, 4th Earl.

² Afterwards married the Earl of Haddington.

gave him a cooling mixture, and desired him to go 1785
into the country ; not on horseback, but in a chaise,
keeping his eye from the air, and it would soon be
well. All this was done ; but it being a very dark,
rainy evening, that, tho' the postboy and himself knew
the road perfectly through our wood, they lost it, and
found themselves in a horse-way of Mr. Freeman's, near
the root-house, where they knew there were many pits.
Phil got out ; they put the horses behind, and with
much difficulty dragg'd the chaise down again into the
coach-road ; but he had not gone above ten minutes
when he was overturn'd over a stump. The chaise,
glasses, &c., were now broke. They did not attempt
to raise it, but each took a horse, and at last reach'd
home, and found they had been about an hour and a
half in the wood, when twenty minutes is the usual
time ! Poor Phil went immediately to bed, being
greatly fatigued, and the pain in his eye vastly in-
creased, as he had lost his bandage, and his arm, too,
had bled again ; in short, he was a most miserable
object, and gave us all infinite anxiety, and for many
days the inflammation increased. He was in too much
pain to return to London, but fortunately a Mr. Daven-
port, an eminent surgeon, has bought an estate near
Marlow, and retired from town, and he was so kind as
to come immediately, and has order'd our surgeon
here how to proceed, and is so good as to come
to him every two or three days. He now mends
amazingly, as all the faculty tell us. Time and warm
weather only can make a perfect cure ; but as for many
weeks we were apprehensive for the sight, we are
most thankful. . . . It is hardly possible to imagine
with what fortitude he bears the sufferings he has gone
through, though he has not since the *accident tasted a*

1785 *bit of meat or drunk a drop of wine, had a perpetual blister ever since, and blooded every three or four days for many weeks.* His health is certainly better than even I knew it, most probably from the *discipline*, some of which might be necessary for a young man in full health with a good appetite, and who never minds over-heating himself in shooting, cricket, &c."

Truly, Mr. Powys' enduring this treatment was a *survival of the fittest!*

On December 31, Mr. Pratt, only son of Lord Camden, was married to Miss Molesworth by Mr. Powys. This is the account:—

1786 "January 13th, 1786.—A great wedding is over, in which my brother Powys did his clerical part in marrying his pupil, Mr. Pratt, to a most beautiful young lady, Miss Molesworth, niece to Lady Lucan. and a fortune of nearly £40,000. Their income will be increased, as Pratt's is now large, and will be so increased by his uncle, Mr. Pratt.¹ After the ceremony they went from Lord Lucan's by themselves to Camden Place for a few days, and from there to Mr. Pratt's at Wilderness, in Kent. Are to be presented at the birthday. Clothes all very superb; all from Paris. (That I think wrong at an English court.) My brother says they laughed exceedingly at setting out in two post-chaises, to see the bride and bridegroom dressed with the utmost plainness in one carriage, and in the other that followed the lady's maid and valet fine to a degree; but this is quite the *ton* now. Their establishment is very large; so numerous I style it uncomfortable—house-steward, man-cook, two gentlemen out of livery, under-butler, Mrs. Pratt's

¹ John Pratt, of Bayham Abbey, who bequeathed his estates, in 1798, to the Marquis of Camden.

two footmen, Mr. Pratt's two, upper and under coachmen, two grooms, helpers, &c., &c. These are men-servants; female ones, I dare say, in proportion. They were married the last day of the year 1785. Everybody told us it would never take place, as three matches with noblemen had been broken off; but I've often heard the lady's reason for refusing each. I always thought our friend Pratt had a better chance than either of the trio. The first, she said, never entertain'd her with anything but politics, but a dry topic for courtship; the second made a horrid husband to his first wife; and the third had not sixpence in the world, from his own extravagance. She was not wrong in refusing all three!" 1786

On January 13th, 1786, in a letter to a friend, Mrs. Powys gives an amusing account of a party of distinguished foreigners visiting unexpectedly her friends and neighbours, General Conway and his wife, Lady Ailesbury, at Park Place.

"Of all persons put in agitation by fine folks, I was more surprised at Lady Ailesbury, as I think, were I a Duke's¹ daughter, and so constantly in high life, I should never have trepidations of that kind, but as her Ladyship was telling us of it when she dined with us a few days after, I must give her credit for the alarm, and no doubt it was provoking enough. As they were sitting at dinner, and nearly finish'd the first course, a letter was brought to General Conway from Count Zekany, saying himself and party, according to promise, were coming to wait on the General and Lady A. 'Who brought the letter?' 'A servant, sir.' 'And when do they come?' 'They are just here, sir.' This put all into confusion, for, as

¹ Duke of Argyll.

1786 their dinner was half over, they could do nothing more than order the *maitre d'hôtel* to make as elegant a second course as soon as possible, and in they came in a few minutes, Count Zekany and his lady, Count Ravenhully and his lady, and another lady, all strangers to Lady A., but by name knew them to be the principal families of their own countries. However, she had pretty nearly recovered her presence of mind, when she was again struck dumb by one of the Counts begging to introduce the lady who came with them as the Princess of Hesse. 'Then,' says she, 'I thought it was all over with me;' but they all so soon became acquainted, were so free and easy and polite, making so many apologies for not being acquainted with English customs, and having come in the middle of dinner (they only sup, I believe, abroad nearly as early as the English dine), but they sat down and ate very heartily. Luckily, Lady Ailesbury's two daughters were with her, the Duchess of Richmond¹ and Mrs. Damer,² and as all spoke French and Italian, the visit passed most agreeably. They admir'd the place, as 'tis impossible to do otherwise, and everything they saw. In short, as her Ladyship said, were so much easier pleased than many English fine people she had had to entertain, that she was really sorry to part with them the next day. Towards the evening another distress popped into her head, viz., that foreign men and their wives seldom occupy the same beds, and, as the house was near full, this was of some consequence; so she bid her General

¹ Mary, wife of the third Duke, daughter of Lady Ailesbury's first marriage.

² Anne, married to Hon. John Damer, Lady Ailesbury's daughter by her second marriage. See note at end of book.

whisper his friend, and find out what was to be done, 1786
and in this they complied with the vulgar English
fashion, and Lady Ailesbury sending the Duchess and
Mrs. Damer up in the attics, made room for all their
guests."

In March Mr. and Mrs. Powys set out for Bath,
after waiting a fortnight with their boxes packed, the
roads being quite impassable from snow; but five out
of the six weeks there she was ill with rheumatism.

In May they went to stay with Mr. and Miss Ewer
in London, in Charlotte Street.

"I was scarcely enough recovered to partake of
the spring diversions of London, as indeed they are
now all so late, it must be a very strong constitution
that can. My favourite Ranelagh I ventured to but
once, as 'tis not *polite* to enter the Rotunda till eleven
at soonest. To the play I went, as those are early;
and I was really glad not to be deprived of again
seeing Mrs. Siddons, and Jordan. The men actors at
this period do not shine in London. We took Caroline
(who was too young at eleven for public places), to
see Sir Ashton Lever's museum,¹ the Exhibition, the
late Duchess of Portland's sale of curiosities,² and the
British Museum, all which highly entertained her, as
did Astley's³ and Sadler's Wells.⁴ The music at the
Abbey, so very fine by every one's description, I
thought it most prudent to avoid, as my health was
not equal to being full dressed and there by eight in
the morning, so I postponed the pleasure till the next

¹ At Leicester House, museum of natural history; contained 26,000
articles.

² Took thirty-seven days to dispose of by auction.

³ Celebrated riding-school and circus, then held at the Royal Grove,
Lambeth.

⁴ A theatre. Grimaldi, the famous clown, acted there.

1786 year, as everybody seem'd to think it will be annual. We went to a very fine collection of Des Enfants' pictures, and went with Caroline to see the great fish balloon¹ at the Pantheon² and Kensington Gardens.

June 5th.—Went with the Ewers for a week to Mr. Creuzé's, Layton Stone, Essex. Phil was this summer promoted to a lieutenancy in the Guards.

August 29th.—Went to my mother's for the races at Reading. The first opening of the new town-hall, a fine room 74 by 36, not including the recesses at each end for the two judges.

October 29th.—We went to Mr. Powney's, Ives Place, for a few days; while there we went to see the stag turn'd out,³ a pretty sight on a fine day, as there is generally a large party with his Majesty.

The 10th of October was the first of the subscription assemblies at Henley, which our son Phil had set on foot. All the neighbourhood there.

November 16th.—Went to Mr. Ewer's, at Clapham, for a week. We went one morning to town, and saw the "artificial flower-garden," a pretty invention, worth seeing once; all kinds of flowers in paper, put into beds of earth, and box edging, sand walks between. We breakfasted that morning with Lord Bayham."⁴

1787 In February Mr. and Mrs. Powys, and daughter, went to Bath for six weeks, their son Phil joining them there. To Clapham in May, where she says: Went to see the waxwork at Spring Gardens, and after, the three figures of the King of Prussia.

¹ The first air balloon ascended at Versailles, September 1783, in the presence of Louis XVI. and his family.

² The Pantheon, built in 1770-71, for concerts, balls, promenades, &c.

³ The Royal Stag-hounds.

⁴ Mr. Pratt, just then made Viscount Bayham, his father becoming Earl Camden.

The exhibition of pictures this year but indifferent, 1787 and Ranelagh¹ very thin, till the last four or five nights.

May 23rd.—We went to see the famous painted ceiling at Whitehall Chapel, formerly the banqueting house. It was painted by Rubens (and was cleaned by Cipriani² in 1786). The room itself, a most noble one, 36 yards long and 24 yards high, and 18 over the windows; under the organ, *now blocked up*, that which Charles I. came out from upon the scaffold.

June 2nd.—Mr. Powys, Miss Ewer, and myself went to the music at the Abbey;³ got there by half-past eight from Clapham, and the doors were opened by nine; but, though entered with the first group, could only have the second row in the gallery—no doubt all fill'd before the principal doors are open'd. The performance that day "Israel in Egypt." The chorus certainly very noble; but I own, upon the whole, I am disappointed in the *sound*, tho' not the *sight*. Certainly the *coup d'œil* is beyond imagination, taking at one view the royal family, so numerous a company, and the orchestra; but for music, I must say I've been entertained as *well* at the music-room in Oxford, where there is not one pillar to deaden the sound, and a less space than Westminster Abbey for the vocal performers to show the compass of their voices.

N.B.—I forgot, in the year 1785, to set down our having been to see Mr. Walpole's⁴ at Strawberry

¹ Ranelagh ceasing to draw, was shut in 1803, and pulled down 1805.

² John Battista Cipriani, born at Pistoia, Tuscany, circ. 1727, came to England in 1755; died December 1785.

³ Westminster Abbey.

⁴ Horace Walpole bought Strawberry Hill, May 1747, from Mrs. Chenevix.

1787 Hill; but I found a memorandum of many curious pictures I had seen there, and some other things; but I suppose there never was a house which contained so many valuable rarities. Among the pictures I set down were:—

Madame de Maintenon.

Madame de la Vallière.

Comtesse de Grammont (Miss Hamilton).

Madame de Sevigné, when young; very beautiful.

Ditto, small, with that of Madame de Grignan, her daughter.

An original and only picture of Ninon de l'Enclos.

Original of Henry VIII., by Hans Holbein.

Cowley, when a boy, by Sir Peter Lely.

Numbers of fine miniatures, and other curiosities.

The most beautiful inlaid marble chimney-piece.¹ Fine old delf. Cardinal Wolsey's red hat.² On a toilet are the combs of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, and that King Charles used for his wig. A small clock in the library which belonged to Ann Boleyn;³ a curious picture of flowers done in feathers; a chair of a high priest. Some ebony chairs,⁴ six hundred years old, so hard nothing can penetrate them; cane bottoms. Four drawings of Madame de Grignan's castle in Provence; Johanah's chair, five hundred years old, made of the Glastonbury thorn, and numbers of curiosities in cabinets, that we hardly had time to see one quarter of them.

Henley Bridge,⁵ a most beautiful stone one, finished

¹ Copied from the tomb of Edward the Confessor; white marble, inlaid with scagliola.

² Found by Bishop Burnet, Clerk of the Closet, in the Great Wardrobe.

³ Given her by Henry VIII.

⁴ Walpole mentions these chairs as costing him a handsome sum, and calls ebony "the luxury of our ancestors."

⁵ The architect was Mr. William Hayward. Walpole states General Conway regulated the bend of the arches.

in the year 1786. In each centre arch is a head in stone, carved by Mrs. Damer, daughter of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury—one of “Thames,” the other “Isis.”

Of this bridge the following lines were written by the Rev. Thomas Powys :—

“Through this fair arch henceforth with conscious pride,
Let Thames and Isis¹ roll their mingled tides,
Hastening to swell old Ocean’s watery stores,
And sound their triumphs to his farthest shores.
Tho’ Tiber’s classic waves distinguish’d flow,
Our English rivers claim superior praise,
From Damer’s sculpture, and from Denham’s lays.”

July 23rd, 1787.—The house at Fawley (Court), was whitened this year.

August 9th.—We were at the musical festival at St. Laurence’s Church, Reading, to hear Mrs. Billington.²

August 27th.—Went to the Reading races. The last ball a very brilliant one.

September 8th.—My brother went to Lord Camden’s, and from thence to Lord Bayham’s,³ Wilder-ness, Kent.

September 27th.—Thursday, we went to Maiden-head races the middle day. The whole of the royal family there. We dined at Mrs. Winford’s, Thames Bank.

In November spent a week with Mrs. Winford.

December 1st.—My brother return’d from his London residence as king’s chaplain.

December 24th.—A deep snow as usual now on

¹ Miss Freeman of Fawley Court sat for the head of Isis.

² Celebrated singer, who died in 1818.

³ Lord Camden’s son, once pupil to Rev. T. Powys.

1787 Christmas Eve for some years ; our road blocked up till January 7th.

1788 *January 20th*, 1788.—My brother went to Mr. Annesley's to stand godfather and christen his son Charles.

April 23rd.—Went to London to see a fine collection of pictures, Dr. Newton's, late Bishop of Bristol ; and the next month went to see Mr. Aufrere's collection, which are indeed most capital, as none bad, and one of each fam'd master. Mr. Aufrere's garden too is laid out in great taste ; a curious collection of plants, a very large room in it of the finest prints, and a temple where the view of the Thames is uncommonly grand, and where the rowing matches, they inform'd us, are seen to the greatest advantage.

May 19th.—Sir Richard Cope was so obliging as to give me two tickets to see the procession of the Knights of the Bath in Westminster Abbey, one of which I gave to my friend Miss Ewer. We went through the Jerusalem Chamber with great ease to our seats, which were the best in front, the procession passing close to us, and the box erected for her Majesty and the princesses close to us, so that we had an excellent view of the whole.

May 22nd.—Went to see Osterley Park,¹ Mrs. Child's. The house is good, well furnish'd, and some fine pictures ; but the situation dreary and unpleasant, and the menagerie, which for years I had heard so much of, fell far short of my expectation ; that of Lady Ailesbury's at Park Place is vastly superior in elegance ; nor were there so many different birds as I have seen at others. The gallery is 133 feet long ; at the upper end a very capital picture by Vandyke,

¹ Now the Earl of Jersey's, formerly Sir Thomas Gresham's.

Charles I. on horseback, the Duke D'Espernon 1788 standing by him. At the lower end of the gallery is the Duke of Buckingham on horseback, prime minister to Charles I., who was stabb'd by Felton, (a Vandyke). Over the chimney-piece Lord Stafford, whole length, and a large white dog, likewise by Vandyke; a beggar boy by Murillo, and many other fine ones. The ceiling of the staircase by Rubens.¹ The room call'd the Etruscan apartment, all the designs from Herculaneum, executed by Berners. The Gobelin tapestry room is done in wreaths of flowers from nature, in the most elegant taste, and numbers of curious birds, formerly in the menagerie. One room, call'd the English bed-chamber, as all the furniture is English; a bed embroider'd on apple-green satin, a large pier-glass, the first plate made in England, &c., &c.

May 23rd.—I took Caroline to see Mrs. Siddons for the first time. It was the new tragedy of "The Regent," written by Mr. Greathead, in which Mrs. Siddons shone with her usual lustre; and her brother, Mr. Kemble, was very great as the Regent. Likewise saw "The Rump," in which Mrs. Jordan so much excels, and the inimitable Miss Farren² in the part of Estafania in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

May 26th.—We were at Merlin's exhibition in the morning and Dillon's exhibition of philosophical fireworks in the evening. During the intervals Mr. Cartwright performs on the musical glasses, the sounds on which are most harmonious, whilst Mr. Dillon lights up an aërostatic branch suspended from the

¹ Represents the apotheosis of William III., Prince of Orange, brought from Holland by Sir Francis Child.

² Afterwards Lady Derby.

1788 cupola of the saloon, in which light is produced in an instant of time, which Mr. Dillon carries at will, and extinguishes in an instant; wonderfully pretty. The portable hygæian chair, by which persons may swing themselves with safety, at Merlin's, are very clever, and the physicians say are extremely conducive to health; their motion I found easy and pleasing. The mechanical easy-chairs for the gouty and infirm seem very useful, and are only fourteen or twenty guineas; but the hygæian chairs were £40, too expensive for most people merely for pleasure.

May 23rd.—Mr. Powys and myself were at the play at Richmond House. It was the first night of performing "False Appearances," a piece General Conway translated from the French of *Les Dehors Trompeurs*. The characters were as follows:—

<i>The Baron</i>	Earl of DERBY.
<i>Monsieur de Fortis</i>	Captain MERRY.
<i>Champagne</i>	Captain HOWARTH.
<i>The Marquis</i>	Lord HENRY FITZGERALD.
<i>The Countess</i>	Hon. Mrs. DAMER.
<i>Celia</i>	Miss HAMILTON.
<i>Lisette</i>	Mrs. BRUCE.
<i>Locayle</i>	Miss CAMPBELL.

The prologue and epilogue were both very clever; wrote by General Conway, and spoken with great spirit by Lord Derby, and Mrs. Damer. The whole was amazingly well acted. The house filled with all the fine people in town.

June 2nd.—Caroline went with a party to Vauxhall for the first time, but it did not strike her so much as Ranelagh.

June 6th.—We were to have returned home, but as we had many preceding days been disappointed of

hearing Mr. Sheridan's long-expected speech,¹ and I 1788 had a ticket for one of the best seats in the hall, Mr. Powys was so good as to insist on staying, tho' he did not choose to go himself, and refused a peer's ticket for the same day. I much wished to hear this so celebrated an orator. I got in, and sat most commodiously in a front row. Never was anything so crowded as the hall, every part full and of the highest rank. Must I own myself greatly disappointed? Few, perhaps, would be so honest as to give their sentiments so contrary to the multitude; but indeed Mr. Sheridan answer'd not my expectation as to oratory, eloquence, or manner, the latter totally unpleasing, as a continual thumping upon his desk and most vehement passion never surely can be styled elegance. He spoke four hours and a quarter. We had been once before that day, when Middleton was examined, who could not recollect one thing that was ask'd him. The hall² was then very thin, but on the day of Sheridan's speech the sight was really magnificently grand. The Duchess of Gloucester and her children sat just by us, likewise the Duchess of Cumberland; all the ladies in muslin gowns and undrest caps, as hoops wore at that time.

The celebrated painter, Mr. Gainsborough, died soon after we came down this year. I must not forget to mention seeing that capital picture, "The Woodman," a copy from life, whole length. I think I never saw a more pleasing portrait, and must now be sold for an immense sum. There was a beggar boy too, a fine piece. The exhibitions were thought of but indifferently this year. That charming picture

¹ On the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

² Westminster Hall, where the trial took place.

1788 by Copley, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham," there are in it fifty-five portraits, all taken from life. I have a printed description of it, but too long to write out here. I had seen it before, but was vastly pleas'd to have a second view of it at the Bishop of Bristol's exhibition in Spring Gardens. 'Tis now to be sold; what a pity if Lord Chatham's family do not purchase it.

August 7th.—Lord Bayham, who came to Fawley the day before, took my brother with him to Brecknock Priory in Wales, a grouse-shooting.

August 20th.—We went to my mother's at Reading for the race-time. Miss Ewer met us there.

The races not good, the balls tolerably full, considering how many families at this season leave their seats in the country for the different watering-places now in vogue. The middle day went to the play, Thornton's Company being then in the town.

August 29th.—Returned to Fawley, where Mr. Ewer met us; we went to see the Druid's Temple that General Conway has just put up at Park Place;¹ it was brought from Jersey, being a present to the General from the people of that island. The stones are hardly of height sufficient to make any figure at a distance from the beautiful spot 'tis now placed on.

Went to pay a visit to the Birch's, St. Leonard's Hill near Windsor, a place they had purchas'd this summer. An excellent house and pretty situation. One day dined at Mr. Fisher's, one of the Canons of Windsor; saw the castle, where are great improvements since I was last there, four or five apartments newly furnished. Mr. West's fine painting, at which

¹ Had been placed there in 1785.

he was then at work; the beautiful embroidery round 1788
the canopy of the queen's throne; the superb bed of
the same work is a good deal faded since I last saw
it; the beautiful altar-piece in St. George's Chapel,
painting by Mr. West, is a capital performance.

The Dean of Bristol¹ and Mrs. Hallam drank
tea there (St. Leonard's Hill).

19th October.—On Friday began our Winter
Henley ball, and was a very full one, the whole
neighbouring families making it a point to attend.
Got home about four, as there is always a supper
and dancing after.

We were very gay this autumn, having a very
tolerable set of strollers at Henley; most of the
ladies bespoke plays, as Lady Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer,
both Mrs. Freemans, Mrs. Fanshawe,² Miss Grote,³
myself, &c., and as all the families attended each
other's nights, we had very crowded houses, which
lasted all that moon.

November 15th.—Tom, (her second son), went to
keep his term at Oxford.

November 18th.—My brother went into waiting
as King's Chaplain at St. James's, his Majesty then
very ill at Windsor. His unhappy malady just then
become public, thought by most people owing to the
Cheltenham waters being too powerful for one who
has lived so very abstemious as the King ever has
done, and using such vast exercise without drinking
any wine. He was removed to Kew soon after this,
the queen and princesses going there too. Sure never
any one was ever more to be pitied than her Majesty,

¹ Father of Hallam the historian, grandfather of Tennyson's friend.

² Living at Holmwood, Shiplake.

³ Living at Badgemore, Henley.

1788 as no couple could be happier than they were before this greatest of all misfortunes.

N.B.—The King went to Kew 29th November.

November 19th.—We went for one night to Mr. Lefevre's, Heckfield, Hampshire, returned thro' Reading, took post-horses at Pangbourne and sent our own back, and from thence went to Mr. James's at Langley Hall, Berks; got there to dinner; we had never been there since his new house was finish'd, which is a very noble one. Large hall, drawing-room, two eating-rooms, library, an inner hall, grand staircase, and some small rooms, many apartments above so spacious and convenient; out of every bed-chamber a large dressing-room, and light closets as powdering rooms to each. The grounds now laying out. We were particularly happy to see Lady Jane so happily married, to a man so pleasing as Mr. James, as I believe their first interview was at Reading races some years since, when she was with us at Hardwick, then Miss Pratt.¹ . . . She has now four fine little ones. . . . They have a fine fortune, which they spend elegantly, without any form or ceremony, making every friend partake of the happiness and good-humour they so eminently possess themselves.

November 25th.—Left Langley, and met my mother at Micklem's at Reading, as she had just parted with her house there. A severe frost set in two days before.

December 12th.—Our fourth and last winter assembly (Henley), which ended very brilliantly.

24th.—No more snow, but the frost so intense as that continued on the ground which fell the 24th November. No rain all that time, or for near nine

¹ Daughter of Earl Camden.

months to do any good. The 31st December was 1788 the coldest day by the weather-glass of the intense cold of 1788.

January 6th.—Tenants' annual feast at Fawley 1789 Court. We were there together with other principal tenants. The young people all as usual danced with the tenants six or eight dances; then we came up to cards and supper. The day always passes very agreeably, as it gives pleasure to see so many people all so happy. Many clever songs were sung by the gentlemen as well as farmers, and droll toasts given after dinner. Among the toasts were:—

1. May the rich be charitable, and the poor happy.
2. Short shoes and long corns to all the enemies of Great Britain.
3. May all great men be honest, and all honest men great.
4. Peace and Plenty.

9th.—Our two sons at a ball at Mr. George Vansittart's, at Bisham Abbey, near Marlow. It snowed; hard frost continued.

On January 12th snowed very hard, and drifted till our road was impassable.

On 13th rained amazingly hard all night, so as to fill the ponds which had long been dry. The two new ones made last summer ran over, to the great joy of the farmers and poor, who have been infinitely distressed for water. Mrs. Freeman forced to send water-cart to Henley. Three wells fail'd in that town, and we lived daily in fear for my brother's, as it goes 123 yards deep.

January 16th.—The snow greatly melted, but still we were obliged to set men to make a way thro', and it froze so hard on the 15th that about us was a sheet of ice.

1789 Heard of the death of Miss Campbell, daughter of Lord William, and niece to Lady Ailesbury, who brought her up. She died on the 12th January. Her Ladyship and General Conway were almost inconsolable. The General wrote an elegant copy of verses on this melancholy event.

On 21st, having been twice prevented by the weather, we set out for Mr. Annesley's, Bletchington Park. We had not been there since the alterations he has made. I've mention'd being there before, and then spoke of an amazing grand staircase, which for its vast extent is described, I think, in Plot's "History of Oxfordshire" as one of the finest in England; but now in the same space it took up, is as large a one as one generally sees, a fine saloon and drawing-room, besides a very fine hall, which was the entrance before, only from that first hall you formerly entered a second, which was entirely taken up by the vast staircase. The present eating-room is most elegant, having a recess at each end taken off with pillars of Sienna marble. We had a large party there, besides most days Oxford gentlemen to dine.

The gentlemen were shooting or hunting in different parties each morning, as Mr. Annesley keeps a pack of harriers, and, with some more of that neighbourhood, a joint pack of fox-hounds. On Wednesday the 28th we returned home. Young Phil went that evening to a play, ball, and supper given by Lord Barrymore.¹ We had all tickets, but only went to the play on the Saturday following.

January 31st.—Lord Barrymore had the last

¹ Richard, Lord Barrymore, born August 14, 1769, hence in his nineteenth year.

summer (1788) built a very elegant playhouse¹ at 1789 Wargrave, had a Mr. Young from the Opera-House to paint the scenes, which were extremely pretty. His Lordship and friends perform'd three nights one week. We were all there the 31st. It was extremely full of the neighbouring families. The play was "The Confederacy" and "The Midnight Hour." The characters as follows :—

<i>Brass</i>	Lord BARRYMORE.	
<i>Gripe</i>	Mr. LOWDER.	
<i>Money Trap</i>	Mr. THOMPSON.	
<i>Jessamy</i>	Mr. DAVIES.	
<i>Clip</i>	Captain DIVE.	
<i>Dick</i>	{ Mr. ANGELO, Jun. (friends of	
		{ Lord B's.	
<i>Flippanta</i>	Mrs. JACKSON	} of Thornton's Company.
<i>Corinna</i>	Mrs. BENSON	
<i>Araminta</i>	Miss BRIDENSON	
<i>Clarissa</i>	Mrs. THORNTON	
<i>Mr. Clogget</i>	A GENTLEMAN.	
<i>Mr. Amblet</i>	{ EDWIN, Jun. (a most incom-	
		{ parable actor).	

In "The Midnight Hour."

<i>Marquis</i>	Captain DIVE.
<i>General</i>	Mr. ANGELO, Jun.
<i>Sebastian</i>	Lord BARRYMORE.
<i>Ambrose</i>	Mr. BARRY.
<i>Matthew</i>	Mr. DAVIE.
<i>Nicholas</i>	EDWIN, Jun.
<i>Julia</i>	Mrs. BALL.
<i>Flora</i>	Mrs. JACKSON.
<i>Cicely</i>	Mrs. THORNTON.

The cake, negus, and all kinds of wines were brought between the acts; the cake alone one night they say cost £20. The ball and supper on the

¹ Total cost of building this theatre from first to last was over £60,000. First wardrobe 2000 guineas. It stood on what is now the kitchen-garden of Mr. F. Selous, the present owner of Barrymore House, Wargrave. It held seven hundred. Managers, John Edwin, and T. W. Williams, alias "Anthony Pasquin."

1789 Wednesday very elegant, as March¹ had orders to get everything possible. A service of plate was sent from London for the occasion. We hear his Lordship is going to build a ball and supper-room adjoining to his theatre.

March 23rd.—We all went to tea at Mr. Cooper's,² at Henley, to see the illuminations at Henley town on the King's³ recovery. Every house was lighted up, and as we walked about for hours in different parties from the neighbourhood, the whole made a very fine sight. Fawley Court looked vastly well from the bridge. On the 25th my brother illuminated the parsonage, which look'd amazingly pretty from the bottom of the lawn, and at many distant spots, being a white house. We had the farmers, their wives, &c., to dinner. Had a large bonfire, and barrel of ale given to the village, and the day was pass'd quite to the satisfaction of all here on so truly joyful an occasion.

April 15th.—Dined at Mrs. Grote's,⁴ Badgemore.

April 28th.—Went to stay some time with Miss Ewer at Clapham. Whilst there went often to Ranelagh, plays, &c., the Shakespeare Gallery of Boydell's exhibition of pictures; the sale of the late Mr. Gainsborough's pictures; his celebrated Woodman, whole length, sold to Lord Gainsborough for £500.

Caroline learn'd to dance of Zuchelli.

June the 8th.—Went to Ranelagh the night after

¹ Barrett March, owner of the Red Lion Hotel, Henley-on-Thames. Lord B. gave a ball in the Red Lion Hotel, February 1789.

² Gislingham Cooper at Phyllis Court, Henley.

³ From his first attack of insanity, begun the previous year.

⁴ Wife of George Grote, father of George Grote, the historian of Greece.

the Spanish ambassador's fête on the recovery of his Majesty, who had ordered everything to be left in the same state, that the public might view it, and very magnificent indeed it must have been. Four rows of illuminated lamps round the Rotunda, in many varying forms, as baskets of flowers, wreaths of roses, &c. All the boxes were form'd like Turkish tents, with each a festoon curtain that drew up at once when the suppers were placed in the inside, which was done by a gallery being made round the Rotunda behind. This must have had a wonderful pretty effect, as each box was well illuminated, a waiter at each in a Spanish dress, and a gentleman out of livery. The Queen and Princess supped in a pavilion made for the occasion, where the orchestra is on common nights, that had a festoon curtain of white lute-string, with a gold fringe four inches broad, the back part hung with pea-green satin embroidered with colour'd flowers. The supper was in a very curious set of Sevre china, which the next morning was sent as a present to her Majesty. Before supper the royal family were placed in another box, fitted up for them, opposite to a Spanish stage erected for that night, to show the Queen some Spanish dancing which children perform'd in the dress of that nation. But what was the most elegant display of magnificence was a lottery for the ladies, who had each a ticket given them as they enter'd, wrote on the outside such a number; "No blanks." Miss Sturt had the great prize, worth 150 guineas, a watch and chain. I must not here omit to mention the name that young lady went by at this time. Being exceedingly pretty and very little, she was always styl'd "the pocket Venus." The Queen's prize was a picture of the King of Spain,

1789 set with diamonds, the Princess Royal's a toothpick case, and all the ladies some elegant trifle. We heard the lottery cost £700. Some fine gold cups, dishes, &c., used at the Queen's table were likewise sent to different people as presents. In short, the whole was magnificent, and more so, it is said, than any of the other ambassadors. The mat was taken up from the floor and green baize put down in compartments; for the convenience of many dancing parties the boards were left in spaces for them.

July 7th.—The Dean of Bristol, Dr. Hallam,¹ his lady and daughter, came to spend two days at Fawley.

July 9th.—We dined at Mr. Finch's at Ewelme,² in Oxfordshire. In the church of this place is a very fine old monument of the Duchess of Suffolk, granddaughter of the poet Chaucer; her father, Thomas Chaucer, who died 1435, likewise is buried here, under a black marble tomb. Ewelme was the chief place of his residence. By his wife Maud he had one daughter named Alice, who was thrice married, first to Sir John Philips, Knight; after to Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who left her very rich; her third husband was the famous William de la Pole, Earl and afterwards Duke of Suffolk. He founded an hospital³ at Ewelme, call'd God's House, still kept up. The Yorkists seized him in his passage in Dover roads, and cut off his head upon the side of the boat. His body was buried in the Charter House Hall. The Duchess survived him several years, and, after an honourable life, died at Ewelme in 1475. I took

¹ Father of the historian, and grandfather of the Hallam of "In Memoriam."

² Word derived from "Ea" and "Whelm," meaning outgush of water. A beautiful clear stream rises here.

³ Twelve almsmen occupy the hospital, who receive 10s. each a week.

the above account from OGRE's "Life of Chaucer." 1789
The monument of her in St. John's Chapel, in Ewelme Church, has been a very magnificent one. There are eight figures on the base of the tomb, each holding a different coat of the family arms. There are three compartments—in the lower one a skeleton,¹ the ceiling of that very finely inlaid, but difficult to see. A looking-glass laid down gives a perfect view. The Duchess's figure is finely executed—a ring on her finger very like an old one I have of Lady Twysden's,² and much resembles some I've latterly seen made this year 1789, so generally do fashions come round in a course of years. The tiles with which the whole church seems to have been paved are very curiously inlaid, and I was told by an antiquarian each tile is the arms of some one of the family. Over one of the pillars is a good stone head of Edward III., like his pictures, and the iron is still fastened to the pulpit which formerly held the hour-glass. Mrs. Piozzi,³ in her tour of 1785, mentions going to hear a famous preacher at Dresden who kept an hour-glass by him, finishing with strange abruptness the moment it expired. This was of use among our distant provinces as late as Gay's time. He mentions it in his pastorals, saying, "he preach'd the hour-glass in her praise quite out." There was a palace at Ewelme, built, as they suppose, by Richard II. Now small remains of it, and the whole monument begins to be defaced, which is a great pity, as it likewise is that great families are not left rich,

¹ Supposed to represent the Duchess in her shroud. The upper figure on the tomb is one of the three known examples of females wearing the Order of the Garter placed round the arm.

² Mr. Powys's great-grandmother.

³ Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Johnson's Mrs. Thrale.

1789 to perpetuate in this pleasing manner the memories of their ancestors.

August 17th.—My brother Powys went to Bristol. That night we all went to Lord Barrymore's theatre at Wargrave; the plays "The Beau's Stratagem" and "The Romp." His Lordship acted "Scrub" amazingly well.

August 20th.—Mr. James, of Langley Hall, came to us to go to the ball at Wargrave on the next day. Lady Jane was prevented coming, as one of their children was ill. On the Friday we went to Wargrave; were not to be there till twelve, on account of the play being later that night, as they began later for the Prince of Wales.¹ A box had been built for his Royal Highness, and a ball-room and elegant supper-room out of it, just finished. After the play the Prince and company entered the ball-room. His Royal Highness began, and they danced two dances before supper. Caroline, who we had given leave to go as in our own neighbourhood, tho' too young (not fifteen), for public assemblies, danc'd with Mr. James. The supper was announced at one. The circular room one of the prettiest for such an occasion I ever saw; the tables round the circle set off the most elegant entertainment that possibly could be, (from London), to the greatest advantage. The dome was lighted with colour'd lamps, and the side-board, likewise circular, under the dome, at which no more than six of his lordship's own servants² attended, and with such uncommon cleverness that no one of the company but had everything wished for

¹ Rooms to dress were prepared for the Prince of Wales at Wargrave Hill; not sufficient accommodation at Barrymore House.

² They were dressed in scarlet and gold.

in an instant. We fancied there would have been 1789
a separate table for the Prince, but he sat himself
down amongst the rest without the least ceremony,
seem'd quite free, easy, and perfectly good-humoured
the whole evening, talk'd to almost the whole com-
pany, took particular care to turn every one by the
hand in going down the dances, which accomplish-
ment, to be sure, he particularly excels in, more than
most others. With such ease and grace he dances
that he was sure to be known by his manner, tho'
without star or any other signature of his birth. He
retired after two more dances, and set off in his post-
chaise for York. What a pity such an accomplish'd
young man, knowing so well how to make himself
admired and beloved, can be wanting in duty to such
parents as his; but time and his own good sense will
very soon, I've no doubt, make him see the impro-
priety, even to his own future happiness, in this
juvenile conduct. We got home about six, much
indeed pleased with the evening's entertainment.

August 24th.—We all went to Reading for the
race-time. Lord Barrymore¹ was steward. Of course
the sport was good, and assemblies brilliant. We
were at the last only.

November 30th.—Young Phil and Tom went with
General Conway to the Blenheim play. We were all
offer'd tickets, but the weather was then so bad we
declined going.

The Miss Michells and us dined and lay at Mr.
Gardiner's,² Hardwick. Returned to Fawley about
four, drank tea at Mr. Horne's, at Wargrave, and at
nine went to Lord Barrymore's, who had invited some

¹ He gave a fifty-guinea cup to be run for.

² Mr. Gardiner was then renting Hardwick.

1789 part of our neighbourhood to a "little dance," as he express'd it on his cards. It was a very agreeable small party, a very elegant supper. Two long tables in the circular room, as not company sufficient for those round the room as before, and in the centre was a stove, which made it charming warm. My lord, and one of his brothers, and Mrs. Bertie sang some good catches after supper, which, as all have charming voices, was very pleasant. Dancing a good deal after supper, made it between six and seven before we got home the next morning.

December 29th.—On Tuesday the 29th our nearest neighbour, Mrs. Freeman, of the Park (Henley), was so obliging as to give our son, Phil, a ball on his approaching nuptials;¹ all this vicinity and some other company was invited. The ball-room was hung with festoons of flowers, and the windows illuminated, the supper magnificent. They danced again after supper, and got home about four.

1790 *January 1st.*—Our fourth and last Henley ball for the season; they had been kept up with great éclat, and always attended by the whole agreeable neighbourhood.

January 5th.—On the Tuesday we were at Lord Barrymore's play at Wargrave, the last of the three nights, as they had acted on the Saturday and Monday—the plays, "A Trip to the Jubilee," "The Citizen," and "Don Juan." My Lord acted in all of them as well as possible. In the first, "Beau Clincher," "Philpot" in "The Citizen," "Scaramouch" in the last. The theatre was amazingly

¹ He was engaged to Miss Louisa Michell, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Michell, of Culham Court, Berks.

crowded, the Duchess of Bolton,¹ the Cravens, 1790 Poyntz, Lord Inchiquin, &c., and General Conway, Lady Ailesbury, &c., &c. Mr. Goddall perform'd "Sir Harry Wildair" and "Maria" in "The Citizen." Many of my Lord's friends acted, and others from Thornton's Company.

On Friday the 8th January his Lordship gave a masqued ball, to which we declined going, tho' he obligingly desired we would send for as many tickets as we chose. Caroline being too young for such an entertainment, and the two Miss Michells not wishing to go, the more ancient part of the family would not go without them. We heard it was very grand. The Prince of Wales² and many of the nobility, in all about 470.

January 11th.—Mr. Powys, my brother, and young Phil went to London to settle the writings for his marriage. Phil took lodgings in Bond Street, and Mr. Powys and my brother return'd till the lawyers had finished, for us all to go up. The two Miss Michells went from Culham Court to their house in North Audley Street.

February 2nd.—At a very elegant ball and supper at Mr. Clayton's, Harleyford.

February 18.—Our dear young Phil married to Miss Louisa Michell, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. My brother Powys perform'd the ceremony. We all, with Miss Ewer, came from Clapham, afterwards breakfasted in North Audley Street. About one o'clock the new married pair set off in their post-

¹ Second wife of the sixth Duke. She and Lord Barrymore invented a special language, which was only known to their set, done by arranging one vowel and one consonant to each word. *Vide* Pasquin.

² The Prince remained unmasked the whole evening.

1790 chaise for Culham Court for a week. Miss Michell went to Mr. Lockwood's,¹ in town, till their return.

March 4th.—At Covent Garden Theatre to see "The Dramatist," "Capt. Cook," &c.

March 22nd.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, "The Belle's Stratagem" and (Mrs. Jordan's) "Spoilt Child," the first performance.

April 12th.—We were at the professional concert, Hanover Square, Marchese Mara and Cramer; and heard them also at the Opera on the 15th.

29th.—Went to the Shakespeare and Macklin's galleries of pictures, and likewise the exhibition at Somerset House.

June 2nd.—Dr. and Miss Cooper came to fetch Caroline, to go with them to the review on the following day. The first time I had ever parted for a night with my dear girl, tho' then fifteen.

23rd.—Caroline was confirmed at Henley Church by the Bishop of Oxford.

13th July.—We went to the Annesleys, Bletchington Park. On 17th drove to Blenheim round the park. Annesley drove Mr. Powys in the phaeton and six. Mrs. A. Caroline and I by turns in her pony-chaise, and the dear little Arthur, went with one of us in the post-chaise.

August 21st.—Mrs. Williams' water-party. Tom and Caroline invited to go with their brother from Culham. We went to breakfast at Mrs. Winford's, Marlow, and went in their boat to Sir George Young's,² so saw Mr. Williams' barge, and heard the music. They went up to Clifden Spring, danced all

¹ The Lockwoods were country friends as well, living at Hambleden, Bucks.

² Formosa Place.

the way. After a most elegant dinner on board the 1790 barge, not back till between eleven and twelve at night.

August 23rd.—My brother went to Lord Camden's, and we to my mother's at Reading for the races and ball,¹ Caroline for the first time.

September 18th.—Died the Duke of Cumberland, brother to his Majesty, George III. We went into mourning for him Sunday the 26th, black silk with love ribbons. Changed mourning October 24th, and went out November 7th.

September 21st.—Went to Lord Barrymore's theatre. The first time of opening since so enlarged. We had been to see the interior parts of it the week before, and most clever and superbly elegant it was. It now holds 400.² The play, "Figaro" and "Robinson Crusoe," well performed three nights.³

September 28th.—All of us, excepting my brother and Caroline, were at Lord Barrymore's masqued ball; for our neighbours, finding the last year's had been conducted with such propriety, had all agreed to go, if we did. Our party consisted of the Park (Henley), Fawley Court, Culham Court, the Winfords, and our own families. Got there by eleven, and home between six and seven. I may say we were very highly entertain'd. The whole beautiful theatre was laid into a ball-room. The rotunda, supper-room, and two others all decorated with fes-

¹ Lord Barrymore won three races at Reading, and fifty events on the turf this year; out of 140 engagements.

² It held 700 spectators. See *General Magazine* for March 1792, account by Gabriel Cox, the stage carpenter and designer.

³ Lord Barrymore was "Antonio" and Mr. Ximenes "Double Fee" in "Figaro." In "Robinson Crusoe" Lord Barrymore played "Pierrot," and Delphini "Crusoe." At the end Delphini (once clown at Covent Garden) and Lord Barrymore danced the *Pas Russe*.

1790 toons of flowers in the most elegant taste, and everything on the tables that could, I believe, be thought of. Numbers of fancy dresses and many good masques, and a great many black dominoes; my lord and all his party in these, and unmasked (except at times when in droll characters); Mr. Powys, myself, and our two sons in black dominoes. The company in general unmasked in about two hours, and almost all at supper. The Prince and his friends were to have been there, but could not on account of the Duke of Cumberland's death; but he desired it might not be put off.¹ As it was so sudden, it was almost impossible to have given all that were invited notice of its being defer'd.

October 12th.—Our first Henley ball as agreeable as usual.

October 19th.—Second Henley ball.

November 5th.—Walked to see Mr. Cooper's place at Bix before his alterations, which he had just begun. His shrubbery and root-house finish'd last summer; very pretty. In the latter some pretty verses of his own writing.

December 9th.—We were at a private ball at Lord Barrymore's² (he gave one the week before, to which we were also invited). It was very pleasant and elegant as usual. His Lordship had added to the rotunda a great length since the Monday to make that the ball-room, as the other was carpeted all over and converted into a card-room.³ The supper

¹ This ball was given by Lord Barrymore to celebrate his majority, attained August 14, 1790. It was at this ball the Margravine of Anspach recited a ballad while masqued.

² September 30, this year, Lord Barrymore sent a turtle weighing 150 lbs. for the electors' dinner at Reading.

³ Lord B. was very fond of quinze, and in one evening lost at it 2800 guineas.

was in two different rooms, after which his Lordship, 1790
&c., sang, and then the young peopled danced; got
home soon after six.

December 20th.—Mr. Annesley of Bletchington
chosen member for Oxford by a majority of 515.

March 2nd.—Mr. Powys, Caroline, and myself 1791
set out for Bath. Our son and daughter and Miss
Michell went about ten days before us. Spent a
very pleasant month there. Our lodgings in the
new part of Bath—Portland Place.

April 5th.—My brother went to London to preach
as King's Chaplain.

April 13th.—We were all at Lord Barrymore's
theatre at Wargrave; "The Rivals," "Robinson
Crusoe," and "Blue Beard"; at home about four in
the morn. His Lordship perform'd "Acres" as well
as it could be done.

On Saturday, June the 4th, the King's birthnight,
Miss Ewer was married to Mr. Shrimpton at St.
George's, Bloomsbury, by my brother Powys.

June 8th.—My brother went to his residence at
Bristol.¹

June 21st.—A large party, thirteen of us, dined
at General Conway's cottage at Park Place. (Either
the "Chinese Cottage" or Boat House.—*Editor.*)

June 25th.—A shocking accident. John Heath,
our coachman, who had been at home some days ill
of a fever, got up unknown to his family, came to our
house, and threw himself down into our well in a fit
of frenzy. For a day and a half sent out parties to
search, but at last, knowing he could not have been
able to go any distance, drew the well. He was a

¹ Through Earl Camden, the Rev. Thomas Powys was now a Prebend of Bristol, as well as his other benefices.

1791 very young man, and left a wife and three small children.

July 17th.—Mr. Slaney¹ died. He was so kind as to leave my three children fifty guineas each, and myself the value of about £2000, if I survived his sister, Mrs. Keeling. As I had not the least reason to expect anything from so distant a relation, I must ever feel myself grateful for this testimony of his regard.

July 21st.—Miss Cooper came for a week, and we went on the 22nd, a large party, to Clifden Spring by water, towed there and back in Mr. Freeman's new boat, a very elegant one. We did not dine, as usual, at the Spring, but borrow'd Miss Winford's Temple near Marlow, and there left our hampers of provisions till our return.

July 25th.—The Culham Court family went to Oxford, as young Phil was one of the stewards of the races, and Mr. Spencer being the other. The Duke² and Duchess of Marlborough would not (as usual) attend the diversion, but endeavour'd to keep company from going; but, to the universal satisfaction, the balls never were so brilliant. How strange that these parents seem ever to act contrary to most others, by giving dissatisfaction instead of pleasure to their children.

August 6th.—I went in the morning to Lady Stapleton's³ to pay the wedding visit to Lady Despencer, who, with his Lordship,⁴ was then at his mother's.

¹ John Slaney, of Norwich.

² Third Duke of Marlborough.

³ Mary, daughter of H. Fane of Wormsley, Oxon, widow of Sir Thomas Stapleton of Greys Court, Oxon.

⁴ Thomas Stapleton, of Greys Court, Oxon, succeeded to the barony in 1788.

October 11th.—Went to the Reading county ball, 1791 at the request of Mr. Annesley, their member.

14th.—First Henley ball of that season; very good one.

18th November.—My brother went to residence at St. James's; read private prayers to the royal family; was at Court on the Thursday, when the Duchess of York¹ made her first public appearance.

November 24th.—On this day our dear grandson Henry Philip was born about noon. I was unfortunately so ill I could not be at Culham, as I had promised Louisa.

December 3rd.—Went to one of Mr. Walker's lectures on astronomy at Henley, at which all the neighbourhood had attended.

9th.—Our Henley assembly.

January 2nd.—We all went to Culham early in 1792 the morning; from thence to Walgrave² Church, to the christening of our grandson. His great-grandmother, Mrs. Girle, was godmother, but as it was very bad weather, she was fearful of venturing from home, so I stood for her; Mr. Powys and our son Tom for themselves.

January 6th.—Our last Henley ball for the season, finished with great éclat and very full.

January 20th.—On or about this day died my cousin, Mrs. Cooke, daughter of Mrs. Keeling, who is Mr. Slaney's sister.

February 19th.—The deepest snow, and by far the coldest weather we had that year.

February 23rd.—On this day died the celebrated painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, aged 69.

¹ Princess Royal of Prussia, married 29th September 1791.

² Wargrave, often then called Walgrave.

1792 *March 16th.*—At Lord Barrymore's play at Wargrave, and the 30th at another, "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"¹ both amazingly well performed.

N.B.—This was the last play acted, as the beautiful theatre was soon after taken down.²

April 17th.—Miss Michell (sister of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, junior), was married to Mr. West,³ brother to Lord Delaware, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by my brother Powys. The bride and bridegroom came down the same day to Culham Court, as Rose Hill was not then ready for them to live at.

May 5th.—On this day our son Philip took possession of our beloved Hardwick,⁴ and went with his family to reside there. On the 7th we all went for some days to Hardwick.

May 31st.—A very elegant ball and supper, given at the town-hall, Reading, by Lord Radnor and the other officers of the militia. His Lordship was Lord Lieutenant of Berks.

June 12th.—Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton⁵ came to Fawley. The next day we all went to Ascot races.

June 26th.—Mr. Powys, Caroline, and myself, went to Dr. Cooper's⁶ at Sonning, and set off the next morning on our tour to the Isle of Wight.

¹ Also that time was performed "The Battle of Hexham," a musical drama, and "Blue Beard."

² Lord Barrymore's extravagance told even on his princely fortune. In May 1792 he sold his house in Piccadilly to the Duke of Queensberry, known as "Old Q.," and now the theatre was dismantled and sold, October 15, 1792, by Christie & Co., to satisfy his creditors.

³ Hon. Frederick West, son of John, second Earl Delaware.

⁴ Hardwick had been let, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Powys let it in 1784, to Mr. Gardiner.

⁵ *Née* Ewer.

⁶ The Rev. Edward Cooper, LL.D., rector of Sonning, son of Gislingham Cooper, and his wife, Anne Whitelock.

JOURNAL OF ISLE OF WIGHT

1792

We had fixed to visit the Lakes, but the Doctor's 1792
health was so indifferent we persuaded him from going so far, but as he ever found himself better by change of air, he was very desirous of taking some journey. The first day we went no farther than Basingstoke, went through Lord River's Park¹ by Heckfield; 'tis reckon'd a fine place, but I'm not partial to that part of Hants; dined and lay at "The Crown"—an excellent inn. Wednesday we proceeded to Winchester (to "The George"). This city is situated in a valley through which runs the river Itchen. It was formerly the residence of the West Saxon kings, one² of whom created it into a bishop's see. Athelstan granted it the privilege of six mints for the coinage of money. It has been three times burned down, and about the year 860 was demolish'd by the Danes. Close by the west gate stands King Arthur's palace. Egbert was crown'd here, and afterwards Alfred, and Edward the Confessor. The unfortunate William Rufus made it a point of being crown'd here every Christmas, and Richard Cœur de Lion after his arrival from the Holy Wars and his long imprisonment, was a second time crown'd in the Castle. Henry V. held his parliament here before he embark'd for France.

Adjoining to the Chapel, and on the spot where the castle once stood, Sir Christopher Wren, by command of Charles the II. form'd a design for a

¹ Strathfieldsaye.

² King Kynegil, the convert of Birinus.

1792 palace,¹ in which he meant to entertain his whole court with various kinds of amusements, and though the plan was only in part carried into execution, the building is magnificent. The south side 216 feet long, the west 328, and notwithstanding it is a shell, it cost upwards of £25,000. The Grand Duke of Tuscany presented Charles II. with several marble pillars of exquisite workmanship, which were to have supported the roof of the grand staircase; these George III. gave to the Duke of Bolton. A handsome balustrade runs quite round the top, and the inside of the court is decorated with a portico; had not Charles's death put an end to its completion, it would have been a palace worthy that gay and expensive monarch. The only use it has been put to since is as a place of confinement for the French and Spanish prisoners during the late wars; it is now call'd the King's House. We walk'd for some time around its environs; 'tis on an eminence pleasantly situated. We next went to the Cathedral, and after to the College, founded by William of Wykeham, May 26th, 1387,² for seventy scholars, the wooden trenchers were all laid and they going to supper, and we stay'd while the grace was chanted. The Cathedral is a noble Gothic architecture, and generally allow'd to be equal to the Abbey Church of St. Alban's; the length 525 feet.³ Cromwell's army committed horrible outrages here, destroying all the beautiful carved work and painted glass, overturn'd the communion table, and burn'd the rails that sur-

¹ On the plan of Versailles. For two years the works proceeded. In 1810 the completed portion was made into barracks.

² The date of the first stone of the chapel laid, but school commenced in 1386.

³ This is the largest English cathedral, 560 feet.

rounded it. The west window¹ escaped their depredations, and the magnificent tomb of William of Wykeham was happily prevented from sharing the same fate. 1792

In the High Street is the market-cross,² 43 feet in height, some say erected in commemoration of the introduction of Christianity, some say as late as Henry VI.

We left Winchester on Thursday morn. About five miles on the right is Hursley,³ the seat of Sir William Heathcote, but so surrounded by venerable oaks we did not get a sight of the house. Soon after this, had our first view of the sea. On a very elevated part of Southampton Common is a summer-house of Mr. Fleming's,⁴ from whence must be a very fine view. We got to Southampton early, dined and lay there one night. . . . As we spent a fortnight there on our return, I shall say no more of it at present. Friday morning, Sir Hyde Parker having recommended Captain Wassell to convey us to Cowes, we set off in his thirty-ton vessel, a most commodious one. The wheels were taken off our carriages, and, with the horses, put on board another vessel. We all expected to be affected by the sea, but were most happily disappointed, and after a most pleasant sail of two hours in a beautiful morning, were landed at West Cowes. In our voyage we saw several seats, first Dummer, that of Mr. Dance (who married the widow of Mr. Dummer); next that of Captain Parr; third,

¹ Was collected from all remains in other windows after, but is undoubtedly old.

² Of fifteenth-century work.

³ Once the property of Richard Cromwell, ex-Protector. Here Keble was vicar, who wrote the "Christian Year."

⁴ Stoneham Park.

1792 Governor Hornby's; fourth, Luttrell's Folly; fifth, Calshot Castle, and, as we approached Cowes, the castle of that name. We were vastly pleased with the civility and orderly behaviour of Captain Wassell and his seamen. We stayed only a short time at Cowes for some refreshments for ourselves and horses, and the wheels to be replaced for travelling. While this was performing, we walked round the castle down to the bathing-machines, &c. West Cowes seems to have many pretty cottage lodging-houses, a pretty view of the sea, and, very convenient for bathing, is become a fashionable place for the last two years,¹ but I've heard not wholesome for invalids on account of its muddy shore.

We set off for Newport intending to lay there, not being certain the house Sir Hyde Parker had taken for us in Upper Ryde was ready for our reception; so when we got to the "Bugle Inn," Mr. Powys and Mr. Cooper, while the dinner was getting ready, rode over and found everything in order for the next day. Newport is one of the pleasantest towns in the island, houses small, streets uniform, well-paved, and a remarkable neatness throughout the place, inhabitants remarkable for civility, all kinds of shops, and everything to be got there, a theatre, and two markets held every week, at which the farmers' daughters appear, we heard, in a high style of beauty and elegance.

In our short journey from this place of about six miles are seen some delightful views of the sea. The oak woods one goes thro' are beautiful, the view from Wootton Bridge particularly striking when the tide is in. . . . We got to Ryde about one on Saturday, and found our house (for we were too numerous

¹ From this, Fashion marked it for her own in 1790!

not to want a whole one), tolerable ; the place indeed 1792
may be said to consist merely of cottages, but all
taken up with company, and more daily wishing to
come ; indeed, 'tis so charming a country, and from
it the sea appears in its highest beauty, so that in
a few years I make no doubt it will be a very fashion-
able spot. . . . Neither so reasonable as now, as we
had our little domain for two guineas a week,¹ with
eight bedrooms for ourselves and servants, tho' not
very spacious, very neat, and comfortable.

Sunday, July 1st.—We went to the chapel at
Ryde, service only once a day at half-past three.
Mr. Gill, a very worthy man, curate there, and two
more churches every Sunday. How we wished to
procure him a good living ; but neither himself nor
his large family ever repine at their situation in life.
The singing very good, accompanied by several
instruments. We had in the morning driven down
to the beach, from which one sees many pretty
houses ; a Mr. Windham's and Dr. Walker's, the
latter supposed to be "Godolphin's Cottage," by
Mrs. Charles Smith in her novel of "Emiline" ; no
doubt a sweet spot, but not equal to that of Sir
Archibald Macdonald's, the Attorney-General's, a
most delightful place, with such a command of the
sea. Dr. Walker, Admiral Hotham,² Sir Hyde,³
and Lady Parker all came that day, and the next
we went to dine at Knighton, the seat of the
latter about six miles from Ryde. Very near them

¹ The price of a single room in the season now !

² Sir William, eleventh Baronet and first Baron Hotham, created so
for his naval services.

³ Sir Hyde, Admiral of the White, knighted for his services in
American war, married Anne Palmer Boteler of Paradise House,
Henley-on-Thames.

1792 in the road is Ashley's Sea-mark,¹ erected in George II.'s reign, 1735. We drove up the hill on which it stands. 'Tis a triangular stone pyramid. Before us was the harbour of Brading, bounded by Bembridge to the right and St. Helens to the left; the view from thence is grand beyond description; the coast of Sussex bounded the distance before us. After this we soon reached Knighton House,² situated in a dale surrounded by woods, from the walks of which are views of the sea. The building, tho' very ancient, is not gloomy, and spacious and pleasing in the inside, tho' the windows are latticed and retain their antique pillars of stone. One part of this stone edifice is finely variegated by ivy binding its gable end; on each side the house is a fine range of woods; on one side of the hill is seen St. Catherine's, on the other the downs of St. Boniface. I took a sketch of the old mansion. We were so agreeably entertain'd with Knighton and its hospital owners, that we did not reach Ryde till very late.

On the 4th we took a ride to see the Priory, Sir Nash Grose's, reckon'd one of the most capital situations and sea views near Ryde. . . . We return'd back a different way along the beach, as the tide was not up by Dr. Walker's and Sir Archibald's. The next day it rained. . . . The fleet lay at Spithead just opposite, only three miles distance.

On Saturday, July 7th, we hired another thirty-ton vessel, whose captain kept the "Bugle Inn," Lower Ryde, as civil a captain as our other, and still more reasonable, as he only ask'd half-a-guinea for the day; he had been recommended by Sir Hyde,

¹ Should be Ashley's Sea-mark, 424 feet above sea.

² This beautiful old house was pulled down in 1820.

who was gone on board the *Duke*, Lord Hood,¹ 1792 commander, having desired to go volunteer for a month's cruise with his Lordship. Seven sail of the line had, as I before mention'd, lain opposite to Ryde all the time we had been there, viz., the *Duke*, *Brunswick*, *Bedford*, *Orion*, *Hannibal*, *Elfreda*, and the *Assistance*, and we heard the news from India before most people in London, as we saw the vessel come in with despatches from Lord Cornwallis,² and Sir Hyde Parker happened to be on board the *Duke* with Lord Hood at the time. But to return to Saturday, when our vessel arrived at the fleet, the Lords of the Admiralty were arrived from Portsmouth, and just going to survey each ship, to see if everything was in proper order before they set sail. Lord Chatham, &c., were on board a ten-oared barge, the men in the neatest uniform of white jackets and trousers, and the band of music playing. Each ship was to be manned, as 'tis termed, as their Lordships enter it, and so entertaining a ceremony I never before saw. On a drum beating, 300 men fly up with such agility, it quite amazes any one not conversant in sea affairs, and in a few moments are standing at the yards and ropes in the most exact order, without any of those fears the lookers-on cannot help feeling for them. In this manner their Lordships went from ship to ship, beginning with the *Duke*, and when the survey of each was over, the drum beat, the music play'd, and they boarded the ten-oar'd barge, and the 300 sailors came down the ropes as quickly as they had ascended, and as the

¹ Admiral Hood, a famous British seaman, born 1724, died 1816.

² Then Governor-General in India, engaged in the war against Tippú Sultán.

1792 barge approach'd the next ship their crew as instantaneously mounted. We follow'd them to as many of the seven as we chose, but wishing to go on board the *Duke* before the above ceremony was concluded, as Lord Hood was to have a turtle-feast for the Lords of the Admiralty, we sail'd back to the *Duke*. Sir Hyde had been so obliging as to signify our intention to Captain Brown, who order'd their barge to come for us, and as we enter'd the ship the music play'd, and we were receiv'd in the highest style of politeness, and ushered into Sir Hyde's elegant apartment; but as he was dressing in an inner cabin for dinner, we insisted on not hindering him; but Captain Brown took us all over the ship. 'Tis a 98-gun man-of-war, and as it was many years since I had been on board one, I was nearly as much astonish'd as our young people and the servants, who had never seen one. . . . The upper deck a fine promenade of 160 feet in length, and the middle one airy and convenient, nor seem'd crowded tho' 600 sailors on board, and that morning there were sent off, as they were to sail so soon, 200 women and children. We were shown the chaplain's, secretary's, and doctor's apartments, with a fine medicine-chest in a closet adjoining. In one room fifteen midshipmen were set down to a hot dinner; in another store-room we were shown the bread and cheese cut, and weigh'd each day's sailor's allowance; in another hung a quantity of beef; all these apartments were below water. Then we went upstairs in a pleasant long room rather low ceil'd, where some of the officers were just going to an early dinner, on account of the grand one between five and six. The day before their Lordships had another turtle, to which they did not get till past

seven. The officers entreated us to partake of their early dinner, which we declin'd, but had cakes and wine and water, as they seem'd quite hurt by a refusal, tho' we had a cold collation on board our vessel, and had ordered a late one at Ryde in the evening. Having seen everything, we took leave of Sir Hyde and the polite officers, and with their band playing were conveyed back to our vessel in their barge.

Sunday.—Went at usual hour to church.

Monday.—Mr. Powys and I, Caroline, and Miss Cooper¹ drove in two whiskys to Newport. Mr. Cooper² went airing by the sea in the chaise with the Doctor. I must not forget to mention how cheap fish were at Ryde. Sand-eels, the nicest little things I ever tasted, like whitebait, one day nine fine mackrel for 1s., lobsters and crabs 4d. a lb., the best shrimps I ever tasted, and another day thirteen whiting-cole, superior to whittings, 9d.—all, they told us, very dear, as the fleet being at Spithead made such a difference in the price of every article.

Dr. Cooper had taken his own whisky, and we had hired one on purpose, as we thought the conveyance so agreeable to what a close carriage would be; but they were of no use in the island, as not wide enough for the ruts, and tho' the roads were certainly much better than I remember them formerly, they may still be call'd very indifferent. The inhabitants brag of their not having one turnpike, but if they had many, one should not mind paying for so great a convenience. But there are whiskys to be hired at all the inns, made for the roads, and they let them out with a little boy as guide and gate-opener, as there are numbers of the latter (the former, very difficult to find)

¹ Daughter of Dr. Cooper.

² Son of Dr. Cooper.

1792 for 4d. a day. Their post-chaise boys all have a chair to sit in instead of a coach-box, and never ride the horses.

All Tuesday morning we, with numerous other people, were waiting at the benches at the end of the village commanding the sea to see the fleet set sail. It was a pretty sight to see the flashes and hear the guns firing of each ship, but they did not set out till Wednesday. We passed the next morn with Mrs. Williams, an agreeable old lady, who resides with her son and daughter at a sweet cottage at Ryde; the son, Captain Williams of the Royal Navy, a very agreeable young man, an intimate acquaintance of Sir Hyde's. Thursday we all paid a morning visit to Lady Parker, who we found very dull at his absence;¹ but as we told her one month was so soon over, we would not let her give way to melancholy, and made a party for the Saturday morning to meet at Newport market, a very fashionable rendezvous, to see the farmers' daughters, so much talked of for their beauty and neatness. When we got to that pretty town, it seem'd as if all the smarts of the island were assembled. The beauties afore mentioned came on horseback with their baskets. They have a room where they new dress, and we were told a hairdresser always attends. We found them arranged in great order in the market, appearing indeed very smart and neat, and many pretty girls, tho' the Beauty of the island was not there that day. There are very excellent shops of all kinds in Newport, and every fashionable thing to be bought there.

¹ Her natural fears for his safety might well be increased by the fact that his father, Sir Hyde, fourth Baronet, after brilliant services in the West Indies, sailed from Rio Janeiro in 1782, and was never heard of again.

Sunday.—Church at the usual time, and a large party to tea, and a long walk in the evening. 1792

Tuesday.—Captain Williams went with us a long walk, to show us Binstead Parsonage and the ruins of Quarr Abbey. Binstead is about a mile and three-quarters from Ryde, through sweet woods, with often a sea view. The Reverend's residence is literally a cottage, but in the most romantic style possible, standing in a sweet garden commanding a view of the ocean, the thatched cottage surrounded by tall firs and other trees. Over the door and each window is the bust of some poet or great man, and under that which stands over the entrance is written in capitals, "Contentment is wealth." Myrtles under every window growing wild. From thence is Quarr Abbey,¹ the ruin of an ancient monastery, a charming walk thro' a wood. 'Tis now only a farmhouse, but you see the walls of the old abbey, and here and there a ruined arch.

Wednesday morning we went a longer excursion to Sandown Fort, about seven miles from Ryde, through the village of Brading, near which we passed a very good house of Sir William Oglander's,² situated in a beautiful vale. When we got to Sandown Fort,³ the roaring of the sea and dashing of the waves was more noble than we had yet seen. It seems it is the only place an enemy could land in the island. We got out of the carriages as the horses seem'd alarm'd, and walk'd along the beach about half a mile to Sandown Cottage, a summer residence of the famous

¹ Founded by Baldwin de Redvers, temp. Henry I., 1132, for Cistercians.

² Nunwell Park, seat of the Oglanders ever since the Conquest.

³ Dates from Charles II.

1792 Mr. Wilkes,¹ commands an uncommon view of the sea and surrounding cliffs, very fine garden, in which is a menagerie. Strangers have leave to see the place by setting down their names in a book kept on purpose. The cottage itself has only a very few small rooms; but as Mr. Wilkes often entertains many families, he has erected in the gardens many of the fashionable canvas ones, fitted up in different manners and of large dimensions. One call'd the "Pavilion," another the "Etruscan," a third a dressing-room of Miss Wilkes, others as bedrooms, all very elegantly furnish'd, and very clever for summer (and in the Isle of Wight, where it seems a robbery was never known), but to us who reside so much nearer to the vicinity of the Metropolis, the idea of being abroad in such open apartments strikes one with some rather small apprehensions. Some of the rooms contain very capital prints and very fine china, indeed altogether well worth seeing, tho' the country round it is not near so pleasing as near Ryde, tho' the sea more noble.

Thursday, the 19th July, we set sail in our own vessel, Lady Parker and her party and our own, for Portsmouth, as we had been inform'd we must see the great annual fair kept there, which lasts three weeks. In about an hour and a half we got near Portsmouth. Had a view of the Navy Hospital, and Southsea Castle. We first sailed round and round all the ships lying there, as the *Royal George*, the *Queen Charlotte*, *Princess Royal*, and others. Captain Williams being with us, showed us in each what was particularly worth our observation, and had

¹ Who called it the "Villakin." Mr. John Wilkes bought it in 1788, and spent most of his time there till his death in 1797.

before asked the favour of Sir Andrew Douglas, 1792 captain of the *Alcide*, to send his ten-oar'd barge to land us at the docks; and Lady Parker had sent her compliments to Mr. White, Master of the Works, to beg he would show her friends his department. He came to us immediately, and I'm sure took infinite trouble in explaining everything to us. The walls of the dockyard are at least two miles in circumference, and contain about eighty-three acres¹ of ground. About 3000 men are usually employ'd there, consisting of labourers of every kind. They were then beginning a new dock, about an acre of ground, and we saw some of the foundation-stones ramm'd down. But what most entertain'd me was the construction of a ship, which Mr. White was so obliging as to show me, in different parts of the yard, in every state from its very commencement to the finishing. In one just begun, we saw about thirty whole trees, which made the arch, after that on the outside are fasten'd planks the contrary way to what the trees go, which are done with wooden pegs, each two feet long (as no nails are used in a ship). From thence we went to the store boat-house, 160 feet in length. It contain'd about three hundred boats of different sorts and sizes, as many slung up to the ceiling as were on the floor. After we had gone over all the works, too numerous to mention, Mr. White insisted on our going to his house after our fatigue, where we were politely entertained with cake and sandwiches, and the gentlemen all said the very finest old hock they ever tasted. His house seems a very good one, and many good pictures. All the buildings in the dockyard seem as

¹ It contains more than 120 acres now.

1792 if quite new built,¹ and have a handsome appearance. From Mr. White's we had another long walk to the fair. The booths were placed regularly down the middle of a very long street. Each indeed might be styl'd a smart shop, furnish'd with every kind of article that could be wanted; shop-bills given at each to ascertain that they sold the very best assortment of everything in the newest taste from London; but the smart shopmen might have added, "and every article much dearer than you could have purchased them in the Metropolis." But I dare say every lady, as well as those of our party, had a "fairing" presented them, and then the extravagance of the price was not thought of. It was just then the fashionable rage for Barcelona handkerchiefs, and such numbers were sold it quite amazed one. We dined at "The Crown." had an elegant dinner, very badly dress'd, at as dirty an inn as I was ever at. After coffee we took another promenade through the fair to get some trifles all of us seem'd to have forgot. Then drank tea, and set off in our vessel for Ryde, with wind and tide both against us. But as it was a delightful still evening, and all fond of the sea, we had no fears, nor got any colds, tho' not at home till past ten, too late for Lady Parker to go to Knighton; so some of their party slept at Captain Williams', and some at the inn. . . .

On Friday, July 20th, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Powys went to Southampton to take lodgings, and returned in the evening, having succeeded, and inform'd us quite in the *genteel* part of the town, being above Bar. On Monday we left the island with regret. Captain Williams had asked Sir Andrew Douglas to let Dr.

¹ It had been burnt down three times, viz., in 1760 from lightning, in 1770, and in 1776 from an incendiary.

Cooper have his man-of-war barge to take him over, 1792 as going in much less time than our large vessel. We were becalm'd, and exactly five hours on board, but being fond of the sea and a fine day, we were not tired of our long voyage, but we afterwards heard they were thirteen hours going back; that indeed would have been rather too long for even the gentlemen's patience to have held out; what would have become of the ladies' fortitude I know not. We got to our lodgings by dinner-time, and met Mr. and Mrs. Horne of Bevis Mount, who desired us to come and breakfast with them the next morning. . . . 'Tis only a mile from the town. A most elegant breakfast waited our arrival. I was rather disappointed in the house and grounds. The house Mr. Horne is greatly improving, but they own the Leasowes, (Mr. Shenstone's), which they had just sold when they purchased Bevis Mount, was far the prettiest spot.

Wednesday it rain'd the whole day. Thursday we call'd on Lord and Lady Macclesfield,¹ whose family came to Southampton the day after us, and after our visit to them we drove in our whiskys to see Netley Abbey, rather preferring a drive round Southampton Ride than crossing at Itchen Ferry. 'Tis a pleasant round, and one passes many sweet houses. The first, Belle Vue, a fine prospect . . . now the residence of Sir Richard King. The next, Bevis Hill, General Hibbert's, &c. In a vale farther on, about three miles from Southampton, is Hans Sloane's,² Esq., a good brick house. . . . Netley Abbey is, without exception, one of the first objects of its kind in Great Britain. It at present belongs to a Mr. Dance, who married the widow of Mr. Dummer, his predecessor, who enclosed the

¹ Home neighbours at Shirburn Castle, Oxon.

² Paultons.

1792 venerable ruins with a wall. The beautiful woods surrounding it, and prospect from it, command the stranger's attention in a peculiar manner, and the venerable pile is really one of the most picturesque objects I ever saw. The architecture is grand, and the east window of the church must have been uncommonly fine. A small part of the beautiful ceiling still remains, and a spiral stone staircase that went to the gallery is not yet fallen in. . . . Godwin and Leland say that it was founded by Peter de Rupibus, who died 1238, but Tanner attributes it to Henry III., who, A.D. 1239, founded an abbey of Cistercian monks, with whom Dugdale agrees. The chapel is in form of a cross; some remains of a refectory and kitchen appear. The whole is so overgrown with ivy as to inspire the most pleasing melancholy. The present vulgar opinion of what is call'd the Abbot's Kitchen is deem'd a subterranean passage leading to the castle.

Saturday, 28th.—We drove in the whisky to see Broadlands, the seat of Lord Palmerston; they were then gone abroad, which we were sorry for, being acquainted with the family; besides, we could not but be anxious as the troubles had commenced in France,¹ and they had taken their four children with them. . . . The house is undoubtedly good, but not grand. The entrance gives one the best idea, as you ascend a pleasing portico; but the inside, from the Italian taste, strikes me with gloominess, as the height of all the windows is dreadful, and one may judge must be uncomfortably so, as Lady Palmerston has a settee on wheels, which is placed on two or three steps; and on inquiring from the housekeeper what that was for, she

¹ This was the year of the National Convention.

replied that her Ladyship might *see* out of the windows. 1792
There is a desk on it to read, write, or draw upon, so that the machine is clever, only nowadays, when all windows are down to the ground, one should be more averse to ascend to have a prospect. The hall is adorn'd with very fine statues, and the collection of pictures all over the house very capital. . . .

Monday, 30th.—We set out to see a part of the Isle of Wight we had not before, and went to Lymington early in the morning. The first village we passed was Milbrook, next by the village of Redbridge, which bridge (as they were building a new stone one), was rather a tremendous road, but we got safe over it. . . . Soon after you are through the village and that of Totton you reach the New Forest, and see your straight road for many miles, which to me is ever a disagreeable view; but the beauty of that forest in some measure makes amends, as the trees are so noble, and many grand clumps, through which, in the most picturesque manner, one sees other woody lanes, uncommon, and therefore very striking to the eye. This forest, we were told, is at least forty miles in circumference. Lyndhurst, a pleasant village, and much frequented in the summer season, is ten miles from Southampton, situated in the heart of the forest, on the declivity of a hill. It once boasted of a monarch for its inhabitant. The King's House¹ indeed, as a royal one, makes an indifferent appearance; 'tis now the Duke of Gloucester's, who is Ranger. It commands a fine view of the Southampton river and the sea. On the left, soon after you leave the town, is Foxlease, the seat of Sir Philip Jennings Clerk

¹ The official residence of the Ranger, and where the Forest Courts are held.

1792 (Lady Jennings now lets it); Burleigh Lodge and Cuffnells, now George Rose's, Esq., secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The seat of the Compton Willis's merits the notice of people of taste. Proceeding thro' Brockenhurst, three miles from Lyndhurst is the seat of Edward Morant, Esq., a very fine house.¹ In about another five miles, in which is an uninterrupted view of the Isle of Wight, we got to Lymington, a small neat seaport, eighteen miles from Southampton. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence, from which the island is but a short passage by sea, not far from the celebrated rocks called the Needles. Near this place are said to be the most famous saltworks in the kingdom. The quay is spacious. Ships of considerable burthen sail from this place. Hurst Castle is nearly opposite this town. We stayed at Lymington no longer than to have some sandwiches; and leaving our carriages, as we imagined we could hire some vehicle at Yarmouth, we took a vessel, which conveyed us the seven miles in about an hour and a half. When we landed at Yarmouth, to our sorrow, we were inform'd the only post-chaise was gone with another party, and as we were determin'd not to lose the fine view of Fresh-water, we had no alternative but to walk part of the way, first taking a boat, which in about an hour row'd us to the church, where we landed, and had then about two miles to walk to the cliff, and when we arrived the view fully answer'd our fatigue. There we rested on a bench, where the waves dash'd just up to us. We then mounted the cliffs, and came on Afton Down, which commands a most noble view of the sea, something like that at Mr. Wilkes', but, the cliff

¹ Brockenhurst Park.

being higher and more broken, renders this more 1792
sublimely beautiful. The fine white sand, the vein
of which runs (as the miners inform'd us), entirely
through from the extremity of the point opposite
Yarmouth to the downs of Afton. It belongs to a
Mr. Urry of Yarmouth; the profit very great indeed.
Vessels lie in Alum Bay to load with it, being the
only sort in these kingdoms fit for making the white
glass, and 'tis likewise used for the china manufacture
at Worcester; nor will any other do for these uses.
We walk'd back to Yarmouth, got there about eight
in the evening, and were not sorry to find our dinner
ready at a very small neat inn ("The Angel"). . . .
About nine the next morning we got into our vessel
and arrived at Lymington; there we breakfasted, and
set off in our whiskys for Southampton. Southampton
is one of the most neat and pleasant towns I ever saw,
twelve miles from Winchester; was once wall'd round,
many large stones of which are still remaining. There
were four gates, only three now. It consists chiefly
of one long fine street of three-quarters of a mile in
length, called the High Street, and in Leland's time
was supposed to be the finest street of any town in
England. The Polygon (not far distant), could the
original plan been completed, 'tis said, would have
been one of the first places in the kingdom, perhaps
in the world, regarded in the view of modern archi-
tecture. At the extremity a capital building was
erected, with two detached wings and colonnades. The
centre was an elegant tavern, with assembly, card-
rooms, &c., &c., and at each wing hotels to accommo-
date the nobility and gentry. The tavern is taken
down, but the wings converted into genteel houses.
On the 3rd August 1792 the first stone of the new

1792 church, called All Saints, was laid. We saw it from a stand erected in the High Street just opposite, and the windows of every house were filled with company to see the procession of mayor and aldermen, attended to and from the other church¹ by a vast concourse of people. A very fine sermon was there preach'd by Mr. Scott, and an anthem sung. When divine service was over, about half-past one, they all proceeded to the spot where the inscription, on a glass plate, was read with an audible voice by the town-clerk, signifying "that the first stone of All Saints Church was laid on the 3rd of August 1792 by Mr. Donellen, Grand Freemason" (this gentleman is son to George II., and very like the present royal family). They call'd for silence when he read it, and it was then placed by him between two stones, and let down by pullies; then a prayer was said by Mr. Scott, and the most profound silence was preserv'd till the amen was resounded by the multitude; then three times three, after which the celebrated Mr. Bird sang "Rule Britannia;" and, after he had done, three times three again, when all dispersed, and the gentlemen retired to a grand entertainment.

Our time at Southampton was indeed spent pleasantly. . . . Lady Hyde Parker and Captain Williams breakfasted with us the morning we set out, August 7th. We stopped at Winchester, and lay that night at a most excellent inn at Popham Lane. The next day set off about twelve, passed Kempshot, the Prince of Wales' hunting-box; nothing remarkably pleasing in the view of it; stopped at a neat little inn on Heckfield Heath, just by Lord Rivers' park, and got about

¹ St. Lawrence.

five to dinner at Dr. Cooper's at Sonning;¹ lay there 1792 that night, and got home to Fawley to dinner on August 9th, after a most pleasant tour, which we should all have enjoyed in a much greater degree had we not visibly seen poor Dr. Cooper's health daily declining, though the journey seem'd to have been of service as often as we changed the air; but at last we thought him too far gone to be at any great distance from home, and entreated him to return, which he always seem'd unwilling to do, perhaps thinking it might be less anxiety to his children if he had died at any other place, as never were father and children more fond or attentive to each others' happiness.

August 14th.—We went to stay at Hardwick. On 15th had a very pleasant day upon the water; went in a large boat, and dined at Goring Spring,² formerly famous for its water. It belongs to Mr. Powys.

August 27th.—Died at his living at Sonning, the Rev. Dr. Cooper³ very much regretted by all his friends.

August 28th.—The Reading races. The middle night we were at the play, "The Child of Nature," and "No Song no Supper." We had been at the races the first day, and were set off for the course on

¹ Dr. Cooper was vicar of Sonning, Berks, and rector of Whaddon, near Bath.

² Goring Spring, now little used, was reckoned good for ulcers, sore eyes, scorbutic affections. Mr. Richard Lybbe, hearing complaints of water being sold, not from the spring, ordered every vessel to be filled and sealed with his arms, certain people to supply it, and limited the charge to 1d. a quart for attendance and sealing. *Reading Mercury* of February 13th, 1724, gives a long list of persons cured.

³ Edward Cooper, son of Gislingham Cooper and his wife, Anne Whitelock, joined his mother in selling Phyllis Court and Henley Manor to Sambrook Freeman in 1768. His portrait represents a rosy, round-faced divine, with a most amiable expression.

1792 this too, but unfortunately were overturn'd, or I may say fortunately, as neither my poor mother, Caroline, or myself were the least hurt. Caroline and I at first thought of not attending the theatre after this accident, but in the space of an hour or two we had so many inquiries, and report, as is generally the case, had made us all suffer such a number of misfortunes, that we determined to show ourselves alive and well ; so had the glasses of our coach mended, and enter'd the playhouse, to the infinite surprise of all our acquaintances, and received such numerous congratulations as were quite flattering.

September 28th.—Our first winter, Henley ball.

November 14th.—Died Sir Sidney Meadows,¹ aged 92. Had rode that day in his riding-house. We went into mourning for him Sunday 25th.

December 11th.—Miss Cooper married to Captain Williams,² of the Navy. They set off for his house in the Isle of Wight.

December 28th.—Last Henley ball for the season.

1793 *January 1st, 1793.*—We went to Hardwick for some days.

March 14th was the day our dear Caroline was married to Mr. Cooper, son of the late Dr. Cooper, of Sonning, Berks, a match that gave all her friends the highest satisfaction, as there cannot be a more worthy young man. We had all intended to have had the ceremony perform'd in London, but found some difficulties about residence, parish, &c., so determin'd to have it at Fawley ; so sent to our son Thomas not to come up, but meet us there, with Phil and Louisa. I was so affected with the loss of my dear girl (who till

¹ Mr. Powys's grandmother was a daughter of Sir Philip Meadows.

² *Vide* Isle of Wight Tour, same year.

latterly I had never parted with for even one night), 1793 that I dreaded how I should behave at the time. They all persuaded me not to go with her; so her father, Mr. Cooper, and herself went to Fawley the day before, and the ceremony was over before any but our own family knew that it was to be performed there. And Tom, who had been all the week before in parties in our large neighbourhood, was afterwards complimented at keeping a secret even better than a lady! As soon as it was over, Mr. Powys and Tom set off for London, and Phil and Louisa for Hardwick, the bride and bridegroom for Sonning.

September 18th.—To stay at Hardwick, and 26th at Wasing Place.

October 25th.—Paid a visit at Mr. Grote's,¹ to the bride, Mrs. George Grote. Dear little Henry was inoculated² at Hardwick by Mr. Coulson of Henley, and had the small-pox as favourably as possible.

October 18th and November 14th.—Two Henley balls; another December 20th, very full, and ended the year with great *éclat*.

Here ends my sort of journal for the year 1793; for though in my annual pocket-book I always set down the visits of each day, yet here it would take up too much room; for in so excellent and agreeable a neighbourhood it would be a constant repetition of dinners at each mansion within seven or eight miles round.

This was a very mild winter, no snow till February 1794 28th, and that soon went off.

Will Heath, our gardener George's son, kill'd by a bull at Fawley Court.

¹ Badgemore, Oxon. Mrs. G. Grote, a remarkably clever woman, wife of the historian, and wrote his Memoirs.

² Introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1721.

1794 *March 12th.*—Mr. Powys and I went to Bath.

March 25th.—Went to Bristol; dined at the Dean's.

On 27th went to see Miss Wallace in "The Child of Nature." She left Bath soon after for the London theatre.

April 24th.—My brother went to London to Lord Bayham's, on the death of Lord Camden.¹

July 23rd.—My mother went to her house at Henley.

August 25th.—Mr. Powys and myself went to Mrs. Micklem's, at Reading, for the races. Lords Radnor, and Craven, stewards. Races tolerable, the second ball very good. Four brides, all pretty women, Mrs. Chute of the Vine, Mrs. Derby, Mrs. Stevens, and Mrs. . Mr. Annesley, of Blechingdon, had a horse run the first day, and won; another the second, and that won. The play acted, as usual, the middle night. On the 29th, the day after the races, Mr. Dundas, chosen Member for the county in room of Mr. Hartley, made the town very gay. A great procession about one o'clock thro' every street. Mr Dundas, accompanied by many gentlemen on horseback and six or seven carriages followed with the freeholders of Berks.

September 2nd.—I rode my poor black horse for the last time; soon after he went blind, and seem'd so uncomfortable to himself, that we thought it were charitable to put him out of his misery, tho' I believe all the family joined with me in tears on this occasion.

October 27.—Our dear Caroline² brought to bed of a son.

December 3rd.—Edward Philip Cooper was chris-

¹ Lord Camden died April 18, 1794.

² Her daughter, Mrs. Cooper.

tened at Harpsden Church.¹ My mother, Mr. Powys, 1794 Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Henry Austen, sponsors. He had been half-christened before.

December 17th.—The severe frost began.

December 25th, Christmas Day.—It begun to snow early, and lay very deep. *N.B.*—The weather was so bad from the 17th that we never could use the horses for seven weeks.

On the 9th January they dined at Henley Park, 1795 obliged to walk there, accompanied by the maid with bundles of clothes, as horses could not be used from snow and ice. Mrs. Powys stayed two nights, and says, "In the evenings we play'd many pools at quadrille: that old game was now become fashionable. Had to walk back in the style we came."

January 24th.—The coldest day that has been known for years; the glass down to 8.

January 26th.—Snow'd harder than at all, had never been off the ground, but thawed by the sun in the daytime, and always froze hard in the night.

February 2nd.—The gentlemen had to walk to their club at Henley. The intense cold all January was hardly bearable. I could do nothing but read, was forced to keep warm gloves on, and never quitted the fireside when indoors, tho' made it a rule to walk every day when the snow was not falling. People were sadly alarm'd about firing, as the coals at Reading and Henley were just gone, and vessels² could not get up with more. We thought ourselves particularly fortunate that our London stock lasted till the last week, when we got half a sack from Henley, of

¹ Mr. Cooper, then in holy orders, was curate at Harpsden for the Rev. Thomas Leigh, rector, who was non-resident.

² This shows the coals were conveyed in barges.

1795 such terrible sweepings up that they were really of little use, and no wood to be got.

On the 8th February the thaw began ; on the 9th a fog and rain, most of the snow gone, but the ice very thick, and such floods all round Henley, even at Fawley, which on such a hill appear'd quite a phenomenon ; but the ponds being full of ice, and the ground so hard that rain could not penetrate either, the water ran down the yard and avenue in torrents. On the 11th, managed to drive to Harpsden to see my Caroline, as we had never met since the 23rd December. On the 12th, Phil, Louisa, and Henry came to Fawley, as we had not seen them for the same length of time, but, at the distance of Hardwick, was less surprising ; but the weather had not done with us, for at eleven that night it began again to snow.

On the 18th, the hardest frost, and the coldest night, we have had at all. The three following days it snowed all day.

February 25th, the Fast.—My brother being in residence at Bristol, our son, Mr. Cooper, preach'd. The frost had lasted eleven weeks on the fast-day.

March 1st.—Snow as deep on the ground as ever.

March 13th.—Snow not all gone ; had been on the ground thirteen weeks.

March 24th.—Went to Hardwick ; fine weather.

April 14th.—Mr. Powys and myself went to London. Much ill-health after the severe weather. London and Bath worse than the country.

April 16th.—In the morning went to Mrs. Dawson's, the famous milliner in Pall Mall, to see the new Princess of Wales¹ go for the first time to

¹ The unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, who had been married to the Prince of Wales on April 8, 1795.

the drawing-room in her new state coach. The 1795 crowd, as one might suppose, was immense ; no carriages allowed to go up or down Pall Mall ; but as it was a fine day, the companies who could not get into the houses walk'd for some hours up and down, and when the Prince's carriages came, made a lane for them to pass. It certainly was a fine sight, tho' almost too gaudy to be pleasing. On Saturday, we being out in the carriages, were stopped by another procession of eighteen carriages, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs going with the address on the Prince's marriage.

April 23rd, First day of Term.—The Lord Chancellor and Judges, attended by forty carriages, went by Mr. Shrimpton's.¹

April 29th.—We went to see the panorama views² of the cities of London and Bath. The latter so very pleasing and exact, altogether a most wonderful performance.

April 30th.—At the play of "The Country Girl." Mrs. Jordan excellent as usual.

May 5th.—At the play "Wheel of Fortune."

May 9th.—At the exhibition of pictures of Lord Howe's³ victory. Vastly well worth seeing ; and another, an exhibition of the House of Commons, in a large picture on one side of the room, all the portraits in that painted in a large size ; and hung up on the other side the same apartment, the likenesses of all the gentlemen I know, so exact they must give pleasure.

¹ Where they were staying ; Mr. Shrimpton had married their friend Miss Ewer.

² At the Colosseum, Regent's Park.

³ On 1st June 1794 against the French off Ushant.

1795 The 10th May, the weather again very cold ; fires begun again. The last day of our stay in town with our kind friends. . . . London life now is every evening from card-party to card-party, where the heat of the room is hardly bearable, which, with the terrible late hours of the present time, makes one not the least wonder that most people are complaining of bad health.

Mr. Powys and myself return'd to Fawley, I cannot say (tho' in the country), to still life, for except in the most important point of late hours, our most agreeable and sociable neighbourhood never suffer their friends to pass a day solo.

June 9th.—At the course at Ascot Races. The Royal family there, but being but indifferent weather, did not get out of their carriages.

June 11th, Thursday.—Again at the races, and being a fine day, all the Royal family there. They first drove about in their coaches ; the Princess Royal in a very low phaeton and six Shetland ponies. The Princess of Wales got out of her coach, and went into a sort of summer-house built for the family. We saw her kneel down and kiss the Queen. After that everybody had a near view of her Highness, as the Queen and about sixteen of them came down and walk'd with the King, Prince, &c., for two hours within the railing. The company whose carriages were not near enough, got out and leant on the railing, and immense was the crowd ; but the Royal family walked round and round in a group, that every one might see their new Princess, who seem'd very lively, beautiful complexion, fine hair, and altogether a pretty little figure, tho' not handsome ; dressed (perhaps on purpose), rather particular, as the other fifteen ladies were in

the dress of the times, all clear muslins ; so had her Highness, but under it a pink petticoat, which look'd remarkable. She had a purple sash and hat, and a black lace cloak. There was a cover'd tent within these rails, where the Royal family all dined, and then walk'd about again. The King without his hat, looking so happy and good-humour'd. Before they went away they all drove about in their carriages again, and left the numerous spectators all expressing their satisfaction at the day's diversions, as there had been besides very great sport on the turf. 1795

June 13th.—Poor Mrs. West¹ died at Rose Hill, to the great grief of all who knew her. 'Twas a sad task upon us to break the event to our Louisa, her sister (Mrs. P. Lybbe Powys, junior), who was then very near lying-in. Mrs. West was buried on Wednesday 17th, at Walgrave Church, by my brother Powys, who half-christened the child, who was vastly well, and a lovely baby.

June 21st.—The longest day ; had fires from the morning, which was a very white frost !

Went to Mrs. Scott's in the morning (Danesfield) ; met Lady Skinner and Mrs. Law, who had walk'd from Culham Court.² We all went to see Medmenham Abbey, formerly a famous spot much frequented by Lord Le Despencer, Wilkes, &c.

June 26th.—A vast deal of rain, and so cold we still *had fires* !

July 3rd.—Louisa Powys brought to bed of a girl (Caroline Louisa), at Hardwick House at three in the morning.

¹ *Née* Charlotte Michell.

² Culham Court was then let to Mr. and Mrs. Law. Rose Hill was built by General Hart in Chinese style ; had spiral turrets, bells, and dragons.

1795 On Thursday, 9th July, to the infinite regret of every one who knew him, died at Park Place, Marshal Conway,¹ one of the most worthy of men. My brother and Mr. Powys had that morning walk'd with him over his delightful grounds, yet one cannot say we were surpris'd at so sudden a seizure at his age, and with his complaints. It was what we had long been apprehensive of; and that they might not live to enjoy the alterations they were making, which were now nearly completed, having made the house equal to the spot it stands upon. . . . Whoever are the next possessors of it, the present inhabitants of the country must ever remember the kindness and affability of the Marshal and Lady Ailesbury.

July 13th.—My brother Powys set out for Ireland on a visit to Lord Camden. He was appointed first chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant on his going there. Soon after my Lord wrote him word the bishopric of Killala was vacant and at his service, worth about £3000 a year. My brother sent my Lord word, tho' he must ever feel infinitely obliged by his kind intention, yet at his time of life, to leave family, friends, and country were three things to give up that more than balanced the *three thousand* a year.

July 29th.—We had a water-party with the Freemans of Fawley Court, who have a delightful boat, with awning, and every convenience of curtains, &c., to secure one from bad weather. We set off for Clifden Spring. Took up Mr. and Mrs. Law from

¹ Conway's picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, represents him as a good figure, a high, slightly retreating forehead, dark eyes, aquiline nose, well-formed mouth and chin, and amiable expression. Conway had a slight paralytic stroke in July 1776, but he died of cramp in the stomach, brought on by over-fatigue, and exposure to weather.

Culham Court. It was too cold to dine as usual on the turf, so got out and walk'd while everything in the boat was got ready for dinner. 1795

We had all a curiosity to see the ruins of the once magnificent Clifden House, so we set off, and mounted a very steep hill; the whole fabric, except one wing, a scene of ruin—the flight of stone steps all fallen in pieces; but what seem'd the most unaccountable was, that the hall, which had fell in, and was a mass of stone pillars and bricks all in pieces, but two deal folding-doors not the least hurt, looking as if just fresh painted! They were the entrance into the inner hall; an archway over them had fallen in. Poor Lady Orkney¹ was then residing in the remaining wing. It seems she was much affected by a will that was deposited in a place where the flames were too fierce for anyone to venture, tho' she tried herself, and a man offer'd to venture too. The contents were not known, as it was not to be opened till her second son came of age. The fire at Clifden was on May 20th. We din'd at Mrs. Freeman's at Henley Park that night, and about 9.30 the servants came and told us Windsor Castle was on fire. On returning to Fawley Rectory, we saw the roof fall in—a tremendous sight; but on reaching the rectory, from my dressing-room window I saw it could not be Windsor Castle. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a servant turning down a bed. Very few articles of value were saved. The loss is estimated at £50,000.

August 5th.—Went to Mr. Fane's at Wormsley, to pay them and the Dowager Lady Macclesfield² a

¹ Mary, third Countess of Orkney, daughter of the Countess of Orkney, and Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond.

² Mary, widow of third Earl Macclesfield.

1795 visit. Her Ladyship went next day to her house at Shirburn Woods.

August 23rd.—Fawley Church opened after being repaired.

August 25th.—My brother return'd that day from Ireland, very much entertain'd by his visits to the Lord Lietunant,¹ and admiring many parts of that country, tho' not regretting having refused being a bishop there. He told us 'tis amazing the style of living at the Castle, Dublin, and Phoenix Park. His King *there*, he said, lived with infinitely more state than his King in *England*! Lord Camden sent Caroline and me each an Irish stuff.²

August 28th.—A fishing-party with the Coopers. Took a cold dinner to Mr. Freeman's island. I caught two dozen and three.

September 2nd.—Had our annual buck from Blenheim.

September 9th.—Fishing-party and cold dinner at Medmenham Abbey.

September 15th.—To Hardwick.

September 16th.—Phil's little daughter christened at Whitchurch by the name of Caroline Louisa—Mr. West, Caroline, and myself godparents.

September 22nd.—A fishing-party with the Laws, Culham Court. The Goldings with them; caught thirty-two dozen gudgeon. I caught six dozen and four that day.

November 26th.—Another fishing-party with the Fawley Court family, &c. We had a very elegant dinner at their island.

November 29th.—Our dear Caroline³ brought to bed of a daughter, Isabella Mary.

¹ His old pupil, first Marquis Camden.

² Poplins.

³ Mrs. Cooper, of Harpsden Rectory.

December 14th.—Mr. Powys and myself dined at 1795 Park Place.¹ Lady Ailesbury insisted on our going. It was a visit we much wished to avoid, as her Ladyship was going to quit that sweet place for ever the next day but one, and, of course, everything bore so melancholy an appearance that it was hardly possible to keep up one's spirits on the thoughts of losing so kind a neighbour. Mrs. S. Hervey, Mrs. Jennings,² &c., were there.

January 1st, 1796.—At the christening of Isabella 1796 Mary (Cooper), at Harpsden, myself and Mrs. Leigh godmothers, Dr. Powys godfather. Stayed to dinner and supper; not home till two in the morning. Weather very different from last year; quite mild, had no frosts, but high winds and rain.

I paid my first visit to Mrs. Atkyns,³ Crouchley Park.

January 7th.—The Princess of Wales brought to bed of a daughter.⁴ *N.B.*—On my birthday!

February 18th.—The Gentlemen's Club at March's, "Red Lion," (Henley-on-Thames).

February 22nd.—The same. Louisa and I dined with the Coopers, who were return'd from the Isle of Wight, and who were fortunate to see Captain Williams, who came to refit his ship, and *was detain'd a whole month for want of an east wind.*

Thursday, February 25th.—Mr. Powys and myself to Bath. Mr. P.'s health had long wanted the waters,

¹ Amongst other gifts Lady Ailesbury gave Mrs. Powys when leaving Park Place, were fourteen quires of paper containing plants, sea-weeds, roses, &c., she had collected.

² Of Shiplake Court.

³ Crowsley Park, Oxon. Mr. Atkyns was heir to his aunt, Mrs. Wright, and after her death assumed the name of Atkyns Wright.

⁴ Princess Charlotte.

1796 but I was too ill to go sooner. Lay that night at Mrs. Micklem's, Reading. Set off next morning at 7.30 A.M.; got to the "White Lion," Bath, by six. Next morning into lodgings, No. 9 George Street.

March 9th.—Had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Randolph preach, and on fast-day my brother, Mr. Powys, came from Bristol to preach at the Octagon, whose sermon was so generally admir'd, he was much desir'd to print it. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Powys' health mend daily, my own was very indifferent the whole time I was there. Only went to two plays and one dress-ball, but card-parties impossible to escape, both at Bath and London. One evening was much entertain'd by Breslaus,¹ whom we had not seen for years. At one time he made five or six of us think of the same card, desired from different gentlemen each to take a piece of money from their own pockets, mark them as they liked, lay each down on the table under a card. He never came near the table, but in a few minutes desired them to look for their own pieces under some lids of boxes on another table, and see if their marks were what they made. Wonderful how he could deceive one. The elegant new pump-room is finish'd since we were last at Bath, which renders the crowd in meeting there, much more commodious than it used to be.

April 4th.—Left Bath for home.

April 14th.—Dined at West's, Rose Hill. The christening of his little girl.

June 21st.—We dined at Mrs. Winford's, Thames Bank, and went before dinner to see Mr. Williams' new house, called Temple,² near Marlow. It's certainly

¹ A conjurer.

² The seat of General Owen P. Williams.

a very good one, but fitted up and furnish'd in so 1796
odd and superb a style, that one cannot help fancy-
ing oneself in one of those palaces mention'd in the
Arabian Nights' Entertainments ; but what surprised
us, there is not a picture, but that of Mr. Williams
himself. Statues of every kind, and at the farther
end of a most magnificent greenhouse is an aviary
full of all kinds of birds, flying loose in a large octagon
of gilt wire, in which is a fountain in the centre, and
in the evening 'tis illuminated by wax-lights, while
the water falls down some rock-work in form of a
cascade. This has a pretty effect, but seems to alarm
its beautiful inhabitants, and must be cold for them,
I should imagine. . . . We came away amazingly
pleased with having seen so extraordinary a place as
Temple must be justly esteem'd.

July 2nd.—Our daughter, Louisa Powys, brought
to bed of a girl.

July 6th.—Stayed with Caroline, Mr. Cooper being
gone to London to meet his brother,¹ Captain Williams,
who soon after had the honour of being knighted by
his Majesty for his gallant behaviour at sea.

July 16th.—My brother received a letter from his
Excellency Lord Camden, saying that Lord Rawdon,
a few days before, had offer'd him a living in Essex
to give to any one he chose, and if it was agreeable
to our son Thomas,² it was at his service. So very
unexpected a kindness from his Lordship, through
whose interest my brother Dr. Powys had only the
week before received the promise of being made a
Canon of Windsor, was almost too much for our grati-
tude to express by thanks.

¹ Brother-in-law.

² Mrs. Powys's second son. It was High Rhoding, in Essex.

1796 *July 23rd.*—We all dined at the Speaker's, Mr. Addington,¹ at Woodley Lodge,² near Reading.

July 26th.—My brother the Doctor went to London to kiss hands on being made Canon of Windsor.

It is impossible to quote all Mrs. Powys's diary, and only the most generally interesting portions are selected, but to those who are interested in the neighbourhood of Fawley, I give the following list of people living in the different houses with whom a ceaseless round of hospitality was given and exchanged. Her *most intimate friends* were her own relations the Coopers of Harpsden, and Bix; Mr. West of Culham and Rose Hill, brother-in-law of Mrs. Lybbe Powys, junior; the Freemans of Henley Park and Fawley Court; Winfords of Thames Bank; Grotes of Badgemoor; Stonors of Stonor, (afterwards Lord Camoys); Atkyns Wrights of Crowsley; Laws, then renting Culham Court; Botelers of "Paradise House," Henley; Macclesfields of Shirburn Castle; the Fanes of Wormsley, and Stapletons of Greys; Hall of Harpsden Court; Fanshawes, Jennings, and Howmans of Shiplake. The Rev. Arthur Howman was vicar of Shiplake fifty years; he was also a Canon of Windsor, &c.

August 4th.—Dr. Powys went to his month's residence at Windsor, and on 14th September dined at Mr. West's,³ Culham Court.

October 7th.—Lady Williams sent for from Harps-

¹ Afterwards Prime Minister, and in 1805 created Viscount Sidmouth. Married only daughter of Lord Stowell.

² Now called Earley Court.

³ Mr. West from thenceforth lived at Culham Court. The Laws, his late tenants, continued to live in the neighbourhood.

den to Portsmouth, to meet Sir Thomas there, who 1796 had taken five more frigates.

October 18th.—The Coopers, Mr. Coulson, and all of us to Hardwick. Sophia Charlotte's christening at Whitchurch. Dr. Powys godfather. Tom performed the ceremony.

October 22nd.—All our gentlemen dined with Mr. Cooper of Bix, on a turtle.

November 7th.—I paid my first visit to Lady Malmesbury,¹ as that family were just come to Park Place, which they had purchased on the death of our ever-to-be-regretted neighbour, Marshal Conway.

November 22nd.—Went from Hardwick, where we had been staying, to Bath.

November 26th.—The Duke² and Duchess of York came to their house in the Crescent, the centre one, which they have just purchased, and the next day the Prince of Wales came to them. We were that Sunday at Queen's Square Chapel. The Duchess had taken a seat there, and was handed in by one of the gentlemen, her attendants, and the beautiful Mrs. Bunbury³ was with her Royal Highness.

November 30th.—At the concert new rooms to hear Signora Storacé.

December 3rd.—At the play, "The Dramatist," and "Agreeable Surprise." The Duchess there, who was at all the public amusements.

December 15th.—Mr. Shrimpton and Mr. Powys dined at the Marquis of Lansdowne's.⁴ Among many

¹ Lord Malmesbury, a diplomatist of the first rank, son of James Harris, Secretary and Controller of Household to Queen Charlotte.

² Second son of George III.

³ Lady Sarah Bunbury, *née* Lennox, daughter of second Duke of Richmond, much admired by George III. in his youth.

⁴ William, second Marquis.

1796 other gentlemen the Archbishop of Bordeaux, a very agreeable man. He could not talk English. He now lives on a pension from our Government, tho' formerly in such state and magnificence at Bordeaux, as to have treated two regiments in his courtyard.

December 22nd.—At the play to see Miss Wallace as "Beatrice," in "With the Lock and Key."

December 28th.—To see Miss Wallace act "The Jealous Wife," which she performed incomparably.

1797 *January 2nd, 1797.*—Monday, January 2, was Mr. Tyson's ball at the Upper Rooms,¹ and I fancy never any master of the ceremonies had a fuller, or one more magnificent, from the number of persons of quality then at Bath, of whom I will set down a list of those I can recollect seeing there. We were obliged to go an hour before it began to get a tolerable place, but by that means were fortunate to get very good ones near the throne (sofa, so called), placed there for the Royal Family. When they enter'd, the whole company got up, and continued standing while "God Save the King" and "The Duke of York's² March" was played. The Duchess of York, and Princess of Orange were first led up the room and seated on the throne, the ladies of quality on benches on each side. The gentlemen none of them sat down, but the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, the Stadtholder, Prince of Orange, and many noblemen stood and talk'd to the ladies till the ball began, when they mixed with the crowd, which was immense, above 1400.³ I will now put down the

¹ Built by Wood in 1771, not the same rooms Beau Nash ruled over till his death in 1761.

² The Duke was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

³ The ball-room of the Upper Assembly Rooms was 106 feet long.

names of the nobility I remember to have been there, 1797
tho' I've no doubt I shall omit many.

Prince of Wales.
Duke and Duchess of York.
The Stadtholder and Princess of Orange.
The Prince of Orange.
Lord and Lady Harcourt.
The Chancellor¹ and Lady Loughborough.
Lady Mary Howe, and her sister.
Lord and Lady Clifden.
Earl of Sussex.
Earl of Galloway.
Earl of Miltown.
Earl of Strafford.
Lord Molesworth.
Viscountess Downe.
Earl of Peterborough
Lord Ashbrook.
Lady de Clifford.
Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford.
Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.
Duchess of Rutland.
Marquis of Bute.
Earl and Countess Inchiquin.
Right Hon. Lord Caledon.
Lady Mary Knox.
Earl and Countess of Altamont.
Countess of Ormonde.
Lady E. Butler.
Lady G. Sutton.
Earl Milton.
Lord Thynne.
Marquis of Worcester.
Lord Malden.
Lady Elizabeth Chaplin, Lady C. Johnstone.
Count Travinville.
Earl and Countess of Cork.
Duke and Duchess of Newcastle and two daughters.
Earl of Peterborough.

¹ Then Lord High Chancellor.

1797

Earl of Plymouth.
 Lord and Lady Hood.
 Lord Coleraine.
 Marquis of Lansdowne.
 Countess of Ely.
 Lady Malmesbury.
 Lords George and J. Beresford.
 Besides Baronets and their wives, innumerable.

January 3rd.—At the play “The Deuce is in Him.” The Royal Family there, and when Signora Storacé sang “God Save the King,” I do believe half the audience shed tears, as her manner, voice, and action was beyond anything one could imagine.

January 6th.—King’s ball ; the master of the ceremonies of lower rooms ; a very full one, but nothing like Tyson’s. Indeed, many of the nobility had gone, and the Prince, Duke, and Stadtholder’s family ; very disagreeably crowded ; rooms smaller. The Duchess of York left early.

Mrs. Norman had her post-chaise weighed, and it was thirteen and a half cwt. and five pounds, without the coach-box, trunk, chaise seat, or imperial. We none of us imagin’d it would have been so much. The pump-woman gives £1000 a year for the place. To mend the road two miles the London way costs £22 a week.

January 11th.—We walked about the whole morning to take leave of our favourite place. The pump-room very full of company, many emigrants, and one with large gold earrings ; to us in England this appear’d extraordinary, but is, I believe, common in France.

January 14th.—Returned to Fawley.

January 23rd.—At a very elegant ball at Mr. West’s, Culham Court. About fifty were met about

eight, and came home by six. His sister, Lady Matilda Wynyard, and the Colonel were there to stay. Little Miss West¹ came into the ball-room just before she went to bed, and seemed quite pleased with the music and dancing.

February 7th.—Had a letter of the death of Mrs. Hill of Court of Hill, Shropshire. We all went into mourning.

February 15th.—Doctor Powys kissed hands on being appointed Dean of Canterbury.² When he went to the Queen's drawing-room her Majesty said she supposed she ought to congratulate him, but hardly could, as they should so feel his loss as Canon of Windsor, and desired she might have wrote out the four sermons he had preached to them there, which, as soon as he returned to Fawley, he did, and sent them with the following lines to her Majesty :—

“ TO HER MAJESTY.

“ MADAM,

“ By your command (which who can disobey?)
These humble pages at your feet I lay,
Which in the plainest language of the heart,
The preacher's unaffected zeal impart :
Not that the truths I teach, the rules I give,
Can make you better think, or better live ;
But when on Britain's throne the Royal pair
Is known to make religion's cause their care,
And their example a support affords,
To Truth and Virtue, (past the power of words),
In strongest language taught, their subjects see,
From what they are, what others ought to be.”

¹ Charlotte Louisa, only child of Mr. West by his first marriage. She died in 1869 unmarried.

² Mr. Pitt was instrumental in this.

1797 *March 8th, Fast-day.*—The Dean preached before the House of Commons from 2 Chron. xv. 2.¹

March 15th.—I rode out most days on horseback, as I had now got a little Welsh pony to carry me vastly well, which, after losing my black, I hardly expected.

March 27th.—Caroline and Cooper went to London to Sir Thomas Williams, to see his new ship, the *Endymion*, launched.

April 22nd.—The Dean went to Windsor, from thence to London and Canterbury.

May 18th.—The Dean returned from Canterbury.

May 24th.—Caroline (Cooper), brought to bed of a girl (Cassandra).

June 19th.—Died Mr. Vanderstegen at Cannon's End, near Hardwick, Oxfordshire.

July 7th.—Cassandra Louisa's christening at Harpsden Church. Mrs. Austen and my daughter Louisa godmothers, Dr. Isham godfather.

July 21st.—Went to stay with Mrs. Winford at Thames Bank. We all went to a play at Marlow, bespoke by Major Goodenough, "My Grandmother" and "The Chapter of Accidents," very well acted indeed for a strolling company, and in a barn, that had not a stage to show the performers to advantage.

August 21st.—The Dean went to Windsor.

September 4th.—Poor Mrs. Micklem died at her house at Reading, the greatest loss to all who knew her.

October 10th.—First Henley ball.

November 6th.—Henley ball.

¹ This sermon was printed by desire, and the thanks of the House formally tendered. The Dean was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

November 20th.—The Dean went to Canterbury. 1797
We had intended going with him, but afterwards thought it better to defer our first visit to the large old Deanery till summer.

December 19th.—I went to Harpsden. Mr. Powys and Tom went to Bletchington Park to shoot, and were robbed by a highwayman only four miles from Henley, on the Oxford road, just at three o'clock. We hear the poor man was drowned the week after, by trying to escape, (after having robbed a carriage), through some water which was very deep. He behaved civilly, and seemed, as he said, greatly distressed.

December 23rd.—Edward drove Caroline and myself to Reading in the tandem.

January 29th, 1798.—The Gentlemen's Club. Caroline and I met the Fawley Court family at the Henley play. All the gentlemen came to the farce; a very full house, and better performers than one would have imagined. "The Jew" and "The Poor Soldier." The company put £100 into the Henley Bank to answer any demands upon them, and as a surety of their good behaviour. Rather unusual for strollers in general. 1798

February 8th.—We all went to the Henley play, bespoke by the Freemans. A very full house, and to add to its brilliancy, the beautiful Miss Jennings¹ was there.

March 1st.—Set off for Bath. Went in the Dean's chaise to Newbury. From thence took a post-chaise and lay at Marlborough. Reached Bath about three

¹ The daughter of the virtuoso Henry Constantine Jennings, of Shiplake Court, by his second wife, Miss Nowell. Miss Jennings afterwards became Mrs. Lock.

1798 on the 2nd. Friends were very angry with us, but we told them the truth, that we really wish to live a rather quieter life than theirs, but would certainly see them every day as long as they stay'd, but begged to be excused so many dinners and parties, as Mr. Powys riding, and I constantly walking all the mornings, we were so old-fashioned a couple as to enjoy ourselves (by ourselves), sometimes of evenings, rather than be always in such immense crowded rooms.

March 24th.—At a party at Miss Cresswell's. Met Miss Sally More, sister to Mrs. Hannah More.

March 30th.—In the morning we went to see the exhibition of ivory-work, most exceedingly curious; Windsor Castle, Greenwich Hospital, Eddystone Lighthouse, &c., most ingeniously carved from solid pieces of ivory. Likenesses of their Majesties astonishing well done. Any device carved for lockets, bracelets, rings, or toothpick cases in as small pieces as I did the cherry-stone baskets, and done with something like the same knives; and must be equally trying to the eyes. 'Tis done by Stephany and Dresch, the only artists in this line.

April 3rd.—Went to Mrs. Lutwyche's party (always at home on Tuesdays). We thought there were numbers of people, but Mrs. Lutwyche express'd herself quite hurt two or three times that Mr. Powys and I should be there the first time when she had hardly any company, "only seven tables,¹ and that is so very few, you know, Ma'am." I really am very ignorant, for I did not know it, and thought it a squeeze; but how unfashionable I am in disliking these immense parties I kept secret.

April 8th.—Went to the Octagon Chapel with

¹ Card-tables.

the Badderleys, to hear the famous Dr. Randolph. 1798
Indeed he is a very good preacher, not quite so pompous as his predecessor.

April 11th.—Went in the evening to the Fantocini. The whole in French, entertaining for once. Our daughter, Louisa Powys, was this day brought to bed of a son, Richard Thomas Powys.

April 14th.—Returned to Fawley.

May 26th.—This week we heard of my cousin Wheatley's eldest son, Captain Wheatley of the Guards, being taken by the French at Ostend.

May 20th.—Dined at the Bishop of Durham's, Mongewell.

June 14th.—The Hon. Frederick West¹ married to Miss Maria Middleton, of Chirk Castle.

June 23rd.—I went to Brown's, the famous gardener at Slow (Slough), and purchased a number of plants.

July 12th.—We all went to pay the bridal visit at Culham Court, and found Mr. and Mrs. West at home. Were most highly entertain'd by her playing on the pianoforte, accompanied by him on the tambourine.

On Thursday, the 26th July, Mr. Powys and myself set off to pay the Dean our first visit at Canterbury.

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We left Fawley about ten, and got to Mr. Shrimpton's in London by three. We stayed in town all the next day, as we wish'd to see Miss Linwood's worsted work, then exhibiting at Hanover Square Concert

¹ Of Culham Court. His second marriage.

1798 Rooms,¹ and tho' we had heard so much in its praise, it fully answered every expectation ; indeed it is beyond description. They are chiefly taken from the most celebrated artists, as Raphael, Guido, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stubbs, Opie, &c., thirty-four pieces, besides the cave with a lion and tigress, which being at the upper part of the room, had a very fine effect. In the inner apartment is a fine whole-length Salvator Mundi, by Carlo Dolci.² We observed several Catholic gentlemen take off their hats as they stood admiring this fine portrait. Many people, I'm certain, must take many of them for real paintings, instead of needlework. It happened to be a pleasant day, and not too hot for walking, and as in London there are so many shops to dispose of one's money in articles one is apt to think cannot be got in the country, we traversed the streets from eleven to three, and again in the evening, but the Metropolis seem'd totally deserted, even in Bond Street hardly a coach to be seen. However, we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Lord Camden, whom we had not seen since his return from Ireland, and he made us quite happy in telling us he intended to pay a visit at Canterbury the next week.

We were not sorry to quit the dull town³ the next morning.

Saturday, July 28th.—We got to Mr. Wheatley's about half-past two, and were received with the greatest cordiality by our relations at Lefney House,

¹ Miss Linwood continued to exhibit till her death in 1845. In all, she worked sixty-five pictures in crewels on fine linen, exquisitely worked and shaded. A picture of Napoleon is in the South Kensington Museum.

² She refused 2000 guineas for this, and bequeathed it to the Queen. Lord Spencer has several of her pictures.

³ When is London dull now?

which they built some few years since, a fine situation 1798 about four miles from Dartford in Kent. A beautiful view of the river, and long reach just opposite Parfleet, where the *Dragon*, *Ajax*, and some frigates lay, with so many vessels constantly passing and repassing, make a most pleasing scene. Not so at the time of the Mutiny,¹ as the *Lancaster* lay just against Lefney, and caused so much alarm that Mr. Wheatley² sent to the Admiralty for assistance. Major Wheatley, their eldest son, is now among the Guards that were taken prisoners at Ostend. They have often letters from him that they are all well treated and in good health. The latter is certainly a comfort to his family; but as to the first, as the letters are seen, and sent open, it may or may not be true. His lady had just lain-in of a son at the time he went; how great must her anxiety have been in such a situation.

Mr. John Wheatley and Mr. Keeling (related to them, and to my mother by the Mitfords), were staying at Lefney. Miss Wheatley, and the most beautiful boy of three years old, little Leonard, quite the darling of his parents as well as the whole family, and one could not help laughing when one thought of the dear little soul in the character of an uncle!

Sunday we had prayers and sermon at home, as no morning service that day at their parish church.

Monday, July 30th.—Went to see our old acquaintance, Lady Hardy, who when we lived at Hardwick House, Sir Charles and her Ladyship then resided about four miles from us at Woodcot Clump, Oxon. From thence we went to Lady Fermough's at May

¹ General mutiny in the Royal Navy, 1797.

² Mrs. Wheatley was a daughter of Mrs. Hussey (*née* Slaney), so first cousin to Mrs. Powys.

1798 Place. We had the pleasure of meeting there besides the family our Bath acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Lutwyche, and the two Miss Mayos. After this we call'd at Mr. Harance, Foots Cray Place, a house built after the model of Lord Le Despencer's—of course a magnificent one, many fine pictures.

Tuesday, July 31st.—We left my cousin Wheatley's after a most agreeable visit. As we passed through Dartford we had been desired to notice a very particular circumstance when you are up the hill at the end of the town, viz., the churchyard being higher than the steeple of the church, and it really is literally so, as we saw the tombstones above the spire! The road is beautiful the whole way. From Gravel Hill you've a fine view of Greenhithe Water, where at that time was a fleet of colliers; at the 18th milestone you see Mr. Roebuck's; at the 20th, Northfleet; at the 22nd you have a view of Gravesend, with the several men-of-war and East India ships lying there; on the right, about the 26th milestone, is Lord Darnley's¹ and Mr. Day's, called the Hermitage; at the 27th, 28 miles from London, is Rochester, which seems but an indifferent town. After you are through it, you see Chatham across the river Medway, and the Marine Barracks. The *Temeraire*, man-of-war lay there. Then we got up Rochester Hill, had a view of the Nore at the 31st milestone, and three men-of-war, the *Pallas*, *Scorpion*, and *Isis*. Changed horses at Sittingbourne, 39 miles from London; after through the town, had a view of that of Feversham. Broughton Hill we at last arriv'd at, which we had been shown by our postboy 14 miles off as being to ascend. Indeed,

¹ Cobham Hall.

if it were not for the many beautiful views, and all 1798
being new, the road is so hilly and sandy it must
have appeared tiresome, as in one distance of 15
miles you go up sixteen hills, and, indeed, having
calculated our time by other roads, we sent the
Dean word we should certainly be with him to
dinner by half-past four, and at last he began to be
alarmed, as it was past seven before we reach'd
Canterbury.

In driving up to the Deanery¹ through the Green
Court, as 'tis called, of fine elms, we were much
struck by its appearance, as instead of the forlorn
old brick mansion we had expected, we saw a good-
looking white stone house, nine sash windows in
front besides the staircase, a venetian one, and on
entering found the inside contain'd many capital
rooms, modernly furnished, but as we were rather
fatigued we did not go over the apartments till after
dinner. On one side the hall is now a very good
eating-room, on the other the library; an excellent
staircase which leads to two very noble drawing-
rooms. In the first, which is 35 feet by 22, are the
pictures of seventeen deans; some (as now bishops in
lawn sleeves), of these portraits have really a pleasing
effect. Out of the first drawing-room is another
large one, and out of each excellent bed-chambers.
In the first drawing-room are seventeen of the Deans'
pictures, two very good ones in the eating-room,
the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Moore,
and Worth, Bishop of Winchester. The four last
Deans have not yet given theirs, which I think is
not right, as they are certainly very ornamental in
such a house, and there is room for twenty more

¹ Once the Priory. Built by Prior Goldstone in 1494.

1798 at least, tho' the best room is fill'd.¹ In another part of the house is that styled the Archbishop's bed-chamber and dressing-room, and many more, tho' not so large, and in the back part of the house numbers of small ones and spiral staircases, dark passages, &c., &c., which put one in mind of the haunted castles in our present novels, and in that antique style I had formed my idea of the whole house; but, as I before said, it has been greatly modernised by one of the late Deans.

Wednesday, August 1st.—I had numbers of ladies to visit me on my arrival, thirty-four, as I see by the list on the first three mornings in and around Canterbury; and Mr. Powys nearly as many gentlemen. I'm sure the whole circle were uncommonly polite in their attentions to us. We that evening drank tea at Dr. Wolsby's, one of the prebends; they have an excellent house in the Green Court, close to the Deanery; in their drawing-room a very fine picture of Prince William of Gloucester² when young. Dr. Wolsby was tutor to his Royal Highness. We met at Mr. Wolsby's Mr. Hallett, his sister, and two nieces, Miss Hayes and Mrs. Cotton. We had seen Mr. Hallett some years back at Culham Court. After tea we all walked to "The Oaks," another Green so-called, to see the regiments of the York, Hereford, West Kent, and supplementary militia perform their exercise, and a very pretty sight it was; the music

¹ Mrs. Powys would be satisfied now, as thirty portraits of deans hang in the house, and Dean Farrar, the thirty-first, has had them all cleaned. The following are the pictures in Mrs. Powys' time: Wotton, Goldstone, Rogers, Nevil, Fotherly, Boys, Bargrave, Eglington, Turner, Tillotson, Sharp, Hooper, Stanhope, Lydall, Lynch, Friend, Pelter, North, Moore.

² Duke of Gloucester, and brother of George III.

of some of the bands very fine. Colonel Cotterel (a relation of Mrs. Freeman of the Park¹), was so obliging as to have his band entertaining the ladies (of whom numbers attend every evening), till half-past nine, always ending with "God save the King." After that was concluded we all walk'd home.

Thursday, August 2nd.—My Lord Camden, who had fixed for coming to see my brother that week, came to dinner, and brought with him the Bishop of Clogher, the gentleman to whom his Lordship had given the Bishopric of Killala when my brother refused it. The Bishop is a most agreeable man, and we were all happy that he was removed from Killala,² though the poor man seem'd quite melancholy at the thought of returning to Ireland, now my Lord Camden³ was come to England. Most happy were we all to see his Lordship again, and express our gratitude for the obligations he has conferr'd on our family. He look'd vastly well, and, as ever, a most agreeable, sensible man. Mr. Wilson, one of the Canons of Windsor, who was tutor to Mr. Pitt, came to us that day for dinner, and as we had no lack of bedrooms, as at Fawley, he lay at the Deanery, as he was going to Walmer Castle (Mr. Pitt's⁴), the next day. We had a great deal of company that morning, and Dr. and Mrs. Wolsby to dinner.

Friday, August 3rd.—Lord Pembroke and Lord Malmesbury in the morning.

Saturday, August 4th.—Lord Camden left us to

¹ Henley Park, Oxon.

² This was the year of the Irish Rebellion.

³ On account of the Rebellion, Lord Camden was recalled by the Government, and a Viceroy who possessed military experience appointed in the Marquis Cornwallis.

⁴ Pitt was then Warden of the Cinque Ports.

1798 pay a visit to Mr. Pitt. The Bishop stayed with us a few days, and was so obliging as to attend me that morning to see the Cathedral, which I think is one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture I ever saw.

August 5th, Sunday.—The anniversary of our 36th wedding-day! I had that morning at Canterbury a most formal ceremony to go through, tho' not quite equal to the above-mentioned in 1762! At half-past ten we went to the Cathedral; my gentlemen, who were to sit in stalls by the Dean's, proceeded to another door, and I was conducted solo by the Verger in a black gown and cap, holding a long staff, all up the choir, through such a concourse of officers, soldiers, ladies, gentlemen, and inhabitants, that I began to think I never should reach the Dean's lady's pew, as it is styled, quite at the upper end, where, when arrived, I was locked in by myself, and, as I supposed, every soul observing me, being in full view of the whole congregation (but one soon finds use reconcile one to most things, as the next Sunday I did not feel near so much at the same entrée). The Archdeacon, Dr. Lynch, preached about twenty-five minutes, a most worthy, good, kind man. As to cathedral-worship, I daresay I may be wrong, but the chanting one's prayers does not to me seem devotion properly expressed, and in general the clergymen who read them, and the boys who repeat, seem so evidently endeavouring to excel each other in vociferous exclamation, that it gives their characters too frivolous an appearance. As to anthems or sacred music in that style, it must ever be most awfully pleasing. After the service was over, at which numbers of regiments attended (as there was then in Canterbury four or five thousand militia),

the rest are assembled in the Cathedral churchyard, 1798 and walk two by two into the outward part of the Cathedral, as a pulpit has been there erected, and divine service constantly performed to all those who had not been before. Mrs. Bridges desired me to come to her house to see the procession, as she has a beau-window just near to the great door. . . . We din'd on Sundays at three, the evening service beginning at five.

Monday 6th.—After returning many visits, we took a long walk to what is call'd the Dungeon, but properly Dain John, a sort of terrace above the city. On our return, Mrs. Wolsby conducted me through all the streets, but I must own I was disappointed in the appearance of Canterbury, though the inhabitants say 'tis amazingly improved lately. What it must have been I can hardly guess, as now 'tis certainly a melancholy, dirty town, streets all so narrow, and hardly any smart shops, whereas now in most country towns there are many capital ones.

Tuesday 7th.—The Bishop of Clogher left us to meet Lord Camden at Mr. Pitt's at Walmer Castle. Mr. Pitt had sent to desire the Dean would come with him and lay there, which he did. Mr. Powys and myself dined that day at Mr. Hallett's at Higham, a sweet place four miles from Canterbury on Barham Downs; fine prospect, very good house, and a distant view of Ramsgate Cliff. Our party at dinner twelve. . . . They wished us to stay cards, but as no moon and the days getting short, most of the company begg'd to be excused, and we got home by nine, just in time to hear "God save the King," play'd by the band arranged before Dr. Wolsby's house in the Green Court, where Prince William had dined

1798 with a large party. We were all invited, but had been engaged some days before to Mr. Hallett. . . .

Thursday, August 9th.—The Dean and Mr. Powys dined at the Archdeacon's, a large party of gentlemen. I went in the evening to a card-party at Mrs. Bridges; only three tables, about thirty-six of us; several ladies from the country. As winter and summer seem quite equal for routs¹ at Canterbury, every evening the card-tables are set out. Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton and Mr. Ewer came to stay with us.

Sunday, 12th.—At the Cathedral, dined at Dr. Wolsby's, went at three to evening service, drank tea at the Doctor's, and after, we all walked to Mrs. Milnes' at The Oaks, who had desir'd us to come to her house to see the soldiers exercise, and hear the band play. Mrs. Milnes' house in The Oaks is an ancient mansion, extremely large; indeed, there are a great number of good ones belonging to the church, within the precincts.

Monday 13th.—We all set off to Barham Downs by ten A.M. to see the troops reviewed. Twenty cannons fired a *feu-de-joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday (then thirty-six years of age). The whole garrison of the city paraded on the ground in front of the Royal Cavalry Barracks, and made a most brilliant appearance, forming a square consisting of artillery, the Prince of Wales', and the 17th Dragoons, the West Kent, and Hereford Militia, with the supplementary men attached to each battalion, forming a body of near 5000 men. At eleven Sir Charles Grey came into the field, where he was met by Prince William of Gloucester, the Earl of Pem-

¹ Old-fashioned name for this class of entertainment.

broke,¹ &c. The concourse of people, as one may 1798 suppose, was very great; in general the horses were taken from the carriages, and the company either remain'd sitting in them, or walk'd in parties on the Downs. The review over, the music ended with "God save the King." On our way back we paid a visit to the Milnes. We were not at home till three, then dressed and went to dinner at Mrs. Peiray's, a large party of thirteen, and in the evening a great deal more company to tea and cards.

August 14th.—We that morning received a letter from our son Thomas, with the most melancholy intelligence of the death of Lady Williams by a most unfortunate accident. As she was driving herself in a whisky, a dray-horse ran away and drove against the chaise, by which she was thrown out and killed on the spot;² never spoke after. We were so alarm'd for our dear Mr. Cooper,³ whose health had been so bad for some time, and who was one of the most affectionate of brothers, that we were quite miserable, and wrote immediately to Caroline that, if they the least wished it, we would return immediately after we received her next letter, and, as that must be some days coming, we were greatly distress'd, and hardly knew how to manage, as the very next day had been some time fixed on for us all to set out for our intended tour through the Isle of Thanet; but when we came to consult about what was best to be done, we all thought, as our journey was to be only three days, we should really be much quieter and more alone than we could be at Canterbury, and

¹ George Augustus, eleventh Earl.

² This happened at Newport, Isle of Wight.

³ Their son-in-law, and brother to Lady Williams.

1798 should be returned before the letter from home could arrive; so on Wednesday, August 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton, Mr. Ewer, Mr. Powys, and myself set off a little after nine for Margate. On the right we passed Hystreath, a Mr. Dean's, and Renlow Church and ruins on the left, and one mile from Margate the famous inn call'd "Dandelion," where are breakfastings in the season at 1s. 6d. each; sometimes 700 people there, balls, masquerades, &c.; for the latter there were then printed advertisements posted up for the week following. We got to Margate a little before one,¹ seventeen miles from Canterbury. It is now become one of the first watering-places in the kingdom; the town well pav'd and lighted, many new buildings; Harley Square very fine; the assembly-rooms remarkably elegant, near 100 feet by 40. There are three public libraries, but Hall's claims the pre-eminence. In the centre a beautiful chandelier; in the piazza round the library, seats are fixed for the accommodation of the company; trinkets and toys of every description, which are raffled for, from one shilling to five guineas every evening. We din'd and lay at Mitchener's Hotel, from whence is a most noble view of the sea. Two English men-of-war, the *Alchmeer* and *Iris*, Swedish frigates, and thirteen merchant ships of that nation detained there. It was not known what their lading consisted of, but the largest supposed to be bomb-shells. As the hotel is on the Parade, numbers of these ships were close under our windows. 'Tis very unfortunate that few if any of the lodging-houses have a view of the sea, which makes most families prefer Ramsgate. We walked about till dinner-time, and again in the

¹ Four hours doing seventeen miles shows the state of the roads then.

evening on the pier, for rebuilding of which an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1787, and is now finished, and is the fashionable promenade of the place. A fine large shop is opened there, where the company may have fruit, cakes, ices, jellies, &c. Seven yachts go to, and from London every day, from 70 to 100 tons burden, furnish'd with good beds and every accommodation. At the time of going out and coming in of a packet, the pier is so crowded that 'tis not uncommon to see upwards of a thousand people of all descriptions making their remarks, and laughing at the sick passengers, after a disagreeable voyage. The morning amusements after bathing, are riding and walking, in the evening going to the different libraries to raffle, which makes the theatre and assembly rooms less frequented than might be expected. The most public walk is on the fort, on an eminence, from which is an extensive view of the sea; the walks near the cliffs, with fields and meadows on one side, and the wide extended ocean on the other, all beautiful.

Thursday 16th.—We set off about half-past nine for Ramsgate. About two miles from Margate is seen the beautiful Church of St. Peter's, a well-known sea-mark. We went the road to Broadstairs thro' Kingsgate, two miles from Margate. It received that name by order of Charles II. at the time he landed there, in his passage with the Duke of York from Dover to London in 1659. Holland House fronts the sea, nearly opposite to which is a small fortification with port-holes for cannons. At a small distance is a commodious house for accommodation, and affords good entertainment for visitors, of which large parties dine, and drink tea during the season.

1798 When the tide is out, the sands afford a most pleasant ride or walk. We pass'd a fine lighthouse, and the Goodwin Sands, at which a ship without a mast always lays at quarantine.¹ At Broadstairs, about three miles from Margate, we only stopped to take a view of the place. 'Tis a very pleasing one. The pier was destroyed by a storm, January 1767, but the harbour being of great utility, it was rebuilt by voluntary subscription in 1772. It commands a most extensive view of the coast of France to the southward. . . .

We soon got to Ramsgate—a large, pleasant town, well paved and lighted, the lodging-houses much more agreeable than those at Margate, as most have a view of the sea from Sion Hill, and Albion Place. The former fronts the pier, which was begun in 1750, and is a great attraction to strangers, though not yet finished. From thence you see Dover. The harbour is commodious, and used for a place of refuge for the shipping in bad weather, and will contain upwards of 300 sail of vessels at one time. The assembly-rooms front the harbour, and are much attended; balls once a week during the season, at which Le Bas, master of the ceremonies, attends from Margate. After having viewed everything, we proceeded on our tour.

About a mile from this town we saw Pegwell Bay. We then went thro' Sandwich. Richborough,² situated between Ramsgate and Sandwich, is said to have remained in a respectable state above a thousand years, when both town,³ and castle were

¹ Mrs. Powys must mean the lightship

² The Roman castle, Rutupium.

³ Town of Stonar.

destroyed by the Danes about the year A.D. 1000. 1798
Not the least trace of this city is now to be found, and the ground has become an open cornfield. The walls in some places are 12 feet thick, composed of flints and Roman bricks. The whole eastern side of the castle is destroyed, the remainder ruinous and overgrown with ivy, and stands a monument of its former greatness, in its present melancholy state. We pass'd the Earl of Guildford's, and went by the saltpans, where they make salt. We reach'd Deal to dinner at 3.30. We went to the "Three Kings," a very bad, dirty inn indeed, but were in some degree compensated by our eating-room opening into a balcony the length of the house, commanding a most beautiful view of the sea. We counted seventy-two sail. Some very large ships lay there—the *Ardent*, *Superb*, *Severn*, *Ariadne*, *Fairy*, and *Eugenie* sloops, a Swedish sloop of war, with twenty-three sail of detain'd Swedish vessels remaining in the Downs. It was very entertaining to see the boats putting off, or coming on shore, at the beach under the windows. After dinner we proceeded on our journey, and very near Walmer Castle (Mr. Pitt's), then passed Dover Castle, from which we descended the hill into the town. Dover Castle is just seven leagues to Calais, The cliffs there, now appear'd to us very plain ; could distinguish a ship laying there, and the different colours of their cornfields.

We went to the York Hotel, Mr. Payner's, an excellent inn, and most civil people ; there we drank tea, supp'd, and lay. Mr. Pitt, and the Chancellor, had been there in the morning to read the French newspapers just come in, but they contained nothing of consequence. This hotel must have suffer'd amazingly

1798 since the war with France, as the travellers to, and from both kingdoms, usually frequented it, and in many different parts was wrote up in capitals, "Chaise de la poste," &c., &c. After breakfast, we went up to the castle; we had been informed we could not now, as in time of peace,¹ see hardly any of the interior part, which undoubtedly is quite right; no one is admitted, as there have been great improvements, and a subterranean passage from the castle to the city, all under the hill. Over that gate we entered, are the governor's apartments. There is an old tower, built by Claudius Cæsar, at a distance from the present castle; the latter, our conductor told us, was by Queen Elizabeth. From thence we saw Calais and some spires of its churches; and had it been evening, we should have had a much clearer view of it. The soldiers since the war have erected small thatched cottages about the castle for themselves and families. We, of course, went to view Queen Elizabeth's *pocket-pistol*, (the cannon so called), and Shakespeare's Cliff, which indeed seems a most tremendous height. It is supposed that any one standing on one of the highest turrets of Dover Castle is as much above the valley below, as the highest Egyptian pyramid is from the ground on which it stands—the measure taken is 499 feet. A French general that was lately taken, and brought to Dover, behav'd very ill, and was most exceedingly angry at not being suffer'd to walk about in this garrison town, which, if he had the least consider'd, was not the least likely he should have had leave. We dined at our inn, and about three set off for our return to Canterbury. . . .

Sunday, August 19th.—The Dean preached. After

¹ Nelson had just won the battle of the Nile, against the French.

evening service to tea at Mrs. Milnes' at The Oaks. 1798
To see the troops in the evening.

August 20th.—Went to return our visit to Sir Harry and Lady Oxenden, who reside about eight miles from Canterbury; a fine place,¹ a noble old mansion standing in a park. There are eight rooms a floor. You enter a fine hall. Sir Harry has a most capital collection of pictures, for which he built a fine room, 40 feet by 28, and 20 in height, in which are thirty-one pictures, all by the best masters. For one he was the other day offered seven hundred guineas, and not a large one. Returned to dinner; in the evening had a card-party—only five tables—the seventeen Deans in that drawing-room looking down upon us as if smiling at the difference of the times, some of them most likely never having seen a card-table. However, I hope they approved. The early hours of Canterbury, so different from those of the metropolis, as company had all left the poor Dean solo before ten o'clock. I forgot to mention the library belonging to the church of Canterbury, reckoned a very fine one, containing many valuable books, which are annually added to, and a great many curiosities, which Mr. Weston was so obliging as to show us.

Tuesday, August 21st, began the diversions of the race-week. Mrs. Shrimpton and myself, before our tour, had each of us bought a summer white Canterbury muslin² of the famous Mr. Calloway, as all the ladies, in compliment to his manufactory, intended to appear in them at the balls. As to going to the assemblies myself, I had given up all thoughts of, after I heard of the death of poor Lady Williams. I had

¹ Broome Park.

² Several hundred persons were then employed in this manufactory.

1798 received a letter from Caroline to insist on our not shortening the time of our return, as his (Cooper's), health was tolerable, and it was time alone, could restore peace of mind; but I insisted on my friend Mrs. Shrimpton attending all the gaieties of the week. We dined that day at two, and at half-past four went to the race-ground. I stayed in the carriage for the reasons afore mentioned. The ladies in general went into the stand, which we were told is an excellent one, one room enclosed, and an open balcony for those who choose to stand out. So pretty a course I never saw; 'tis on Barham Downs; the view pretty, and many gentlemen's seats around there. The race was rather better than most are at this period; but the vast number of the military, carriages, &c., made the most gay appearance possible. Mrs. Shrimpton went with Mrs. Wolsby, and other ladies, to the ball in the evening, which was very brilliant. Prince William was staying at Dr. Wolsby's for the whole week, and made it a point to attend everything; and everybody was charmed with his affability and good-humour. There was a public breakfast each morning at twelve.

August 22nd.—It was very crowded this day, and dancing after the breakfast. Dined again at two, went to the course at four, started at five. The company seemed as numerous as the day before.

Thursday, August 23rd.—A charity sermon was preached by the Dean at the Cathedral for the benefit of the hospital; indeed I must say an excellent one; and as I walked down the choir I was continually complimented by numbers of the audience in my brother's name on the pleasure they had received. The Dean was much gratified that there had not been known so large a collection, £129, 9s., besides the

box. Prince William gave £10. This was all mentioned in many newspapers, and the discourse on the occasion much praised. Mrs. Shrimpton went again to the ball, equally brilliant with the former one. 1798

August 24th.—We dined again early, as some of our gentlemen went to the course. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton, and Mr. Ewer, were obliged to leave us that evening, as they could not get any lodging at Ramsgate or Margate, and it was got so late in the season. As they always go to the sea in the autumn, they were rather in haste, as they wish'd to return home before they proceeded on their other excursion.

Saturday, August 25th.—The races being now over, and Prince William having been so engaged each day that he had it not in his power to accept the Dean's invitation to dine with him till now, and he hoped it would be no inconvenience to us to dine at four; for as there was always a play to end the week's diversions, he had been requested to bespeak one for that evening. Dr. Wolsby had before hinted to us that the Prince did not like only a gentlemen's entertainment, so we desir'd Dr. and Mrs. Wolsby to bring with them Miss Letitia Sands and Miss Burt, two very pretty young ladies she had been chaperone to at the balls, and with whom the Prince had danced both nights. We had fourteen in all, besides Prince William, and the four above mentioned; his two aides-de-camp, Major Ellerton and Captain Hambleton; Lord Pembroke, and his aide-de-camp, Captain D'Urbine; Major Fellows, Major Gore, and ourselves. In the morning, not having been used to the company of princes, I rather wished the day over; but we had not been in the drawing-

1798 room ten minutes before his agreeable easy manner made one so perfectly acquainted, that I found I could talk to him with the same nonchalance as to any other officer in the room. When dinner was announced, he took my hand and led me down to the eating-room, which was rather a long promenade, but we had room sufficient to show how we perform'd, as the staircase, and approach to it is spacious. He placed himself next to me, and tho' the two beautiful young ladies were very near us, politeness, no doubt, made him address most of his conversation to the Dean's sister, tho' an old grandmother! And indeed (like his Majesty), I do think he was never a moment silent; but it gave me pleasure to see, despite his volubility, that he perform'd well on most of the dishes, particularly on a fine haunch of venison sent us by Lord Pembroke. While at dinner, he told me I must go to his play. "I should certainly," I said, "wait upon his Royal Highness." "And will you oblige me with tea and coffee soon?" "Undoubtedly." After that the carriages were ordered, and he conducted us to the theatre, and led me into his box. "God save the King" was immediately played, and then the curtain drew up. The comedy was "The Castle Spectre," and "Spoil'd Child." Performance tolerable; but what seem'd to give the Prince the highest satisfaction, the house was immensely crowded. During the play (for he there talked almost as much as during dinner), he told me he was to sup at Dr. Wolsby's, and then leave Canterbury and set off for Ashford. I said I feared his Royal Highness would be tired to death from his obliging attention. "Oh, not the least, for when tired I can sleep full as well in my coach as a bed."

There I envied him, for I never can, if ever so much 1798
 fatigued. The play over, his Royal Highness wished
 us a good night, conducted us ladies to the carriage.
 The Prince left Canterbury that night, or rather, I
 suppose, the next morning.

August 25th.—Dinner for Prince William of Gloucester.

Salmon Trout.	
Soles.	
Fricando of Veal.	Rais'd Giblet Pie.
Vegetable Pudding.	
Chickens.	Ham.
Muffin Pudding.	
Curry of Rabbits.	Preserve of Olives.
Soup.	Haunch of Venison.
Open Tart Syllabub.	Rais'd Jelly.
Three Sweetbreads, larded.	
Maccaroni.	Buttered Lobster.
Peas.	
Potatoes.	
Baskets of Pastry.	Custards.
Goose.	

Sunday, August 26th.—On Sunday the boys at
 the King's School, all passed thro' the Green Court
 to the Cathedral, which was a pretty sight from our
 chamber windows.

I forget to mention a sad catastrophe which hap-
 pened in the garden of the Deanery to one of the
 finest and by far the largest mulberry-tree¹ I ever
 saw. It was supposed to be from a thunderstorm
 which happened one night, as on the next morning
 we found about half of the immense bough lying
 on the ground, and yet not quite broken off. My

¹ There are several mulberry-trees now, said to have been planted
 by the monks.

1798 brother sent for a famous gardener, who propped them up, as he said to saw them off would be injuring the main trunk. How it may be another year one cannot say; but the broken branches that season produced as many mulberries as usual, to the great joy of the young ladies and gentlemen of the schools, whom the Dean invited daily to amuse themselves in gathering them.

August 28th.—Mr. Powys and myself set off from the Deanery about one in the Dean's chaise. We chang'd horses at Sittingbourne, and then went to the "Bull Inn," Rochester, the landlord, Mr. Paternoster, an uncommon as well as odd name, where we lay, and found it a noisy, disagreeable house, as it happened unfortunately to be fair-day.

August 29th.—After breakfast we walk'd about Rochester to view the town, Deanery, &c. 'Tis eighteen miles from hence to Dartford. At Dartford we changed horses and took some egg-wine, and proceeded on our journey to Clapham. We got to the Shrimptons by four.

August 31st.—In the morning we went to London a-shopping, and at Wedgwood's, as usual, were highly entertain'd, as I think no shop affords so great a variety. I there, among other things, purchas'd one of the new invented *petit soupée* trays, which I think equally clever, elegant, and convenient when alone or a small party, as so much less trouble to ourselves and servants.

Sunday, September 2nd.—At Clapham Church, heard a very Methodistical sermon.

September 4th.—Mr. Powys and myself left our kind friends at Clapham, setting off about 9.30. Our own horses met us at Crawford Bridge. We dined

at the "Bull Inn," Maidenhead. Got home to Fawley 1798 about six that night.

November 13th.—Lady Malmesbury gave the colours to the "Loyal Henley Association,"¹ in a field just opposite Park Place. A tent was erected for her Ladyship and the company she invited, where the carriages set us down, and the ladies were handed into the tent by Lord Malmesbury, who had desired us to be there by half-past eleven. A sermon was preached by Mr. Jeston,² after which her Ladyship presented the colours, and made a speech to the Association; after which Major Jackson thanked her Ladyship in the name of the whole corps in a very manly oration; and when the officers and soldiers had finished all their manœuvres, the carriages were call'd up, and those who had before been invited to the cold collation drove on to Park Place, where in the eating-room, everything for the most elegant breakfast was set out. . . . A dinner for all the gentlemen was at the town-hall at three. The weather was intensely cold, but it happened most luckily to be a very fine day.

November 14th.—I was terribly alarmed by an express from my mother's servant, who, on going into the parlour about two o'clock, had found her fallen back in her chair, quite insensible, and all over blood. We went immediately to her, and sent for Doctor Taylor,³ but fortunately our apothecary, Coulson, lived next door, and by blisters, bleeding, and leeches, she was then greatly recovered before the doctor came.

¹ Henley-on-Thames.

² The Rev. Humphrey Jeston, then in sole charge of Henley parish, and Master of the Royal Grammar School there.

³ Of Wargrave.

- 1798 He suppos'd she had broke a blood vessel, but tho' so much better, he told me not to be alarmed if, at her great age of eighty-six, she should be again seized in the same manner. I stayed with her a week, when, as she was so much better, and Mr. Powys confin'd at home by the rheumatism, I returned to Fawley.

November 26th.—Gentlemen's dinner at Henley.

November 29th.—Thanksgiving-day.¹

December 22nd.—Tom went to his living in Essex.

- 1799 *January 3rd, 1799.*—On this evening, Lady Malmesbury gave a ball at Park Place. The company was to be there at nine. There were seventy-five of us, about seventeen couple of dancers; twenty-one in the house, Lord Grantham and his mother, Lord and Lady Lavington, &c.; cards in one room, and the dancing in the library; tea, orgeat, lemonade, cakes, &c., brought round every half-hour. At one, supper was announced in the room out of the library, two tables the length of the eating-room, forming a crescent at the upper end in a beau-window. On this, every elegance was display'd, and set off to the greatest advantage by gilt-plate, glass lustres, and other ornaments. By each plate was laid for the fruit, a small gold knife and fork, and two dessert spoons. About half-past two we return'd to the library, and the dancing recommenced; at three, coffee was carri'd round, and after cakes, &c., as before, the company began to disperse; every one seem'd to have been highly entertain'd. The house is most superbly furnished with every elegance from Italy, France, and, in short, every country—fine pictures, pier-glasses, paintings, of the Vatican

¹ For Nelson's victories over the French,

Library, some curious tables, &c., that belonged to the 1799
unfortunate Louis XVI., and many other curiosities
too numerous to name, with the finest collection of
books anywhere to be met with.¹ But what gave us
a real satisfaction, so intimate had we been with
Marshal Conway and Lady Ailesbury, that it was
really a painful sensation the idea of visiting again at
Park Place; but now the whole house is so totally
alter'd, one cannot have an idea of its being the same.
The noble library² the Marshal had just completed,
we used to go up the staircase to. Those stairs are
taken away, so that you now go through two elegant
rooms, which were Lady Ailesbury's dressing-room
and bedroom, making a suit of apartments to the
library which has a very good effect, and renders the
whole appearance totally different to those who were
before perfectly acquainted with it.

January 30th.—Went from Hardwick, to stay
with Caroline, while Cooper went into Staffordshire
to see his living at Hamstall Ridware, that Mrs.
Leigh³ had just been so kind as to present him to.
The roads were so bad with snow and frost, we
were obliged to go round by Caversham, but got
safe to Harpsden to dinner.

February 1st.—It continued snowing, and was so
deep we were much alarmed for Cooper on his journey,
as he had promised to write; but the Oxford mail
had been stopped that day, a circumstance that had
not happened for thirteen years.

February 3rd.—Snow continued, but we were

¹ Collected by James Harris, the great literati, father of Lord Malmesbury.

² This was pulled down by Mr. Easton in 1867.

³ The Leighs of Addlestrop, Gloucestershire, and Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. Cooper's mother was a Miss Leigh.

1799 happy in having a letter from Cooper to say he was got safe back to Oxford, having been forced to walk many miles, and hoped by the same method¹ he might be able to get home the next evening. There was no church on the Sunday at Harpsden or Fawley, as no one could get to either. The icicles on the trees hanging down was a most beautiful sight, when the sun shone on them.

February 4th.—A hard frost. Cooper came by the Oxford stage. It continued to be snow and frost till February 15th, when it thawed. On the 19th the floods on the Thames, and Loddon, from our windows, was quite astonishing.

March 28th.—Mr. Powys and I went to Hardwick on our way to Bath. Reached Bath on the 29th.

March 31st.—Arrived the first news of the Austrians having beat the French.²

April 9th.—At Mrs. Lutwyche's party in the evening. Ten tables, six to each, and numbers who, like us, did not play.

April 11th.—At the play, "Laugh while you can," and "Blue Beard."

Sunday, April 14th.—Mr. Clark preached. I went to church at half-past ten. Mr. Powys was just then taken with a bleeding at the nose, but, as much used to it, he desired I'd go, and he would follow me. But having stayed out the service in great anxiety, I return'd home and found it still bleeding, and had never ceased. I sent to the apothecary, who gave him something without effect. I then sent for Mr. Grant, the surgeon, who advised me to send to Dr. Mappleton as acquainted with his constitution. The doctor being out, it was between four

¹ A contrast to travelling in 1898.

² At Montenotte.

and five in the afternoon before he came. Poor 1799
Mr. Powys was near fainting, and I from my fears
could hardly support it. But the doctor begg'd me
not to be alarmed, as he was almost certain he
could stop it by *Ruspini's Styptic*, which was directly
sent for, and as soon as applied stopped the bleeding,
and most thankful was I, as he was really nearly
exhausted, and the loss of blood must have been
immense. The doctor told us he knew not what it
is, but though a quack medicine, it was wonderful
the cures he had known by it in wounds, inward
bruises, or bleeding at the nose, and he advises every
one to keep some in their house, which I certainly
shall.

April 15th.—Tyson's, the Master of the Cere-
monies' ball at the Upper Rooms. We were to have
been there, but after the fatigue and anxiety of the
day before, we did not think of it. Mr. P. was better
than could be expected, tho' extremely weak for a
long while.

April 19th.—Having been very indifferent ever
since Mr. Powy's illness, and too low and nervous to
be blooded, I was, by Dr. Mapleton's advice, cupped¹
by Mr. Grant.

April 26th.—At a party at Mr. Purvis's; six tables.
Went from thence to a party at Mr. Leigh Perrot's;²
eight tables, ninety people. The Prince of Wales was
at Bath when we were. He was not very popular,
from the company he brought with him—Mr. Sheri-
dan's son, and Mr. Day. The latter's great merit

¹ Truly a *Sangrado* system. This, and Mr. Powys's case, are
examples of "survivals of the fittest."

² Of the Leighs of Addlestep; took the name of Perrot, on succeed-
ing to a portion of the Perrot estates at North Leigh.

1799 seem'd to be that he could drink at a sitting two bottles more than any one. The Prince once said to him, "You are a jolly fellow, Day. When I am king, I'll make you a peer by the title of my Lord *Cinque Port*." Not a bad pun of his Royal Highness! A Miss Fox, a very beautiful girl, was of the party, but kept quite invisible. His Royal Highness was almost constantly at Mrs. Carr's, attracted by the beauty of her two daughters, the Misses Gubbins, though it was said the most beautiful, Miss Honor, was not the Prince's favourite, but both play'd and sang to him every evening, and he generally supped there. The poor girls are really to be pitied, as 'tis not their's, but their mother's fault, to be in such a constant round of dissipation, and playing very deep at cards, from the same bad example. I think the Prince looked in better health than the year before, but they said he was not, and though he came to drink the waters, from his manner of living they certainly could not be of much service. Bath always abounds in droll anecdotes, and on its being thought the Prince looked very dull, it was given as a reason that a few days before he left London he had had his fortune told. The manner of it is, the person puts in his hand to a person that is invisible, who having observ'd it a little while said, "You'll not live long." The Prince not liking, I suppose, this observation, came again the next day in quite a different dress. When on again putting in his hand, the voice said, "You'll not die a natural death." This still more discompos'd him. Indeed it was no wonder, and we all could not help wishing it might be a warning for him to behave more proper to his high station. The Duke of York was fearful he might not be graciously received, and sent to the

Mayor before he came, that he might. However, 1799 the lower class cannot always be led, and as he got out of his carriage, call'd out very vehemently, "Where's your wife? Why did you not bring your wife, as your brother does?" He did not stay long, and carried Mrs. Carr and her daughters to London, where it is said the former was to set up a faro table.

The famous Mrs. Macartney left Bath this spring, and is gone to a house, her nephew, Mr. Greville, lent her in London. She says she "must come to Bath for her health sometimes, but had rather live in hell than on the Queen's Parade, where the families were so shockingly impolite as not one to visit her." She offer'd her hand lately to Colonel Mackenzie, who refused it, and kindly gave notice to her nephew, Greville, to look after his curious aunt.

The once celebrated beauty, Miss Wroughton, still keeps up her consequence by her large parties, and fine concerts every Sunday evening, where Ranzini, and many amateurs sing and play. The Prince always attended to hear Miss Mayo (Mrs. Lutwyche's niece), sing and play, and indeed I never heard any one so charming. Not that I attended Miss Wroughton's Sunday concerts, as I quite agreed with the two amiable Duchesses of Newcastle, and Hamilton, who never would appear there on those evenings. The amiable Lady Nelson, who as usual was at Bath with her father-in-law,¹ had some music sent her from Russia endeavouring to be expressive of her lord's victories. She sent it to Ranzini, and some of the opera musicians came from London to perform it. The great ball-room was the place fixed upon, and there were about

¹ The Rev. Edmund Nelson.

1799 one thousand three hundred people, but the amateurs were disappointed, as the "Battle of the Nile,"¹ as one might suppose, was only a monstrous continued noise. But, however, every one was grateful to her Ladyship. I think I never saw any one more altered in the course of one year than Lord Nelson's father, a most worthy old man with long grey hair, but seems now so broke at his son's victories, which he says is literally being overcome with joy, so much so that he can hardly bear it. Dr. Randolph, the celebrated preacher, had the living of Bradford given him, but does not reside there, which the King, when he heard that he was constantly at Bath, said the chapel there was no cure of souls. Coals in April 1799 were only 10d. a bushel at Bath, when 5s. in London, viz., £9 a chaldron.

May 4th.—We left Bath. We wished to return home, as we had receiv'd a letter lately from our son Thomas to inform us he was going to add another daughter to our family. We got to Hardwick for dinner about half-past four, and on the 5th returned to Fawley.

May 7th.—The weather amazing cold, and tho' I began to ride as usual in summer before breakfast, I could hardly bear it.

May 23rd.—Phil went to London to kiss hands on his being appointed Clerk of the 'Chequer.

Lord Bayham's (the present Earl of Camden), first son was christened on the 6th June 1799 by the Bishop of Clogher. My brother, the Dean of Canterbury, was to have performed the ceremony, but as his Majesty was godfather, it's always then a bishop.

¹ Fought on August 1st, 1798.

July 15th.—Mr. Powys and myself set off by eight 1799 in the morning to Mrs. Powney's, Ives Place, to meet our cousin, the Marchioness de la Peire,¹ as they have at last arrived in England after numerous distresses they had met with during the war. The Marquis was not at all well; she looks amazingly so, for all that she has gone through. We had not seen her for nineteen years. Of course, she was not the very beautiful woman we remembered her on leaving England, but still a fine countenance. The eldest of their four daughters, Clementina, was with them.

July 18th.—The review on Bulmarsh Heath.²

July 29th.—The Shrimptons, and Miss Palgrave, came from Hardwick to stay at Fawley, and we had the pleasing satisfaction of finding our future daughter-in-law³ as amiable as she had been represented to us.

August 26th.—Dined at Fawley Court, to hear the two famous musicians, the Leanders, play on the French horn, who Mrs. Freeman had down for a week, and invited the neighbouring families round, in different parties every day. It certainly was a very high entertainment.

August 27th.—On this day was buried Mrs. Amyand,⁴ widow to the clergyman, my brother, the Dean, succeeded to, in the living of Fawley; they have a vault in the chancel. The hearse and six coaches

¹ She was the daughter of Mrs. Flowyer, half-sister to Mrs. Girle, Mrs. Powys's mother.

² George III., the Queen, Dukes of York and Cumberland, the Speaker, and Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, present. The Margravine of Anspach gave the Newbury troop colours.

³ Miss Elizabeth Palgrave, eldest daughter of W. Palgrave, of Cottishall, Norfolk, was then engaged to the Rev. Thomas Powys, second son of Mrs. Lybbe Powys.

⁴ Widow of the Rev. Thos. Amyand, rector of Fawley from 1758 to 1762.

1799 of four, with servants, and her son and son-in-law in their own carriage. The ceremony was perform'd by my brother about twelve.

September 9th.—Mr. Powys, and myself went to the Shrimptons' at Clapham to meet Mr. Palgrave, who had just come from Norfolk. Tom went a day or so before us.

September 10th.—Went to London. Saw the Panorama, which I think one of the cleverest inventions that can be, and this view of it was particularly interesting, as it was the view of Lord Nelson's victory, which must give the highest satisfaction to all lovers of their country.

September 16th.—Mr. and Miss Palgrave set out for Norfolk, and Mrs. Powys and myself for Fawley.

September 23rd.—Caroline and Cooper went to his new living¹ in Staffordshire for a few days to furnish the house; the four children and two maids came to us. They had been staying a week at the Hall's,² Harpsden Court, previously.

Sunday, September 13th, was to me one of the most melancholy days I ever experienced, as it was to part me and my dearest Caroline, who was to set off the next day for Staffordshire; and as Mr. Cooper was to do duty at Henley Church that day for Mr. Townsend, he thought it best they should all lay at Henley, to make the separation less dismal. They would not stay to breakfast, but set off as soon as they got up. The dear little children stay'd till after morning church, and not knowing or feeling any of the anxiety that we did, seem'd perfectly astonished

¹ Hamstall, Ridware.

² For convenience of the removal from Harpsden Rectory, in which they lived.

to see us shed tears, and that we did not feel equal 1799
pleasure with themselves at the idea of their journey.

October 28th.—Mr. Powys and I went to Mr. Annesley's, Blechingdon Park. On 31st, Mrs. Annesley drove with her sister Grace in her phaeton, and Lady Hardy and I went in the post-chaise to Blenheim, to see the new china-rooms. They are not in the house, but built just after you enter the park, four little rooms fill'd with all sorts of old china fix'd to the walls by three screws, one of which takes out to let them be removed, others are placed on pedestals or shelves. The whole has a pretty effect, but to others might be more amusing than to Lady Hardy and myself, as each of us has most of the same sort.

November 5th.—Our dear son Thomas, was married at her father's at Cottishall, Norfolk, to Miss Elizabeth Palgrave.¹ They set off the same morning for London.

November 9th.—The bride and bridegroom came to us to dinner from Mr. Shrimpton's, and most happy were we to see them again, and told them we should not let them go to reside at their cottage² till after Christmas. Tom was now curate at Harpsden.

November 11th.—The Gentlemen's Club, at Dixon's, Henley. (First meeting of the year.)

January 7th, 1800.—Tom went to London, the 1800 next day, to his living³ at Essex.

January 15th.—Tom and Elizabeth, to our great regret, left us this day to reside at their cottage at Remenham, Berks.

¹ They were married by the celebrated Dr. Parr.

² Remenham Lodge.

³ Though curate at Harpsden, he was vicar of High Rhoding, a living in Essex.

1800 *January 27th.*—The Dean went to London to preach a charity sermon for the *Welsh clergy*.

March 7th.—We set out from Hardwick for Bath, to Mr. Shrimpton's lodgings, 36 Milsom Street, as they were so kind as to insist on our going to them till we could get lodgings to our mind. Bath very full.

March 11th.—At the play (Diamond's benefit), "The Stranger," and "Shipwreck."

March 15th.—At last got lodgings, No. 34 Gay Street.

March 27th.—Went with Mrs. Shrimpton to Charlton's benefit—"The School for Scandal,"¹ and "The Chimney-Corner."

April 4th.—The Rev. Mr. Berners, of Hambleden, died in London, to the great regret of all our Fawley neighbourhood.

April 25th.—Returned from Bath.

May 20th.—The Dean went to London to the *levée*, to congratulate his Majesty on his escape from the horrid assassin² at Drury Lane Theatre, and Phil from Hardwick, went with his uncle.

May 29th.—The Dean went to London to present the Canterbury address to his Majesty, with the Archbishop.

June 24th.—Mr. Powys and myself went to stay with Tom at Remenham. That evening we cross'd the water to Fawley Court to see the night-blooming *Cerus*,³ a very curious plant.

¹ First produced in 1777.

² Hadfield's attempt to shoot the King, took place May 15th.

³ *Cereus grandiflorus*, of Jamaica, introduced in 1700 to England.

STAFFORDSHIRE JOURNAL

1800

Mr. Powys and myself set out in our own chaise 1800 from Fawley, on Monday the 7th of July, about half-past six, took our own horses to Benson, where we breakfasted at Shrub's, and from thence had post-horses to our own carriage the whole journey. From Benson to Woodstock, and Oxford. At the latter we called on Dr. Isham and the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Marlow; dined at Chapel House, changed horses at Shipston, and Stratford-upon-Avon. We lay at Hockley, as wishing to avoid the noise of such an immense town as Birmingham, where we got to breakfast on Tuesday by ten, to Lloyd's Hotel, which inn quite answered the favourable description Mr. and Mrs. Atkyns Wright gave us of it. We set out to walk, upon the very worst pavement I ever saw, to see Mr. Bolton's manufactory, but very unfortunately we could not, as the very day before it had been advertised in the newspaper that it would not be shown any more, owing to some French emigrants having the week before behaved very unhandsome when admitted there. However, we went to see the japan manufactory, which is certainly worth going to, but nothing equal to the button manufactory, the process of which is certainly one of the most entertaining I ever saw. I was presented with a most curious specimen (now in my fossil case), of one we saw made from beginning to end, of the most curious workmanship, with a purple stone in the centre. We after this walked a long time about this immense place, curious certainly to see, tho' its vast extent, crowds of dirty inhabitants, and

1800 bad pavement, made the whole not so pleasing. From hence we went to dinner at Lichfield, where Mr. Cooper sent a servant to meet us, with the key of a gentleman's grounds, going through which shortened our way to Hamstall Ridware,¹ where we got to tea. Cooper had walked about a mile from their house on our arrival, at which our dearest Caroline ran out to meet us; but after so many months' absence, she and myself were so overcome, that strangers might have supposed it a parting scene, instead of a most joyful meeting; but my sorrow was soon turned to its contrast, to find them all so well, and pleasantly situated.

July 9th.—In the evening we went a trout-fishing on the Blythe, a river running at the bottom of a meadow before their house.

Thursday.—Walk'd up the village to Smith's the weaver, to see the manner of that work, and 'tis really curious to see with what astonishing velocity they threw the shuttle.²

Hamstall Ridware Church is a rectory dedicated to St. Michael, a very neat old spire building of stone, having two side aisles, chancel, &c., and makes a magnificent appearance as a village church. . . .

Monday 21st.—That evening we all walk'd up to Farmer Cox's, a very fine high situation, and most extensive views; indeed the prospect all round Hamstall is delightful. This place is a mile north of King's Bromley across the Trent, near Needwood Forest, about two miles west of Yoxall. The Blythe runs through the centre of the parish, and falls into

¹ The living of her son-in-law, the Rev. Edward Cooper.

² Power-looms were not introduced till 1807; the shuttle was then thrown, and batten worked by hand.

the Trent. The present Mrs. Leigh gave Mr. Cooper 1800 the living in 1799. The ancestors of this noble family assumed their name from the town of High Leigh, Cheshire, where they were seated before the Conquest. Before Charles I. set up his standard at Nottingham, he march'd to Coventry, but finding the gates shut against him, he went the same night to Stone Leigh, the house of Sir Thomas Leigh,¹ where, as Lord Clarendon says, he was well received. Edward, Lord Leigh, took his seat in the House of Peers, March 15th, 1764, and, dying unmarried, his sister, the Honourable Mary Leigh,² the present lady of the manor, succeeded to his estates here, and at Stoneleigh, (supposed to be about £1600 a year), now her principal seat, is about fifteen miles from Hamstall Ridware.

Yoxall is a pleasant rural village,³ situated in a valley on the south-west borders of Needwood Forest, seven miles from Lichfield and four miles from Burton-on-Trent. Good roads to both, and a turnpike across the Forest to Uttoxeter and Ashbourne.

July 22nd.—We took a long hot walk to the village of Murry, to see a tape manufactory, of which seven gentlemen of that neighbourhood are proprietors. The noise of the machinery is hardly to be borne, tho' the workpeople told us they themselves hardly heard the noise! Such is use! The calendering part is worth observation, as the tapes all go through the floor of an upper room, and when you

¹ The King made him a baron in 1643. He lived to see the monarchy restored.

² This lady dying without issue, the property passed to their relations the Leighs of Addlestrop.

³ Yoxall was in 1809 added to the Rev. Edward Cooper's livings by presentation of Mr. Leigh of Stoneleigh.

1800 go down to the apartment under it, you see them all coming through the ceiling, perfectly smooth and glossy, where the women take them, and roll them in the pieces as we buy them at the haberdasher's, whereas in the upper room they all look tumbled and dirty.

July the 26th had been a day long fixed upon by Mr. and Mrs. Bailey for a large party of the neighbourhood to dine in the Forest of Needwood. They had invited about forty of their acquaintance, who were all requested to meet at the great oak called Swilaar, famous for its immense size. The fête was to have been given in 1798, but that summer most of their friends were gone to different watering-places, and the next was such incessant rains, they were obliged to give up this rural entertainment, which most fortunately for us was postponed to the 26th July 1800, a day for fine weather none could exceed. It seems Mr. Bailey had promised his friends a dinner in the Forest, if Mr. Erskine¹ succeeded in gaining a cause for the relatives of David Garrick, of which Mr. Bailey was one. I think it was Mr. Peter Garrick who left about £30,000 to be divided according to a will he made, but at the time of his death, his faculties were so deranged by age and illness, being then eighty-five, that the apothecary who attended him contrived to make him sign another will, in which he left everything to himself. Of course the family had recourse to the law, and by Erskine's abilities was restored to their property, and the medical gentleman forced to quit the kingdom to save his life. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey had drove early in the morning to the Forest, to see all the dining-

¹ Afterwards, in 1806, Lord Chancellor.

tables placed under the shade of the trees;¹ and a 1800 most elegant cold collation indeed it was, or at least I may say intended to be so, but we none of us could help laughing with the donors themselves, who told us, in placing the tables in the most shady parts, they had literally forgotten the sun was drawing on to that spot, as well as their visitors, so that the intense heat of the weather made the hams, tongues, chickens, pies, &c., &c., literally all lukewarm. After our repast the ladies made walking parties to different places in the forest; some of us went to take a more correct view of the great oak, where we met in the morning. "'Tis styl'd Swilaar Oak, or the Father of the Forest, girts at 5 feet height 21 feet, the lower stem 10 feet clear, the whole height 65 feet, the extent of the arms 45 feet. 'Tis supposed to be 600 years old, stands singly upon a beautiful lawn surrounded with extensive woods; no elms or beech trees are met with in Needwood Forest; hazels, thorns, and maples, very few ash, and two very fine ancient limes of vast size." (From Shawe's "Staffordshire.")

N.B.—A copy of verses wrote by Dr. Darwin² on this oak, reckoned very fine, I shall write at the end of this journal. Shawe states: "The Forest of Needwood, the most beautiful part of the Honour of Tutbury, is situate in the northern extremity of the hundred of Offlow, and in the four parishes of Tutbury, Henbury, Tatenhill and Yoxall, between the rivers Dove, Trent, and Blythe. In the reign of Elizabeth the Forest of Needwood was in compact by extenua-

¹ Horace Walpole said there was a particular breed of bloodhounds in Needwood Forest, the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish-brown.

² Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," &c., grandfather of Charles R. Darwin.

1800 tion 23½ miles; in it 7869 acres, now said to amount to 9400, thinly set with oak and timber trees, well replenished with covers of underwood, thorns, and hollies; the berries of the latter in winter are most beautiful. In the forest were ten parks."

When the gentlemen retir'd from the dinner-tables they were placed in a more shady situation for tea and coffee, against the return of the ladies from their walks, after which we again took a very long promenade to view the most picturesque scenes. From some parts we saw Dovedale, and other parts of Derbyshire. The company separated at different hours in the evening, according to their distances from home.

Monday, 28th.—We all set out early in the morn to see Shuckborough,¹ Mr. Anson's, and Hagley, Lord Curzon's. We went through Blythberry and Coulton, the latter a village rather remarkable for many of its cottages being built in a marl-pit with woods over it, the roots of its trees growing and hanging loosely over their little gardens, which are deck'd with all manner of flowers, and kept with the greatest neatness. We pass'd a Lady Blount's, a white house, a Catholic family, related to that of Maple-Durham, near Hardwick. Shuckborough is a remarkable good house, finely furnished, and lately enlarged. There are numbers of valuable statues, busts, &c. Mrs. Anson, who was Miss Coke, daughter of Mr. Coke of Holkham in Norfolk, and married a Mr. Anson² in 1794, is, I think, one of the most capital painters, and excels in every kind of drawing. Every room is ornamented with some of her performances. Three of their children, full-length portraits, at the upper end of a large

¹ Shugborough.

² Thomas Anson, father of first Earl of Lichfield.

room, is, I think, equal to any artist; also several 1800 copies from Titian, and other famed masters. . . . We gave up going over the gardens, as we knew we should have a long walk at Hagley. On our way there, we passed the houses of two families much talk'd of in that part of the country in the year 1757, when a novel was wrote on the subject call'd "The Widow of the Wood." The real name of the heroine, . . . the hero, Sir William Wolsley. Their houses very near each other; both pretty places. We pass'd, too, the College Church, where the marriage was perform'd late in an evening; but 'tis a droll history altogether. It was contrary to the clergyman's desire, but she begg'd it might be kept a secret the time of their marriage, and it was afterwards discover'd she had another husband.¹ We din'd at Wolsley Bridge, a very good inn. . . . We sent in our names for leave to walk round Lord Curzon's grounds,² and he desired we would go into any part of it we chose, without being attended by his gardener. The house seems a comfortable old mansion, with some new rooms, and more to be added. The grounds are delightful, the river running thro' them, and many beautiful cascades. After having gone a long tour we proceeded to mount the famous Cannock Hills, of a vast height, and having reach'd the top were quite repaid by the most beautiful scenes. I picked up some remarkable stones on the Cannock Hills.

Thursday, 31st.—We dined at Mr. Carey's, minister of Abbot's, Bromley. Before dinner we went to see Lord Bagot's park. The number and size of the oaks here are quite astonishing; nor had any of us

¹ Sir William re-married.

² Hagley is the property of Lord Lyttleton.

1800 the least idea to what a size oaks would grow. His Lordship has been offered for them an hundred thousand pounds.

Thursday, August 7th.—We set out for Lichfield, which, having only seen as we came through it, we now determined to spend a long morning there in viewing the Cathedral, &c. We breakfasted by seven, and got there, as we intended, before the service began. The Cathedral¹ is indeed a very fine one, not so large and unlike that of Canterbury, quite modernised by Mr. Wyatt; a fine window over the communion-table, painted by Egginton of Birmingham, a Carlo Dolce, the same as that we had just seen by the same hand put up at Mr. Stonor's chapel,² at Stonor in our neighbourhood, a present from Mrs. Stonor's father. The Dean (Proby) and Mr. Nares, the reviewer, were in residence and at church, the former a very old man. After service, Mr. Nares was so obliging as to walk over it with us, and as Mr. Shaw's account of the whole will be much more accurate than I could give, I shall set it down here:—"Its dimensions in length, from east to west of the whole fabric, 411 feet, whereof from the west door to the great cross aisle or transept, 179 feet; to the entrance in the choir, 34 feet; length of choir, 110 feet; height of the great steeple in the middle, 246 feet. In the front 183 feet; in the south of which are a peal of ten bells. Anno Dom. 1433, Heyward sat Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, the Cathedral was beautified in the ornaments thereof." Indeed, "the west front," says Fuller, "is a stately fabrick, adorn'd with excellent imagerie, which I suspect our age is far from being

¹ Commenced building in 1129. Dedicated to St. Chad.

² Stonor Park, Oxon, seat of Lord Camoys.

able to imitate ; but alas ! " says he, "'tis now a political 1800
case indeed, almost beaten down to the ground in our
civil wars." Plot says, "Three such lofty spires no
church in England can boast the like, being adorn'd
with studs and carved work. The glazing and tracery
in stone-work of the west window were the gifts
of James I. ; a curious piece of art." Till then, the
Cathedral remain'd in its pristine beauty, when it
suffer'd greatly by three sieges,¹ in one of which Lord
Brook,² of fanatic principles, lost his life. He drew
up his army, pray'd a blessing upon his intended work,
earnestly desiring that God would by some special
token manifest unto them His approbation of their
desire, then planted their great guns by the south-east
side of the close, when, by some accident, this Lord
was shot in one of his eyes, as he lifted up his beaver
that he might the more clearly see the execution done ;
but though completely harness'd with plate-armour
cap-à-pie, he suddenly fell down dead. Nor is it less
remarkable that this accident was on the 2nd March,
the festival of the famous Bishop St. Chad, to whose
memory Offa, king of the Mercians, first erected this
stately church ; but notwithstanding this Lord lost his
life, the army of Cromwell exercised the like barbarisms
as were done at Worcester, demolishing all the monu-
ments, pulling down the cornices, carved work, battening
in pieces the costly windows, and destroying the
records belonging to the church, stabled their horses
in the body of it, kept courts of guard in the cross
aisles, broke up the pavement, polluted the choir with

¹ The first in 1643, when it was fortified for royalty.

² He expressed the impious desire that he might behold the day
when no cathedral should be left standing. He was shot by "dumb
Dyott" from the middle tower.

1800 excrement, hunted a cat with hounds through the church, and, to add to their wickedness, brought a calf wrapped up in linen, carried it to the font, sprinkled it with water, and gave it a name, in scorn and derision of that holy sacrament baptism; and when Prince Rupert recovered the church by force, Russel, the governor, carried away the communion plate, &c.

In September 1651, a canonier dwelling in Stafford, who had been one of those that shot down the steeple at Lichfield Cathedral in the siege of 1646, as he was charging his piece (upon the arrival of Major Harrison), to be fired in triumph, was shot in the arm with that cannon, which suddenly took fire, his chin and arm lay shot off; he only survived a few days.

Colonel Dawson, governor of Stafford, by authority from Parliament, employed workmen to strip off the lead from this stately cathedral, October 1651, and one Picton, July 26, 1653, knocked in pieces the fair bell call'd "Jesus." About the bell was this inscription:—

*"I am the bell of Jesus, and Edward is our king,
Sir Thomas Haywood, first caused me to ring."*

Bells were esteem'd sacred ever since they were first used in the year 604.¹

The vestry at last was the only place that had a roof to shelter them during divine service; the great steeple was laid down below the bottom of the great spire, the west front shattered, and all the doors and windows—2000 shots of great ordnance and 1500 hand-grenadoes having been discharged against it. Dr. John Hacket was appointed Bishop in 1661.

¹ The first peal of bells in England were at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire.

When he came down, he found his cathedral in a 1800 state better to be conceived than described; the honour of restoring it to its former splendour was reserved for this worthy prelate. The very morning after his arrival, he roused his servants by break of day, set his own coach-horses, with teams, and hired labourers to remove the rubbish, and laid the first hand to the work he meditated.

From the Cathedral we went to the Rev. Mr. Saville's garden, who is a great botanist, and has a large collection of curious plants. We then went a mile and a half from Lichfield to a Mr. Glover's, whose paintings are in very high repute, more particularly landscapes. After walking back to Lichfield, we amused ourselves going from shop to shop; there are a variety of good ones in this city, particularly of the Wedgwood manufactory.

N.B.—I forgot to mention among many new monuments in the cathedral is a very fine one to, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.¹

August 12th.—All our party went a trout-fishing, but the heat was so intense it was hardly bearable.

August 13th.—Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Powys, went to the assizes at Stafford. On their return they entertain'd us with a droll copy of verses on Lord Stafford's picture being hung up in the town-hall in 1800 :—

“With happy contrivance to honour his chief,
Jack² treats his old friend as he treats an old sheep;
But with proper respect to the Garter and Star,
Instead of the gallows he's hung at the bar.
To remove from this county so foul a disgrace,
Take down the old Peer, and hang Jack in his place.”

¹ She died in 1762. The monument is by Westmacott.

² Mr. Sparrow.

1800 *Thursday 14th.*—I walked down to the river Blyth by seven in the morn to see Caroline and the three eldest children bathe, which they did most mornings, having put up a dressing-house on the bank. . . .

Monday, August 18th.—We all pass'd a dull, gloomy day, the following one being upon fixed for leaving our dear relatives.

We reached Fawley on Wednesday the 20th by seven o'clock.

August 26th.—Tom's daughter, Louisa Mary Powys, born.

August 27th.—We went to see Elizabeth and my new grand-daughter ; both pure well.

October 7th.—Louisa Mary Powys christened at Remenham.

October 27th.—Tom's little girl inoculated.

October 28th.—We went to stay at Mr. Fane's, Wormsley.

October 29th.—This morning Lady Elizabeth, (Fane), and all the ladies went in their coaches, attended by the gentlemen on horseback, to West Wycombe Park, to see the furniture, china, &c., of Lord Donegal, which were to be sold the next week. He had taken the house of Sir John Dashwood for seven years, but by gaming, racing, and every extravagance he was obliged to have an auction and sell everything—very unpleasant to Sir John Dashwood who had a very fine collection of pictures and some furniture in the house.

December 1st.—My poor mother was again seiz'd with a second fit of apoplexy. I went to her most days, and by the seventh Mr. Coulson thought her near as well as before her seizure.

January 2nd, 1801.—My poor mother continued 1801
very low and weak, and knew none of us for some
time past.

January 7th.—Caroline Cooper was brought to
bed of a boy (on my birthday). He was christened
Frederick Leigh Cooper.

On the 8th of January, it pleased God to relieve
my dear mother from that state of miserable insensi-
bility she had so long been in, without suffering the
least pain. She was eighty-nine years of age, having
outlived my father near forty years, whose inexpress-
sible loss I experienced 5th of July 1761. My mother
was buried by him in Beenham Church, Berks.

March 1st.—Mr. Powys and myself set out for
Bath. . . .

March 4th.—At Mrs. Lutwyche's party. Sixteen
card-tables, fifty-six people.

April 3rd, Good Friday.—Mr. Sibley, and two
other clergymen gave the sacrament.

April 6th.—Went to see the model of Rome.
At Tyson's ball in the evening. The Duke and
Duchess of York at it.

April 20th.—Left Bath.

May 3rd, Sunday.—Our son Cooper preached, as
Caroline, himself, and family came to stay with us the
week before.

May 27th.—The Coopers, to our inexpressible
grief, set out with their five dear children to Stafford-
shire.

July 14th.—We went to see Mrs. Stonor of Stonor,
who was so obliging as to show us their new¹ chapel,

¹ This is a mistake ; the chapel had been *restored*. Stonor Chapel,
together with East Hendred, Berkshire, and Hazlewood, Yorkshire,
are the only three chapels in England that have never passed from the
Church of Rome.

1801 a most elegant one, and a very fine painting on glass done by Egginton, a present from Mr. Blundell, her father. The altar fine marble, brought from France since the Revolution.

July 17th.—Mr. Powys and Tom went to see the Annesleys at Coley,¹ near Reading, which place they had taken to remove most of their family, as the scarlet fever was very bad in their village near Bletchington Park. I was glad to see Coley again, as 'tis many years since our friends the Misses Thompson have been dead; but we were rather surprised that one of the sisters, Lady Jennings, now living, and who sold the place, should have left all the family pictures just in the same places we remember them.

July 23rd.—Mr. Powys and myself set off for Canterbury, but first went to Mr. Shrimpton's in London.

July 25th.—Went to see the panorama, a view of Constantinople well worth seeing, and after to see an original portrait of Bonaparte at the battle of Marengo, taken from life by Barrois. He is represented giving orders to General Berthier at the moment of victory; their two horses, natural size, in the background held by a hussar. There was another full-length picture of him in London at that time, but thought not so good as this.

Monday, July 27th.—Set off for Canterbury. . . .

July 31st.—Went to Leigh Abbey, Mr. Barret's. The house, place, and owner all extremely well worth seeing.

August 3rd.—Mr. Powys and myself set off for Ramsgate. Dr. Wolsby had been so kind as to take

¹ Coley Park, now seat of Berkeley Monck, Esq.

lodgings for us, the place was very full, and now much more fashionable than Margate. Our lodgings were diminutive after the spacious rooms in the Deanery, the largest ten feet square only, for which we gave three guineas a week. Mr. Anson, for a house with a view of the sea, the largest in Ramsgate, gave eighteen guineas a week, and only five windows in the front. . . .

August 7th.—I went with Miss Page in their landaulet to Margate, Kingsgate, and Broad Stairs. Opposite Margate was the ship¹ in which Lord Nelson had just come in from Boulogne, where he had destroyed ten gunboats, but not burnt the town, as had been reported, his Lordship saying it was never his intention to fight against women and children. The firing off Boulogne we heard very plain at Ramsgate that evening. He was said to be going from thence to do the same at Flushing, and took a great many men from Ramsgate and Margate to show them, as he had told them, some service. His Lordship did not come on shore, and sail'd the next day.

Saturday, August 8th.—From the pier this evening we saw the fleet returning from the Baltic, about nine men-of-war. They did not stop in the Downs.

August 22nd.—Went with Miss Page, and Miss Harrison, to Margate. We observed a hoy coming in so crowded that we really fear'd many of the passengers must have tumbled out or the vessel upset as they were getting out; sometimes 200 people in one. The pier was full of people looking, and laughing at the oddity of their disembarking.

August 24th.—Returned to the Deanery, Canterbury, for the race-week.

¹ The *Medusa*.

1801 *August 25th.*—Went to the Cathedral at ten. Lord Camden, and the Bishop of Clogher, came to my brother's. Lord Darnley was steward of the races. A great deal of company; public breakfasting every morning at twelve; ordinaries for the gentlemen at two, as the race was after dinner, from which the company returned to dress for the balls, which began about seven. A play on the last day. Saturday no ball.

August 26th.—I attended Lord Camden, and a large party to the breakfast-rooms, and I am sure a very cheap elegance, as only one shilling each person. We dined at two, and I went in his Lordship's carriage to the race-ground. . . .

August 27th.—In the evening Lord Camden, Mr. Powys, and myself went to the ball, which was very brilliant indeed. So many jewels I've not seen for a great while, and the ladies mostly dress'd in silver Canterbury muslins, which it seems are now in London called the Chambery, to sound, I suppose, more fashionable, though all manufactured by Callaway in this city. I think one hardly ever saw so many pretty women, Lady Darnley¹ one of the most beautiful. . . . Lord Camden danced the whole evening (as he told us on the Tuesday), with Lady Darnley, and vastly well indeed did both perform.

Monday, August 31st.—We left Canterbury, lay at Rochester. We were surprised to see so many fields of canary-seed, but it seems Kent is the only county where it is sown.

September 16th.—We dined at Mr. Howman's,²

¹ Elizabeth, wife of the fourth Earl, third daughter of Right Hon. William Brownlow.

² The Rev. Arthur E. Howman, for fifty years Vicar of Shiplake, from 1799 to 1848.

minister of Shiplake, Mrs. Atkyns Wright, and Mrs. 1801
Fanshawe there.

October 10th.—We dined at Lord Malmesbury's, Park Place. Invited to a turtle, sent them by Lord Lavington. We set down twenty-two. Lady Minto¹ had just come from Vienna with her six children. After tea and coffee in one room cards, in the other dancing, Lady Minto's children had all learn'd at Vienna, and I never saw any dance equal to them in reels, waltzes, corsars, &c., &c.

Sunday, November 29th.—The snow so deep no woman could get to church; the Oxford mail stopped. The snow lasted till December 3rd, succeeded by great floods.

November 10th.—Elizabeth (Mrs. Tom Powys), brought to bed of a son.²

January 2nd.—Snowed all day. The snow and 1802
frost continued on and till January 19th, having begun on 23rd November.

On January 23rd the little boy at Remenham christened, named Thomas Arthur.

January 30th.—Went to Fawley Court, and saw Mrs. Freeman³ for the first time since her fall, then two years ago.

February 3rd.—Set off for Bath.

February 23rd.—At the Upper Rooms, reopened this season on Tuesday, twenty-five tables.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—At the Upper Rooms, twenty-seven tables.⁴

¹ Wife of first Earl Minto.

² Thomas Arthur, afterwards Vicar of Medmenham, Berks.

³ This was Mrs. Strickland Freeman, not the dowager, Mrs. Freeman, who lived at Henley Park.

⁴ This shows the prevalence of cards then. *Vide* Anstey's "New Bath Guide," for the universal mania for gambling.

1802 Returned home March 25th.

April 25th.—My dear Caroline (Cooper), brought to bed of her third son, Henry Gisborne. . . .

August 10th.—Mr. Powys and myself set out on our second journey into Staffordshire. Set out from Fawley at eight, got to Benson by ten, where we breakfasted, to Oxford at one, changed horses at Woodstock, and got to Chapel House by four, and to Stafford Bridge by nine, where we dined and lay, an excellent house for accommodations, tho' small, and the most reasonable in their charges I ever knew. Next morning set out early for Warwick, where we met Colonel Gregory, who had insisted that we should stay at least one night with them on our journey. We intended to see Warwick Castle. We were taken in at the porter's lodge, who inform'd us he was always ordered by his Lordship to desire a note wrote by one of the company to request seeing the Castle. While this was taken to the house, the porter, a most respectable old servant in the family livery, showed us into a room hung round with armour, &c., of Guy, Earl of Warwick. In the centre stands the famous porridge pot belonging to that hero. It's made of brass, and contains 102 gallons, and the porter inform'd us was three times filled with punch at the present Earl's¹ coming of age. Warwick Castle I think a place as much worth seeing as any I ever was at. The family being there, could only see the ground-floor, on which are nine fine rooms. You go from the first to the last in a straight line, which measures 333 feet, and has a fine effect to the eye. The house is grandly furnish'd, many fine pictures, and numbers of ancient curiosities, a vast deal of old armour, &c., &c. Colonel

¹ George, second Earl of Warwick.

Gregory wish'd us to go to Kenilworth Castle, five 1802 miles from Warwick, to see the inside of that famous ruin ; but as we knew this must make us late for Mrs. Gregory's dinner, we only stopped to take an outside view of the venerable pile, and then proceeded to the Colonel's seat called Stivishall Hall. . . .

August 12th.—After breakfast we set out thro' Coventry, by Kenilworth to Lichfield, where we dined, and reached Hamstall by tea-time, finding all the family (Coopers), perfectly well. . . . We returned to Fawley on September 9th. . . .

September 21st.—We all went to Reading to see the cheese fair, and were much entertain'd by the sight of such quantities of that useful commodity, and afterwards saw Astley's horses perform their wonders round a circus. We were in what was called the boxes, 2s. a seat ; there was a vast number of the neighbouring families there.

December 31st.—No frost or snow hardly this winter, but constant fogs, and rain almost daily.

February 1st.—Mr. Powys and myself set off for 1803 our annual Bath tour.

February 8th.—At the Tuesday card assembly ; twenty-three tables.

12th.—We were at the cotillon, or fancy ball.

February 24th.—Saw the panorama of London.

25th.—Went to see the "Invisible lady made visible," (a very foolish thing).

In March, Mr. Dutton, brother to Lord Sherbourne, married at Bath the celebrated beauty, Miss Honoria Gubbins. Settled on her in case of no children £5000, and £300 pin-money, and £15,000 on younger children, if any. We were then at Bath.

1803 Colonel Cotterel drove four cream-colour'd horses this year at Bath, which he had bought of the King, who met him one day, when his Majesty told him he was quite happy they were in such good hands.

When the influenza was so violent this spring at Bath, Dr. Parry visited 120 patients in two days; and Mr. Crook, the apothecary, only wish'd he could have a lease of this same influenza for eight years—he should not desire a better fortune.

Oberne, the Bishop of Meath, preach'd an excellent sermon at this season at Bath against card-parties, and concerts on Sunday evenings. His wife, Mrs. Oberne, went the day after to pay a morning visit to an old lady, who told her she was very angry with her husband, as she had just received twenty-eight cards of refusals to her next Sunday's party. "Oh, how glad I am," says Mrs. Oberne, "to hear this." The lady bridled up, and replied, "However, it shall not hinder my parties." Miss Wroughton declared she would always have her Sunday concerts, for all the bishops. This latter lady, formerly one of the first of the Bath beauties, was lately styled by a wit at that place, "A proof print of former times." Mr. Whaley, a fine travelled young clergyman, a widower, who has spent already two good fortunes, a great taste for virtue, was married this year, after a three weeks' courtship, to a Miss Heathcote, aged sixty, with a fortune of fourscore thousand pounds in her own power. She had the finest dresses made for the occasion I ever heard of, her gowns laced to the highest expense of fashion, and all jewels that was possible. She wore round her neck a necklace with medallions of the twelve Cæsars, on which the following lines were made :—

"No longer at thy virgin state repine,
Twelve Cæsars now upon thy breast recline.
O happy she!"

1803

She has an elegant house in the Crescent, and he has one in St. James' Square, Bath, which, tho' most elegantly furnished, after he returned from Paris, finding paper-hangings were there call'd vulgar, immediately took all down and hung all with satins.

We returned to Fawley, April 20th.

June 13th.—The christening of Tom's little Catherine Jane. We dined at Remenham.

August 2nd.—Mr. Powys and I set out for our son Cooper's in Staffordshire, and reached Hamstall on the 3rd about six. Had the inexpressible joy to see Cooper, Caroline, and their six dear children in perfect health.

August 5th.—Our wedding-day. We had been married now forty-one years, and I believe I may most sincerely say, as perfectly happy as 'tis possible to be.

August 10th.—A party of eight we started, some driving, some riding, at 7.30 A.M., to Derby. We got to Tutbury, where we breakfasted; 'tis five miles from Bourton on the south bank of the river Dove. We walk'd up to the fine old ruin of the castle, where Mary, Queen of Scots, had formerly been a prisoner. The views from thence are remarkably picturesque. The castle is about seven hundred years old. The Saxon arch gateway into the church¹ is very fine. In 1568, during the time of the Duke of Norfolk's intrigue in the reign of Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, was removed hither from Bolton Castle, a house of Lord Scrope's, on the borders of Yorkshire.

¹ Once the Priory Church.

1803 She was seventeen years in different confinements. From the walls of Tutbury Castle, which has so long echoed the sighs of the unfortunate queen, she was removed in 1586 to Chartley, and from thence in September 1586 to Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire. The west end of Tutbury Church, notwithstanding the ravages that have been made in this fine old fabric, still exhibits a specimen of Saxon architecture more rich and beautiful than any of the kind in this island.

We set off for Derby about ten, got there to dinner, walked about the town, which may be called a good one. Next morning we went to the celebrated china manufactory, where we all purchas'd many articles; from thence to view the silk-mills, which seems the most curious invention that can be. Mr. John Lombe had a patent to bring this contrivance to England from Italy. Before you enter the manufactory you pass an immense wheel;¹ by that one 99,947 other wheels are all turn'd. There are three sorts of silk from China and Italy. Near three hundred little girls are employ'd in tying knots as the silk breaks, and numbers of boys. From thence we went to the Derbyshire spar manufactory. There, we all made many purchases. We return'd to the "George" inn, and took some refreshment before setting out for Burton. This town is a tolerable one, a bridge there very remarkable for its length. We were much disappointed with the famous Burton ale, and all of us agreed we had never tasted worse.

August 25th.—We went to see Beau Desert, the Earl of Uxbridge's, a large old white house, situated

¹ This wheel, twenty-three feet in circumference, was turned by water from the river Derwent.

on a vast eminence, commanding a most beautiful prospect. 'Tis a great pity that now none of the family reside there; 'tis now almost unfurnished, and looks desolate. In one fine room they had put the present fashionable large window-frames, and the largest panes of plate-glass I had ever seen, which cost five guineas a pane. 1803

August 31st.—Returned to Fawley. . . .

November 4th.—We were much alarm'd by fire at Fawley Court, which broke out in the morn in the carpenter's shops erected for the repairs now doing there. Four fine horses were smother'd, three or four burnt, stables, and the shop, many of the new mahogany window-frames, and the plate-glass of them broke. The family were away. Fortunately it did not reach the house, though it did considerable damage. . . .

December 30th.—A ball and supper at Lord Malmesbury's, Park Place. The company about sixty-four. There by half-past seven. Supped at twelve. Got home before four in the morning.

January 1st, 1804.—The first day for three weeks without rain. 1804

January 12th.—Mr. Powys and myself set out on our annual Bath excursion.

January 27th.—I was at the ladies' Catch Club. Mrs. Badderley was so obliging as to get me a ticket, a difficult thing to get. About three hundred and seventy-two, mostly ladies. No supper, but cake, ices, and jellies carried round between the acts.

February 6th.—At the dress-ball, Upper Rooms. Took my god-daughter, Charlotte Powney. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and family, and the French General Boger, who dined at her Grace's

1804 most days. He was permitted to come to Bath, but not London. We wondered he had been allowed to come to such a public place as that, but he pleaded his health. Major and Mrs. Plunket there. His lady, the famous novel-writer, Miss Cumming, an extremely plain woman. . . .

March 16th.—Home to Fawley.

November 2nd.—The Dean, Mr. Powys, and myself went to Mr. King's at Wycombe. Mr. King took us to see Lord Carrington's,¹ a fine old place, just out of the town. It is now being fitted up by Wyatt in the ancient style, as such places should be, and not modernised. Nothing can be more magnificent, and 'tis supposed it will cost at least £50,000. Nothing could be more polite than my Lord, and her Ladyship. Their family consists of girls, and only one son, who is the youngest.

November 10th.—I went to Mr. West's, but they were gone to London to thank the King for his visit to Culham Court the week before.

November 26th.—Louisa (Powys), and myself went to Mr. West's, and they gave us a full account of the late royal visit—the King, Queen, some of the princesses, five gentlemen, thirty-two horses, and numbers of servants; but they were prepar'd for all by Lady Matilda Wynyard, who was staying at Culham Court; indeed, they had fix'd the week before, but put it off, which was rather inconvenient; but they had a dinner ready at one, at which hour his Majesty generally dines. They seemed much pleased with the place and their reception; would have all the children² in the

¹ Wycombe Abbey.

² The late Miss West remembered the good-natured King playing with her half-brothers, with his riding-whip, on the door-steps.

room with them the whole time ; and when they went 1804
over the apartments, the King, who always goes into
every room, popped into one where the maid was
dressing out the flowers, &c. She started up, and
was greatly alarmed, but his Majesty laughed, and
said to her, "Don't be frightened ; I won't steal any
one thing."¹

January 12th, 1805.—Mr. Powys and myself went 1805
to Bath.

January 24th.—The cotillon ball.

January 28th.—The dress ball, Upper Rooms,
immensely crowded at ten ; but the number of card-
parties quite spoil the balls, as 'tis fashionable to
attend five or six before you go to the room. It was
endeavoured to alter these hours, but fortunately for the
old people, and those who drink the waters, it was not
permitted, and at eleven,² if in the middle of a dance,
the music stops. But as I suppose 'tis reckon'd vulgar
to come early, one sees nothing of the dancing or
company for the crowds. The rooms are not half so
agreeable as they were some years ago, when the late
London hours were not thought of ; and how prejudi-
cial must they be to the health of all, is very visible
in the young as well as in the old. Formerly youth
was seldom ill ; now, from thin clothing and late hours,
you hardly see a young lady in good health, or not
complaining of rheumatism, as much as us old ones !

¹ Mr. West had hot rolls brought from Gunter, wrapped in flannel,
by relays of horsemen ! The King said, "Ah ! Gunter, Gunter ! I am
glad you deal with Gunter, West : nobody like Gunter !" The King
wiped his shoes carefully on entering, and on Mr. West telling him not
to mind, said, "No, West, I am not going to carry dirt into any man's
house."

² This was introduced by "Beau Nash," when the inexorable master
of the ceremonies at Bath.

1805 Sixteen thousand strangers at Bath in the season
1805!

March 5th.—Our grandson, Warren Cooper, born,
1805.

March 29th.—Returned from Bath.

May 29th.—Mr. Powys and myself set out for London. Got to Mrs. Shrimpton's, Bedford Square, at half-past four.

June 9th.—I have seen the panoramas, the Rock of Gibraltar, the Bay of Naples, and the view of Edinburgh, all particularly pleasing.

June 10th.—Mr. and Mrs. Cox came to dinner. He is the author of "Miscellaneous Poetry," a very entertaining book. I copied the following from it :—

"From their coasts by the gales should our navy be toss'd,
And in spite of our tars should our Channel be cross'd,
Frenchmen never our dear native land shall explore,
If not sunk in the sea they shall die on the shore.
Then let Nelson and Sydney¹ new triumphs prepare
And the Corsican tyrant may come if he dare!"

June 14th was the first day of Term, when all the judges, counsellors, &c., &c., came to breakfast with the Chancellor in Bedford Square, a few doors from Mrs. Shrimpton's. There were fifty-one carriages, and on their return the Chancellor's (Lord Eldon's²), state-coach, with long-tailed horses, and two more of his own coaches followed the state one, in which he went to Westminster Hall. Unfortunately it was a very wet day. The seventeenth carriage was the state one.

June 17th.—The Dean came from Windsor to breakfast with us. We all went to Laurence's, the painter.

¹ Sir William Sidney Smith, a distinguished admiral.

² Lord Eldon became Lord Chancellor in 1801.

June 18th.—The Dean went to the Archbishop of Canterbury's at Lambeth to stay one night on his way to Canterbury. Mr. Powys and myself set out for Fawley. 1805

August 1st.—I rode my donkey for the first time, which Mr. Powys had just bought me. It cost three guineas and a half.

August 12th.—Mr. Powys and myself set off for our son Cooper's, in Staffordshire. We hired a post-chaise for the time at a guinea a week, of Hicks, coachmaker in the Fair Mile.¹

August 14th.—We went out most mornings and evenings in the two donkey-chaises—very clever vehicles indeed. Caroline drove one, and little Edward was so pleased at being postillion to grand-mamma, that, though I sometimes drove myself, he most days rode my donkey, the carriages only holding one person each.

Monday the 26th had been for some time fixed on for us to go to Matlock and Dove Dale. We set out a party of seven; we went through Blithbury and Abbots Bromley. We got to the Rev. Mr. Stubbs' at Uttoxeter by half-past one, who asked us to dine with him. We went to see the church, rather an extraordinary one, very ancient, and the pews so oddly managed² as three or four to go through each other, and so very narrow that, if those belonging to the outward ones happen to come first, without they are the most slender persons, it's impossible to pass each other. Caroline and myself, who are not so,

¹ At Henley-on-Thames.

² This was the case at Shiplake Church, Oxon, before the restoration of 1870. The seats in the first pews in the chancel had to be *lifted up*, to admit persons to the seats behind.

1805 could not help laughing, and saying it was lucky *we* did not belong to this church. . . . We set out from Mr. Stubbs' after dinner. We got to Ashbourne early enough to walk about before supper. 'Tis a very pretty town. We lay there, and set out for Dove Dale early on Tuesday, and went through the most romantic and beautiful road, call'd the "Via Gellia," lately made through his own grounds by a Mr. Gell. In the midst of this woody scenery at a distance rises a grand solitary rock, the characteristic feature of this vale, known by the name of Dove Dale *Church*. It consists of a large face of rock, with two or three spiry heads, and one very large one. The valley of Dove Dale is very narrow at the bottom, consisting of little more than the channel of the Dove, which is a considerable stream, and a footpath along the banks. I mentioned having gone through "Via Gellia," but I made a mistake; it was *after* we left Dove Dale, on our way back to Ashbourne, where we dined, and got to Matlock in the evening, to the Old Bath Hotel, still reckoned the best. When I was there in 1757. breakfast was at eight, dinner at two; now dinner at four and supper at half-past nine; and what is pleasanter, you have your tea and breakfast with your own party *only*, at what time you like. There is generally dancing after supper, the ball and dinner rooms both very handsome and large. The view from the front of the hotel is quite beyond description. . . . Matlock, like all other watering-places at this period, is expensive living; they charge so much each person for *breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper*. The bed-chambers small, but very neat; each door labelled 8s. a week, and numbered. Ours was 34.

Wednesday, 28th.—We set off to walk all round the environs of Matlock; ascended the rock call'd Matlock, 120 yards high; on each side a row of lofty elms, call'd the "Lover's Walk." We crossed the river Derwent in a boat kept for that purpose, and ascended by a winding path up the rocks to the finest natural terrace, call'd the Hay Rock, from whence you have a perpendicular view down a vast precipice to the river. . . .

August 29th.—We set out at seven o'clock from Matlock to breakfast at Derby. Within three miles of that town we passed Kedleston, Lord Scarsdale's. We walk'd about the town, purchasing spar, china, &c.; re-started to Hamstall, which we reached by nine.

September.—Mr. Powys and myself left Hamstall, to return to Fawley. A dismal parting as usual.

October 18th.—Tom,¹ who was now the Dean's curate, did the whole duty.

October 23rd.—Our daughter, Louisa Powys of Hardwick, was brought to bed of a girl. Our seventeenth grandchild.

December 7th.—Mr. Powys and myself went to the play at Henley, bespoke by Lady Elizabeth Fane. A very full house. Sheridan's play of "The Rivals," an excellent one, and vastly well perform'd. One of their actors, Mr. William Penley, is as capital a performer as any I've seen in London or Bath. The theatre, a new one, a very nice one indeed.

December 12th.—It snow'd in the night, and continued all day. Mrs. Atkyns Wright had bespoke a play, and we were engaged to dine at Mr. Coventry's. We had great difficulty in getting down our hill. How-

¹ Tom succeeded his uncle, Dean Powys, as Rector of Fawley in 1810, presented by Strickland Freeman, Esq.

1805 ever, got safe to Henley; dined at Mr. Coventry's. We all went to the theatre at half-past six, and, despite of the weather, Mrs. Atkyns Wright had a full house. The plays, "The Way to get Married," and "Of Age, To-morrow."

1806 *January 3rd*, 1806.—First Henley assembly. A very good one—twenty couples.

Thursday, January 16th.—Mr. Powys and myself set off for Bath about nine; took our coach to the "Black Bear," Reading, from thence in post-chaise.

January 23rd.—Thursday, to the inexpressible loss of the nation, died Mr. Pitt, only forty-seven years of age. 'Tis impossible to say how much he seemed to be regretted by every one we met.

January 27th.—At the dress ball, Mr. King was now master of the ceremonies at the Upper Room, as Tyson had given it up.

February 3rd.—Cotillon ball.

February 22nd.—At the play, "The School for Friends." The first time I had seen the new theatre; a very fine one.

March 6th.—At the play (Mrs. Didier's benefit), "To Marry or not to Marry," and the farce "A Tale of Mystery."

March 29th.—At the play, to see Cooke perform Sir Pertinax MacSycophant in "The Man of the World," written by the late Charles Macklin, and the pantomime of "Harlequin Æsop, or Hymen's Gift."

April 1st.—We left Bath. The illness now everywhere term'd "the influenza" very prevalent. Mr. Powys very ill, with such a lowness and debility.

April 16th.—The christening¹ of little Emily at

¹ Two grandchildren, Emily, Philip Powys's child, and Augusta, Thomas Powys's.

Hardwick. I was unluckily too ill to go, as I was 1806 one of the godmothers.

April 30th.—We all went to Remenham, to the christening of little Augusta Powys. . . .

June 17th.—We went to the town-hall, Henley, to hear Mr. Scobel, the schoolmaster's, scholars rehearse, which they did vastly well. The hall was immensely crowded by all the neighbourhood, and was very elegantly ornamented all round with wreaths of roses, &c. . . .

October 24th.—Our dear old friend, Mrs. Freeman, of Henley Park, died, after a most lingering illness.

October 30th.—On this day our ever to be lamented friend, Mrs. Freeman, was buried in the family mausoleum, Fawley Church. The Dean perform'd the ceremony ; a great concourse of people.

January 12th.—Mr. Powys and myself set out for 1807 Bath.

January 17th.—Master Betty¹ acted for his last night at Bath, and though we had no very great desire to see him, thought it would be foolish to lose the opportunity. He acted in the play of "Mahomet," and was just the thing we had expected ; for tho' he certainly acts well, yet his youth and manner could never make one suppose him the character he represents, and his voice now is quite horrid. The company at Bath did not seem the least sorry at his departure, and the actors, as one may suppose, were much rejoiced. Some years hence I dare say he will be an excellent performer.

February 2nd.—A morning subscription concert, for the benefit of Miss Randal, at the New Room,

¹ Called the "Young Roscius." A portrait of him exists in the students' room, Reading Free Library ; died young. His real name was W. R. Grossmith ; born in Reading, Berks.

1807 York Hotel. She is only six years old, and is indeed a most wonderful little creature; plays on the piano in a most wonderful manner, and has a sweet voice; she is accompanied on the harp by her blind father, and by her uncle, Mr. Parry, on the flageolet. It was a pleasing sight to see the little performer lifted on the platform by her uncle, and as she walk'd up the room she was spoken to by all she pass'd near, and met with great applause. Before she was three years old she could play three tunes.

February 3rd.—Was at the procession of Mr. Walter Long's burial, which went from his house in Gay Street to be buried at his estate at Wrexham,¹ Wiltshire. The cavalcade was very magnificent. First, seven men on horseback, then men with plumes of feathers, his own mourning chaise and four, the hearse and six, Lord Hood's coach and six, and post-chaise and six, six chaises and pair, and the concourse of people that follow'd were not to be numbered. He was ninety-six years of age, and died worth £800,000, which he left to his sister, then ninety-one, at her death to his nephew, John Long, and at John's death to a brother of Mr. John's, and at his death to a Mr. Jones. He left above fifty hundred pounds legacies.

February 14th.—I went to the play "Adrian and Orilla," and the "Forty Thieves."

March 15th.—The Bishop of Ferne preach'd at Queen's Square, a most excellent sermon; indeed he is a most amiable man, and his lady equally so. We could not help feeling for what they suffered in Ireland—their house torn down, their furniture taken,

¹ Should be Wraxall Manor, once an abbey; has been in the Long family since 1426. Mr. Long was a great admirer of Miss Linley, but she married R. B. Sheridan instead.

and every place ransack'd, his loss above £10,000, by the Irish rebels ; and what must have caus'd them infinite distress, most of their own servants were concern'd in the whole. Poor Mrs. Clever's health was so much hurt, and she still feels it so much, that she fears she shall never have fortitude to return to his bishopric in Ireland.

April 2nd.—Set out for Fawley ; weather intensely cold.

July 14th.—Cooper, Caroline, their eight children, Miss Morse the governess, and two servants came from Staffordshire to Hardwick.

July 31st.—Mr. Powys and myself went to Hardwick to see the Coopers ; the children in high spirits with their five Hardwick cousins, so only saw thirteen¹ together, as Tom's were not there. The Coopers came to us afterwards.

August 15th.—I drove to Mrs. Innes's² in my donkey-chaise, and its being quite a new carriage in this part of the world, I gain'd the attention of every one, and children follow'd me all over the town.

September 16th.—We all went to Tom's at Remenham to dinner, and to the christening of their last child, Bransby William Powys.

October 1st.—Our dear Caroline Cooper and children set off for Staffordshire.

December 2nd.—Staying at Hardwick ; the gentlemen went a shooting, and had great sport,³ killed six woodcocks, four rabbits, one hare, but missed a shot at a fine cock-pheasant.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Powys had eighteen grandchildren at that period.

² Mrs. Innes lived at "Paradise House," Henley.

³ What would the battue-shooter of the present day think of this bag for a party of four men ?

1807 *December 17th.*—To a play at Henley, bespoke by Lady Stapleton, "Laugh when you can," and the "Devil to Pay." A very full house; all the neighbouring families there.

December 22nd.—The play at Henley bespoke by Mrs. Atkyns Wright, "Town and Country," by Morton, and "Blue Beard." A very full house, tho' a great fog and *no moon*.

December 31st.—Another play, bespoke by Miss Grote (of Badgemore), "How to Grow Rich," and "Mother Goose."

1808 *January 13th, 1808.*—Mr. Powys and myself set off for Bath. . . .

March 9th.—I went to Ranzini's concert to hear Madame Catalani,¹ but was disappointed with numbers, as she came from the opera in London all night, caught a violent cold and sore throat; above a thousand had been in the concert-room hours, some they said by three o'clock; we did not go till six, and had not a very good seat. At eight, when it was to begin, Ranzini came on the platform to say how shock'd Madame Catalani was at disappointing the company, but she was really too ill to sing the songs given out, but she would try some others. We began to fear a riot, as some hisses began. However, Madame came, and I daresay did what she was able, but was quite unable to sing, and retired with many apologies. The next morning handbills were given out that she could not sing that night as she had intended, as there was to have been two, but that she would come down next Wednesday to Ranzini's concert, and to those who had been on the evening before she would sing on

¹ Angelica Catalani, born 1782, made her *début* on the stage 1802, came to England in 1806.

the next Thursday morning, so every one seem'd 1808 satisfied, till the Tuesday morning following, when bills were again circulated that she was too ill to come down ; so here it finally ended, except to poor Ranzini, who behaved uncommonly generous, desiring every one who was at the first concert, or those who had tickets for the second, to call at the rooms, where each would be return'd their half-guinea.

March 10th.—At the cotillon ball, the Lower Rooms, a remarkably good one. A French emigrant who was permitted to be at Bath was reckon'd a remarkable good dancer, and certainly was so. He had not been latterly, as some gentleman had said one night, “ No wonder he dances fine, when he was a dancing-master,” but they say that was only a joke.

April 7th.—The Coopers, Mr. Powys, and myself went by nine o'clock to see Mr. Freeman¹ ride in his riding-house, and very entertaining it was. He rode six different horses, and Miss Caroline Strickland rode two of them.

August 2nd.—We set out for Hamstall, Staffordshire.

August 5th.—Our wedding-day, the *forty-sixth*; married 1762.

October 29th.—The Dean was taken with a fit of the gout.

December 31st.—Mr. Scobel² did duty. I was too ill to venture out.

And here, alas! the facile, agreeable pen of Mrs. Powys ceased, or, at any rate, none of her great-

¹ Strickland Freeman of Fawley Court, Bucks, was a great horseman ; he wrote a book upon training and breaking horses. Caroline Strickland was his niece.

² Master of the Royal Grammar School, Henley-on-Thames.

grandchildren possess any further diaries. The abruptness seems almost painful to the reader, the last entry, as we see, refers to her being ill ; possibly that prevented her resuming her able pen for a while, but if she did write any more daily entries, they are lost. Hitherto her life may be said to have been free from much trouble, but a frightful loss was in store for her, for on April 12, 1809, her husband died suddenly and most unexpectedly. What that blow must have been to her tender heart, those who have read her words as to her nearly forty-six years of wedded happiness can understand. Mr. Powys was laid to rest on April 20 in the family burial-place at Whitchurch, Oxon. His age was seventy-five.

This was not the end of her misfortunes, for the Dean, "her brother," as she always affectionately named him, died on October 7, whilst in residence at Canterbury, and was buried there. Presumably Mrs. Powys was with him till then. She now retired to Henley to live in a house in New Street, on the north side next the river, now occupied by Miss Latter. Very possibly it was the same house as her mother, Mrs. Girle, had lived in for some years till she died in 1801, probably having a lease of it, but this is not certain. The house is a large solid red brick mansion with gabled roof, of the style of Queen Anne, but a portion appears to be of older date. Many of the rooms are or have been panelled ; the drawing-room at the back, from its greater loftiness and more modern style, was built more recently, possibly for herself or her mother.

At the back is a charming old walled garden, in the centre of which stands a magnificent *Ailanthus Glandulosa*, or "Tree of the Gods." Before the

modern boat-houses were built by the river, all the bedroom windows at the back commanded a fine view of the entire regatta course, now unfortunately blocked out. From the street front of the house a view of the river to the bridge is obtained. As in old days the broad-wheeled waggons stood, and the cheese fair was held, at the wharf at the bottom of the street, we can fancy Mrs. Powys's lively interest in it all.

The whole house is very quaint, with little steps up and down, uneven floors in some rooms, and hosts of delightful old cupboards; several very large bedrooms.

In this same house Bishop Woodford, of Ely, was born in 1820. His mother was an Appleton, whose family lived there after Mrs. Powys left. New Street is *new* only in name, as it is at least 500 years old!

Mr. Strickland Freeman presented the living of Fawley, now vacant, to the Rev. Thomas Powys, son of our Mrs. Powys, and nephew of the Dean, and he was inducted April 6, 1810. As has been stated, he married in 1799 Miss Elizabeth Palgrave. At this time he was the father of six children, to which three more were added at a birth in the following May! One trusts the birth of the triplets may have made a fresh interest in Mrs. Powys's now saddened life.

The only letter of her writing existent, is the following, addressed to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick:—

“HENLEY,
17th April 1812.

“MY DEAR LOUISA,—Give me leave most sincerely to congratulate you on your late legacy, and believe

2 A

me no one feels more pleasure in it than myself. I fear I shall hardly be able to write legible, as I've had such a fall I can hardly use my right arm, as unfortunately I fell on that shoulder, and 'tis now in constant pain, and I suppose the rheumatism is settled there. I hope to hear you are all well, to whom joy in love, and believe me.—Your ever affectionate

“CAROLINE POWYS.”

Yet one more peep at her before the veil drops, in an extract from a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Powney to her.

Mrs. Girle, Mrs. Powys's mother, had a half-sister, who married first a Mr. Phelps, by whom she had a daughter, married to the Marquis de la Peire. After the death of Mr. Phelps, Mrs. Phelps remarried a Mr. Floyer. A daughter by this second marriage married Pennystone Powney, of Ives Place, Berks, on December 20, 1776. This lady writes the following, and sends it by her son:—

“IVES LODGE,
CHELTENHAM,
November 1, 1815.

“MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—I cannot let the opportunity slip of my dear Richard's going into Berkshire without sending you a few lines to know how you are, as Charlotte and myself frequently write but can get no answer, tho' I do sometimes hear of you from Madame de la Peire—however, not that lately. My son has promised if he possibly can, to leave this himself on his way through Henley, and see you. He is going to Maidenhead on business with Mr. Payne. . . . I hope you will be able to see my dear Richard. He is truly a most affectionate child, like

all yours, who I hope are well? Pray my kindest regards to all of them. Mr. Henry Powys,¹ your grandson, called on me one day at Bath. I was extremely sorry when I came home to find his card only. . . . If it is irksome to you to write, tell him [her son], all you wish to say, and he will write to me from Maidenhead. . . .

“ELIZABETH POWNEY.”

On August 17, 1817, the Rev. Thomas Powys died at Fawley Rectory, leaving a widow and eleven children, the eldest not quite seventeen. Our Mrs. Powys appears to have gone to comfort and help her daughter-in-law in her affliction, and she did not long survive this fresh blow, but died at Fawley Rectory, and was buried at Whitchurch by the Rev. G. Hunt, in her husband's grave, on November 7th in the same year, 1817, aged seventy-nine years.

Mrs. Powys from her parents had been a considerable heiress, owning property at Beenham,² Berks, from her father (Mr. Girle); a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields which he built, and which we find in her note-books they took up residence in on September 14, 1754; from her mother she owned one-third of an estate at Lulsley, Worcestershire, besides considerable sums in the public funds inherited from both parents. That she was an excellent wife and mother, an affectionate friend, and excellent mistress, is easily perceived by her diaries. Many are the notices of old servants, too numerous to insert here, with this exception :—“Sarah Lovejoy,

¹ Henry Philip, eldest son of Philip Lybbe Powys of Hardwick.

² Beenham tithes were purchased by Sir Charles Rich, of Mr. Powys of Hardwick in 1802.

died May 1778, after a long illness; nursed all my four children; a most diligent, faithful servant."

A word or two must be recorded of the career of Dean Powys, her beloved brother-in-law, at whose house the last twenty-five years of her life had been spent. Thomas Powys was born at Hardwick, September 25, 1736; he was christened on St. Luke's day; godfathers, Thomas Powys of Lilford and his uncle Ambrose Powys; godmother, his aunt Anne Powys. What school he went to is unknown. It is possible he had a tutor at home. In 1753, when he was in his seventeenth year, he matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, took his B.A. degree in 1757, M.A. 1760. He took orders, and was ordained priest, February 15, 1761, and in May following his relation Thomas Powys, of Berwick, gave him the living of Munslow, Salop. He also became chaplain to John, Lord Montagu. October 30, 1762, he was made Rector of Fawley, Bucks, by presentation of Sambrook Freeman, Esq. of Fawley Court. On May 18, 1769, made Rector of Silchester, Hants, by presentation of Lord Camden, then Lord Chancellor, the living having lapsed to the Crown by Dr. Shipley's (the former Rector's), promotion to the Bishopric of Llandaff. Lord Camden procured Mr. Powys a prebendal stall at Hereford on December 5, 1769, vacant by promotion of Dr. Bazzington to a bishopric. On April 24, 1779, Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor, made him a Prebendary of Bristol. In November 1781 Mr. Powys became Chaplain to the King. March 1795 he was appointed first Chaplain to Lord Camden, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in December of same year he became Doctor of Divinity, and Lord Camden offered him the Bishopric of Killala,

which he refused. August 25, 1796, on the death of Dr. Sheppard, he was installed Canon of Windsor. May 26, 1797, through Mr. Pitt he was made Dean of Canterbury, his predecessor, Dr. Cornwall, going to the See of Bristol. Dean Powys died at Canterbury, October 7, 1809, aged seventy-three, and was buried there. He was a most genial, able man, a great favourite in society, and had a remarkable talent for rhyming. Many of his poems are existent in the family; amongst them two odes to his favourite friend, General Conway, of Park Place, Berks.

NOTES

NOTES

NOTE I.—(Page 103.)

LIST of plate, &c., piteously described by Mr. Richard Lybbe as "taken awaie," by the Parliamentary troops during the Civil War from Hardwick House, Oxon.

	£	s.	d.
On great basin and ewer, worth	29	0	0
On deep bason	9	0	0
A pair of great flagons	28	0	0
Two double gilt salts with covers, at	24	0	0
On chafing dish, at	8	0	0
On cream bole, at	6	0	0
Three thick boles, parcel gilt with a couver	26	0	0
On great gilt bole	7	10	0
A little gilt bole with couver	3	10	0
On gilt fruit dish	4	0	0
On little sugar dish	2	10	0
A gilt bole with mother of pearle	3	0	0
On silver tankard	7	0	0
On little gilt salt	0	12	0
Two dozen silver spoons, and four gilt spoons, and two silver forks	24	0	0

Beside this, money, and a bed with velvet hangings is mentioned as taken, the whole valued about £800 then, which, with the depreciation of coin in these days, would now be worth much more.

NOTE II.—(Page 106.)

Elizabeth Lybbe, who married J. Merrick, M.D., of Reading, and was mother of James Merrick, poet and author, left an interesting note about Dame Alice Lisle, of Moyles Court, Hants, who was condemned to death by the infamous Judge Jeffreys for

sheltering and hiding two fugitives, a divine and a lawyer, from the field of Sedgemoor on the evening of July 28, 1685.

Lady Lisle was the widow of John Lisle, who sat in the Long Parliament and in the High Court of Justice, was made a peer by Cromwell in 1658, therefore not in favour with the Stuart line. Dame Alice, of a kindly heart, is said to have sheltered Royalists, as well as Roundheads, in their need. She was three times acquitted by the jury, yet condemned, and executed on September 2, 1685, at Winchester, and lies buried at Ellingham, near her home, Moyles Court.

This is the note of Elizabeth Lybbe, whose mother was Sophia Tipping, daughter of Sir Thomas Tipping, married to Richard Lybbe, of Hardwick House, Oxon :—

"Lady Tipping, my grandfather's wife, was sister and co-heiress with Alice, wife of Lord de Lisle; her title I think the Government acknowledge. The severe sentence of taking off her head was pronounced on account of her suffering Hix, a traitor, to take shelter in her house, which her woman discovered. My aunt Lisle was much older than my grandmother, and from age and a quiet conscience, slept at her trial, as she did the night before she suffered, when my pious aunt Tipping slept with her.

"The day of her execution was September 2, 1685. She had many daughters, but one son, John, who left his estate to L'Isle, Esquire, of Crooks Eason, Hants.

"My grandmother (Lady Tipping), was a most remarkable woman for strict piety, sedateness of temper, and good conduct; my grandfather leaving it much to her care to manage the family. They had sixteen children, six sons only."

Dame Lisle was over seventy years of age when she was executed. Her mother was Lady Beckonshaw, daughter of William Bond, of a well-known Dorset family of the Isle of Purbeck.

NOTE III.—(Page 117.)

"CHRYSLAL," REAL CHARACTERS.

In an old note-book of Mrs. Powys's is a list of the characters depicted in "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," which was published in 1771. Of late days it has been sometimes denied that the description of "The Monastery" in volume iii. page 231, of "Chrysal," was an account of the pranks of the latter-day

Franciscans, of Medmenham Abbey; by this list it will be seen that it was known to be, by a member of society who lived in the actual days of the existence of the sham monks, and other characters described, and who knew personally some of the people in this list.

Real Characters in "Chrysal."

Volume I.,	Page	79.—Lord Anson.
"	"	85.—Sir Edward Faulkner.
"	"	98.—Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), discovers cock's horns to be sham.
"	"	100.—Lord Chesterfield.
"	"	104.—Lord Howe.
"	"	116, 117.—Dr. Hill.
"	"	141.—Mother Douglas.
"	"	211.—Wilkes.
Volume II.,	Page	24.—Duchess of Newcastle.
"	"	38.—Aminadab Gideon, the Jew.
"	"	57.—"Dr. Hunchback," Mr. Whitefield.
"	"	58.—Ballad Singer, Fook.
"	"	63.—Mother Douglas.
"	"	165.—King of Prussia.
"	"	215.—Prince Ferdinand.
"	"	215.—Lord March.
"	"	238.—Lord Sandwich.
Volume III.,	Page	9.—Admiral Keppel.
"	"	17.—The General, Lord Albemarle.
"	"	231.— <i>The Monastery, Medmenham Abbey,</i> <i>Bucks.</i>
Volume IV.,	Page	134.—Churchill, the Poet.
"	"	202.—Kidgell.
"	"	211.—Wilkes, his "Essay on Woman."
"	"	215.—Lord March.
"	"	217.—Lord Sandwich.

There is little doubt in the editress's mind that the virtuoso in volume i. page 91, was Henry Constantine Jennings, of Shiplake Court, Oxon, who collected every description of curiosity, from statuary and pictures to shells and other objects of natural history. No doubt Mrs. Powys, being on very friendly terms with his second wife, omitted his name in the list, either out of respect to her, or as a fact patent to herself.

NOTE IV.—(Page 118.)

WEST WYCOMBE CHURCH.

The final break up of the sham Franciscan Monks of Medmenham Abbey took place in 1762. One reason for the dissolution of the "Hell Fire Club," as it was called, doubtless was the growing scandal of their mysterious rites in the neighbourhood, culminating with the adventure and escape of the monkey, dressed as the Devil, described in volume iii. of "Chrysal."

But this same year, Sir Francis Dashwood was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; he also succeeded to the title of Lord Le Despencer—probably the feeling of *noblesse oblige* would press more heavily upon him. He had commenced the restoration of the church tower of West Wycombe Church in the previous year, and on October 25, 1761, the peal of six bells announced its completion. This tower is surmounted by a low spire, on the top of which is a hollow ball, with seats round the interior to hold twelve persons; the only access to this is from a ladder outside. A portion of the tower, and chancel, of the church is old. To join these, Sir Francis Dashwood built a nave, which resembles more closely a ballroom than a church; the pulpit and reading-desk are arm-chairs, with book-stands in front, mounted on simulated low chests of drawers which draw out, forming steps. The font, the size of a basin, has three doves perched on it, whilst a serpent is represented climbing the pillared stem. The wooden seats or forms were movable, and in each window the sills were formed into cupboards. Outside, on the north wall of the church, was painted a fresco of St. Lawrence, the church's patron saint, grilling on a gridiron, with these words, "Though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Also, to the south stood a sundial with this text, "Keep thy tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering." And it is quite possible these texts were placed there to rebuke those who may have exaggerated the dissipations carried on at Medmenham. The church was finished in 1763. The mausoleum, described by Mrs. Powys, witnessed a curious scene on August 16, 1775, when the heart of Paul Whitehead, which he had left to Lord Le Despencer, was deposited there. Whitehead died December 30, 1774. Why the heart was not buried before, is a mystery. Anyhow, a comic funeral was held. The Bucks militia, with a band of flutes, French horns, bassoons, &c., attended

in procession. The heart, placed in a marble urn covered with crape, was placed in a niche of the mausoleum, three volleys were fired, and a merry time of feasting held afterwards.

Lipscomb says in his "History of Buckinghamshire," the heart was stolen from the urn in 1839, despite the inscription on the urn :—

" Unhallowed hands this gem forbear,
No gems or orient spoil,
Lie here conceal'd, but what's more rare,
A heart that knew no guile."

In Chambers's "Book of Days" it states, under the church at West Wycombe, half-way down the hill, is a door leading to a long subterranean passage, uniting a series of caves, divided into several parts by columns left in the chalk. These are said to have been excavated by Lord Le Despencer. In the middle is a pool of water, called the Styx, said formerly to have been deeper, and only to be crossed by a boat; now it is bridged by stepping-stones, leading to a large, lofty, circular cave, from the roof of which is a hook for hanging a lamp. In these caves it is asserted the club held their meetings after the break up at Medmenham.

The principal members of the community at Medmenham were—

President, Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer.

Sir John Dashwood King, Lord Le Despencer's half-brother, the last survivor of the Club.

Earl of Sandwich.

Hon. Bubb Doddington.

Selwyn.

John Wilkes.

Lord Melcombe Regis.

Sir William Stanhope.

Charles Churchill, poet.

Paul Whitehead, poet, and secretary.

Robert Lloyd, poet.

Henry Lovibond Collins.

Dr. Ben Bates,

Sir John d'Aubrey, only present a few times at meetings, as too young.

The cradle that Wilkes is said always to have slept in at Medmenham was still in existence there when Miss Berry visited Mrs. Scott, of Danesfield, in 1811.

NOTE V.—(Page 130.)

In Bitterley Church, Salop, the parish Henley Hall is situated in, are the tablets of Thomas Powys of Snitton, who died on November 19, 1639, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Smyth of Credenhill, in the county of Hereford, who died July 1, 1645, placed to their memory by their son, Thomas Powys of Henley Hall, together with his own, and his two wives.

Thomas of Henley Hall died April 21, 1671, his first wife, Anne Littleton, daughter of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Milborough, Salop, died June 30, 1655, and his second wife, Mary Cotes, died June 7, 1668.

Sir Littleton Powys, Thomas's illustrious eldest son, is also buried at Bitterley, together with his wife Agnes, *née* Carter. She died November 28, 1720, *ætat* 66; he survived her till March 13, 1731, *ætat* 85.

Sir Thomas Powys and his second wife, Elizabeth Meadows, were originally buried at Lilford Church, Northamptonshire, but the first Baron Lilford, pulled Lilford Church down in 1778, and removed the bodies of his great-grandfather and his second wife, together with the monument, to Thorpe Achard Church, Oundle, a joint parish to Lilford. Sir Thomas's first wife, Sarah Holbeach, dying before he bought Lilford of the Elmes family, was buried at Mollington, Warwickshire, her maiden home. The monument to Sir Thomas is in white marble in classic style, representing him by a semi-recumbent figure, clad in the robes of a judge of the Queen's Bench. On either side of him are two upright female figures; at the head, one symbolical of religion; at the feet, another intended to represent eloquence. The sculptor's name was Robert Handstow; the elaborate inscription is from the pen of Matthew Prior, as follows:—

“Here lies interred Sir Thomas Powys, Knt., second son of Thomas Powys of Henley, in the Co. of Salop, Sergeant at Law, and Anne, daughter of Sir Adam Littleton of Stoke, Milborough, in the said Co. By his first wife, Sarah, daughter of Ambrose Holbeach of Mollington in the Co. of Warwick, he had 3 sons, Thomas, Edward, and Ambrose; and 3 daughters, Sarah, Anne, and Jane. By his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Meadows, Knt., he had two sons, both named Philip. He was appointed Solicitor General in 1686, Attorney General 1687, Premier Sergeant at Law 1702, one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench 1713. He died the 4th of April 1719, aged 70.

"As to his profession :

"In accusing, cautious ; in defending, vehement ; in all his pleadings, sedate, clear, and strong ; in all his decisions, unprejudiced and equitable. He studied, practised, and governed the law in such a manner that nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence ; nothing excelled both, except his justice ; and whether he was greater as an advocate, or a judge, is the only cause he left undecided.

"As to his life :

"He possessed by a natural happiness all those civil virtues which form the Perfect Gentleman. And to those by Divine goodness were added that fervent zeal, and extensive charity, which distinguished the Perfect Christian.

"The tree is known by its fruits : He was a loving husband and indulgent father, a constant friend, and a charitable patron, frequenting the devotions of the Church, pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities of the poor. What by his example he taught throughout his life, at his death, he recommended to his family and his friends.

"To fear God and live uprightly,
Let whosoever reads this stone
Be wise and be instructed."

Dame Elizabeth Powys died at Lilford, December 4, 1728, and was buried by the side of Sir Thomas on December 12, 1728.

NOTE VI.—(Page 214.)

NOTES ON THE ALTERATIONS MADE AT HARDWICK

After the cessation of the Civil War, Anthony Lybbe, as mentioned before, rebuilt the river front of the house facing south, called in a deed, dated September 11, 1672, "The New Building," also he made "the garden called the lower garden joining the rest of the New Building, and of the Mote going to the said lower garden, and of all the orchards called the New Orchards, lying between the ancient east wall of the capital messuage, and nye the field there called Culverfield, and of the new erected summer-house, and banqueting house there, lately built at the north-west corner of the said new orchard, and of all the stables and haylofts, lately also

erected by the said Anthony Lybbe, in the yard house a back court out of the said messuage, and called by the names of the 'New Stables' there."

The next alterations are from a book of memorandums of Mrs. Richard Lybbe (*née* Twysden):—

"1718.—The two south windows by the great parlour sashed, gates and palisades at the lower end of the walk to the river made.

"1719.—A turret built over the cloister passage with a clock.

"1720.—A new walk made down the middle of the great orchard; a garden plat made at the end of the summer-house.

In 1755 Mr. Powys, father-in-law of our Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, put up a billiard-table "in the room next the old drawing-room."

In Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys's Diary occurs: "Alterations made at Hardwick from 1765."

"As 'tis most likely no further improvements will be made by us at present at Hardwick, I shall set down from a little book what trifling things were done there, as I always made memorandums of them, as my father Powys used to do, as I find it pleasing by such notes to recollect how things were formerly:—

"In 1766 my brother, Captain Richard Powys, and myself began the Menagerie; 'twas where before was called the Wilderness Walk.

"1767.—The cut laurel hedge, parallel to the gravel terrace, we let grow up rude, taking away every other tree, and planted the evergreens now there, as there were no evergreens in the pleasure garden, but the above straight laurel hedge, and old yew arbour, and high yew hedge from that to the bird-house, or place for canary birds.

"1768.—Cut down the above yew hedge, opened arches in the yew arbour, which before was entirely close, except a small arch at each end, and as it stood by itself was called 'the hearse'; but as 'twas a favourite place of my father's, we would not cut it down, but by opening, and planting about¹ it, made it look tolerable. Made that year my flower-garden, just by the Menagerie.

"1769.—Planted the weeping willows by the canal, made the rusticated stone-work, and planted to hide the ditches, laid the lower part of the pleasure-ground down in grass, and planted single trees. It was before a vineyard, currants and gooseberries, &c.

"1771.—Took down paling that inclosed the woods in circles on the lawn, in front of the house, put the fences, and Dutch stiles, farther back out of sight, cleared the underwood to show the stems of the

¹ This is now a long tunnelled arbour, with seats each side.

beech-trees, which before were not seen from the windows, as the paling and underwood came down on each side, even with the old hawthorn now standing. The grove gate which was down there, removed to the chalk-pit; by these alterations the fine natural clump shows itself, under which is a root bench.

" 1772.—Laid the green slope before the breakfast parlour window into the pleasure garden by taking down a wall, and high yew hedge which divided them. The single yew-tree now standing, was the uppermost one of the hedge, which with the wall went down from that to the canal, where a necessary house, answering to the chicken-house now stands behind the shrubs on the opposite side, which were that year planted against the wall by the farm-yard, and a water-closet made amongst those trees.

" The white Chinese railing all taken away, and a green rail run across the avenue.

" 1774.—Built part of a new high wall in the kitchen-garden by the melon ground. It is to be returned up the hill, to meet the upper wall. (*N.B.*—Was done June 1788.) Forty-six walnut trees were cut down that year in the approach to the house, and by grubbing up a hedge on the other side laid the two fields together, the road only between them. New fancy gates at each end, a clump planted at the farther one, and a grass walk made round Culmar Field. Planted shrubs and evergreens on the outside of the garden wall, from the Ha-ha to the garden, close by the bird-house, and a sand walk thro' the shrubberies. The wall from the Ha-ha to the canal, intended to be pulled down.

" 1775.—In September planted round the outside of the lower wall in the kitchen-garden in Gittam Field, to hide the outhouses, barns, &c., from the Whitchurch road. Filled up a very deep hole by the housekeeper's room window, in the pleasure ground, and turfd it.

" 1776.—Put up new white gates at each end of Gittam; planted off the road by short white posts; planted a clump of evergreens at the farther gate, and at the lower corner a clump of Lombardy poplars. The latter were all stolen, and the former eat by cattle.

" 1778.—Planted a clump of those poplars on our sandhills, Goring Heath, by the clump of firs. These firs are now seen from Shotover Hill, near Oxford, and look well from the Bath road just beyond Reading, where is a pretty view of Hardwick woods. If the poplars grow there, they will be seen to great advantage very soon, as I measured some I've planted which grew about six feet in one year.

"1778.—This year, by my mother's generosity, we made some alterations in the house—viz. lower'd the large bow-window in the brown wainscot drawing-room, new framed and glazed it, and the same in the room under it, which was then Mr. Powys's study; but by taking in two closets, which makes a recess for the sideboard, and putting up a new chimney-piece, it now makes a useful eating-room. (*N.B.*—The above only cost £100.)

"1779.—New painted the stucco parlour, and great staircase.

"1783.—Pulled down that part of the pleasure garden wall before mentioned, opposite my dressing-room window, from the bottom of the gravel walk to the canal, continued on the Ha-ha to the clump at bottom, and put up the white pillar which was one of those at the old Ha-ha, formerly belonged to iron gates there, as I've heard my father Powys say, though never was the approach to the house. Could it be made so, and the stucco parlour as the hall, 'twould be much more eligible than at present, as the entrance is the worst part of the house.

"1782.—Pulled down the old summer-house, or canary bird house as 'twas called, and built on the same spot a greenhouse, 27 feet long, 12 wide, 10 high. Put no windows till the next year, as we waited for the old sashes from the breakfast parlour. We this year made a doorway thro' a closet in our bed-chamber into the small room adjoining, which we now paper'd, and put up a new bed, fitting it up for Caroline, and that year new painted the front bed-chamber, paper'd the closet within it, new papered the billiard-room and the mahogany bedroom and closet.

"1783.—Put new sashes, and lower'd the windows of the breakfast parlour, and to make it uniform in the front to the river, lower'd and new sash'd the passage windows, and one in the study.

"1784.—The underwood of Vachel's Walk cut down, as it always is every seven years. If we had stayed at Hardwick. we talk'd of grubbing it up, and lay it in a grass slope from Straw Hall, instead of the present close walk from the Dutch Stile, leaving single trees and clumps on the hill, as the present straight walk between the cut hedge to Straw Hall looks too formal. New fenced round the Menagerie this year."

Mrs. Powys adds a little note later to say the Menagerie was destroyed. It seems to have contained choice trees, as she had chairs made for Hardwick from wood of the trees "in the Menagerie," which cost four guineas and a half each to make.

Why the poplars were stolen, was because they were then almost unknown in this country. The first Lombardy poplar was brought

by Lord Rochford in his carriage from Italy to General Conway, and planted by him at Park Place, Berks. This was only a few years before, and it is probable the Powys, obtained their plants from General Conway, their intimate friend.

In 1838 and 1839 Mr. Henry Philip Powys, grandson of our Mrs. Powys, on coming into possession of Hardwick at his father's decease, had the walls scraped of the whitening, which the bad taste of a preceding generation had placed over the grand old red bricks. The Elizabethan grand staircase also freed from a disfigurement of white paint; a colonnade on north side of the house removed, and many other alterations, taking out what French windows had been placed in lieu of mullioned ones, restoring the mullions, and placing sashes between them.

Since the long tenancy of Mr. W. Day Rose a wing with a fine billiard-room, and bedrooms over, stables, tennis-house, lodges, &c., have been built by him; but all these improvements belong to a far later date than our narrative, therefore for space' sake, must be only glanced at here.

NOTE VII.—(Page 229.)

HON. MRS. DAMER.

Anne Conway, the only child, and heiress of General Conway by his marriage with Lady Ailesbury, was born in 1748.

Horace Walpole, cousin of her father, stood as her godfather, and from infancy she was his pet and plaything. She early showed remarkable quickness of intelligence.

When quite a child, laughing at a model of an Italian street artist, she was reproved by David Hume, he telling her she could not make a similar. She immediately set to work to model a head in wax, which she afterwards reproduced in stone. She had lessons from Ceracchi, and Bacon; she also studied anatomy under Cruikshank. On June 14, 1767, she married John Damer, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Lord Milton, afterwards Earl of Dorchester. The marriage turned out a very unhappy one. Mr. Damer was a wild, dissolute spendthrift. He, and his brothers contracted a debt of £70,000, and on their father refusing to pay, Mr. Damer shot himself on August 15, 1776, at the "Bedford Arms," in Covent Garden, after a riotous supper with boon companions. He was only thirty-two, and heir to £22,000 a year. Horace Walpole remarks of this affair: "£5000 a year in present, and £22,000 in

reversion, are not, it would seem, sufficient for happiness, and cannot check a pistol."

Mrs. Damer was left with a jointure of £2500; she now devoted herself to her favourite art of sculpture.

In 1779 she was taken prisoner by a privateer, as she was on her way to Jersey, to her father, General Conway, then Governor of the island, but was allowed eventually to proceed to him. The two heads of "Thamesis and "Isis" on Henley Bridge, the latter a portrait of her friend, Miss Freeman of Fawley Court, were executed in 1785. To these were added a dog, for which she was highly honoured by the Academy of Florence. An osprey eagle which stood in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, and under which Horace Walpole fondly inscribed, "Non me Praxiteles pinxit, sed Anna Damer." Three busts of Nelson; one she presented to William IV., now at Windsor; one is in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, London. A bust of Charles James Fox (her intimate friend), which she gave to Napoleon; he in return gave her a snuff-box with his portrait set in diamonds. Besides these she executed a statue of George III., busts of Queen Caroline, Lady E. Foster, Lady Melbourne, Lady Ailesbury (her mother), Miss Farren, Miss Berry, &c., &c. In the journal of Miss Berry will be found a number of letters from Mrs. Damer, and to her.

Horace Walpole left her Strawberry Hill with all its contents. On the death of Lady Ailesbury, her mother, who resided with her, Mrs. Damer, finding it lonely, in 1812 resigned the house and property, together with £2000 per annum left to keep it up, to the next heir, Lord Waldegrave, and in 1818 bought York House, Twickenham. On May 28, 1828, she died, and was buried at Sundridge, Kent. She desired her working tools, apron, and the ashes of her favourite little dog "Fidèle," to be buried with her. "Combe Bank," in the parish, had long been in possession of the Argyll family. Her mother was buried at Sundridge, in a tomb designed by Mrs. Damer. Her own tablet is in the chancel of the church, and bears this inscription—

Hic propre jacet
Uno chara cum matre loco,
ANNA SEYMOUR DAMER,
Sculptrix et Statuaria, Illustris Femina,
Henrici Seymour Conway, et Carolina Campbell, Filia.

NOTE VIII.—(Page 254.)

LORD BARRYMORE.

Richard Barry, Viscount Buttevant, was the son of Richard Barry, sixth Earl of Barrymore, by his wife, Lady Emilia Stanhope, third daughter of William, Earl Harrington. He was born August 14, 1769. His father dying when he was four years old, he succeeded to the title and family estates of Castle Lyons, Rath Cormack, Ireland, &c. He had a sister, Caroline, a year older than himself, afterwards Comtesse de Melfort, and two younger brothers, Henry and Augustus. When old enough for a tutor, his mother placed him with the Rev. John Tickell (afterwards rector of Gawthorpe, Cheshire, and East Mersey, Kent), at Wargrave-on-Thames, under whose tutelage he remained till his fourteenth year. His attachment to his old tutor and his wife, who remained living at Wargrave, probably led him in after life to frequent that village, where he lived in what is still called "Barrymore House," now the property of the famous traveller, Frederick Selous, Esq. Mrs. Tickell was the sister of Mrs. Hill, wife to Joseph Hill, owner of Wargrave Hill, the beloved friend of the poet Cowper, who in his poetical epistle addressed to him, describes him as—

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a kind heart within."

Lady Barrymore died in 1780, when her son was only eleven. At fourteen he went to Eton. On going there, his grandmother, the Countess of Harrington, presented him with a cheque for £1000 for pocket-money, a most injudicious gift, which probably laid the seeds of his future extravagance, as from his former tutor and his amiable, simple-minded wife, it is not likely he could have acquired extravagant habits. His grandmother dying soon after, he was henceforth master of his own destiny. In Anthony Pasquin's "Life of Lord Barrymore," is a portrait of him; an elegant-looking young man, with regular, agreeable features, an aquiline nose, a high intellectual-looking forehead, his hair brushed straight back, and with a generally amiable expression. Doubtless had he lived longer, the extravagance of youth, and follies induced by the roistering company he frequented, would have been toned down, and he would have eventually settled into a useful, perhaps intellectual, member of society. The freaks he now entered on were more the follies of a

boy than a man ; such as he, and his brothers changing the different inn signs at night, so that the landlord of the "Red Dragon," say, would wake some morning to see the sign of the "Black Bull" from miles off, dangling as his sign-board ! They would lash the windows with their whips in the night, so as to break them. One favourite freak was to offer to send friends to London, or elsewhere, by one of his own carriages, he, and a brother slyly substituting themselves for the postillions, and then needlessly bump and charge the banks *en route*, when the inside passengers would cry for mercy. Lord Barrymore would sometimes place himself in his carriage, and imitate the cries of a female in distress, to the curiosity, and amazement of the people on the way. On the islands near Wargrave, and in the woods, he and his merry companions would have wine, &c., buried, and then make picnics to some spot where a *cache* existed, dig up the "Falernian," and make a feast. Barrymore House consisted mainly then of two long rooms, called the "Upper," and "Lower Barracks." Anthony Pasquin tells us, along these, hammocks were slung, as many as twenty guests at a time in the house, and no good inn then in Wargrave. Woe betide the man who sought his hammock before the conventional late morning hour, before the rest ; he was condemned to condign punishment, administered by a mock court of justice.

From early youth Lord Barrymore had showed an aptitude for music, and improvisation, and a great partiality for the stage. At eighteen he began theatricals at Wargrave in a barn, and subsequently erected the theatre mentioned in these pages. He now proceeded to every extravagance, money could be spent on ; following his injudicious friend, Sir John Lade's foolish conduct in raising money by help of the Jews, &c., on a fortune of £4000 per annum, with £100,000 ready money on his attaining his majority. His favourite sentence was "D—— the expense !"

He bought from Henry Constantine Jennings, the celebrated virtuoso of Shiplake Court, Oxon, a pack of hounds ; purchased some stags for hunting. Hounds and horses, together with his carriages, were kept at Twyford, no adequate stables being at Wargrave. Four negroes in scarlet and silver, proficient on the French horn, accompanied the pack. His strings of horses, and splendid equipages rivalled the stable establishment of Chantilly. He, and "Pasquin," alias his friend J. W. Williams, delighted in painting the harness, and coach-panels with crests, coats of arms, and other devices.

In 1787 he commenced his turf career, in which he showed great discrimination as to horse-flesh, and won numerous races,

riding himself. His racehorses were kept at Newmarket, under Perren. A list of them, and their achievements, would take too long here. He was an eminent whip, and would often drive a coach-and-four from Wargrave to Newmarket, or the reverse, starting in the middle of the night; but, like many Jehus, he disliked trusting another man with the "ribbons," and having once been upset with Captain Taylor in Wargrave in a post-chaise, he ever after had a horror of being driven.

Unfortunately addicted to quize, loo, &c., he frequently lost large sums at the tables. He had also a passion for the pugilistic art, and enlisted in his service a tinman, called Hooper, who, though a small man, not much over 11 stone weight, beat men of much larger proportions. At one time Lord Barrymore had six pugilists put up at his expense at the "George and Dragon," Wargrave. He was a splendid swordsman, taking lessons from Angelo.

His stage expenses must have been enormous, as besides the actors enumerated in these pages, many other professional celebrities acted for him. Delphini, the famous clown of Covent Garden, became his stage-manager, living at what is now called "The Croft," Wargrave. So liberal was he, that every bargeman who passed, was treated to unlimited Burgundy. Good-natured, too, for in some curious old letters found many years ago in the roof of Wargrave Hill (in possession of the editress), from Mrs. Tickell to her sister, Mrs. Hill, when in London, frequent mention is made of his conveying fish, parcels, &c., to and fro between the sisters by his coach. Through Mrs. Hill, he was one of the earliest subscribers to Cowper's poems.

Nothing seemed to upset his good-humour. His ridiculous pet chorus of "Chip chow, cherry chow, fol de riddleido," seems to have been at any moment on his lips, even at the end of a duel, where his opponent,¹ appearing in a ridiculous costume, excited his laughter. Harmless shots were fired, and the belligerents left the field arm in arm, he singing the above! His entertainments were most costly—thirty shillings a head for a supper by D'Aubigné; £1500 a night at Wargrave at times; two entertainments at Ascot races in 1791 cost 1700 guineas, given for the Prince of Wales, who eventually did not come!

A forest Catch Club, instituted by him, met the first Friday in the month at the "Rose Inn," Wokingham.

In 1791 he contested the election at Reading, against Mr. Neville of Billingbear, but lost it. His pecuniary difficulties in-

¹ Mr. Howarth.

creased, so his property was sequestrated, the last two years Mr. Hammersley, the banker, making him an allowance of £2500 out of it. In the spring of 1792 his house in Piccadilly, was sold to the Duke of Queensberry, better known as "Old Q."; his theatre at Wargrave, in October the same year; yet we find him playing within a few days of the latter in a cricket match of Wargrave and Twyford gentlemen, against Wokingham, for 100 guineas.

He, and his brother Augustus, both entered the Berkshire Militia, and in March 1793 Lord Barrymore was marching at the head of a party of French prisoners from Rye to Dover, pausing for refreshment at a little public-house at Folkestone. He called to his servant, to give him a lift in his curricule, which had been following. He gave the servant his gun, loaded with swan-shot, with which he had been shooting seagulls: this was placed in a careless way between his legs; it discharged, shooting Lord Barrymore in the head. He lived for only forty minutes after, and was buried at Wargrave on March 17, 1793, thus ending his short career in his twenty-fourth year.

Augustus Barry immediately resigned his commission in the Berks Militia. Henry Barry succeeded to his brother's title. He married, but died without children in 1823. With him the title was extinct, Augustus having predeceased him.

For more particulars of Lord Barrymore's life, see his *Life* by Anthony Pasquin, alias J. D. Williams, written in 1793, and "*Last of the Earls of Barrymore*," by John R. Robinson.

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ing of Wales.

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JANE,
n. (1) Rev. F.
Kettlewell;
i. (2) Breedon
f Bere Court;
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THONY, = S
1680,
1731.

UCE,
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with part of our authentic family history commencing about
Thomas of Henley Hall, 8th in that descent."—CAROLINE L.
(OWYS).

They derive their lineage through the Barons of Main-yn-
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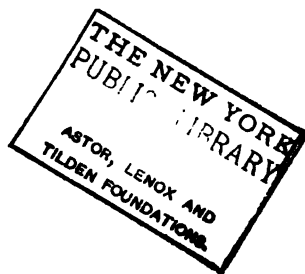
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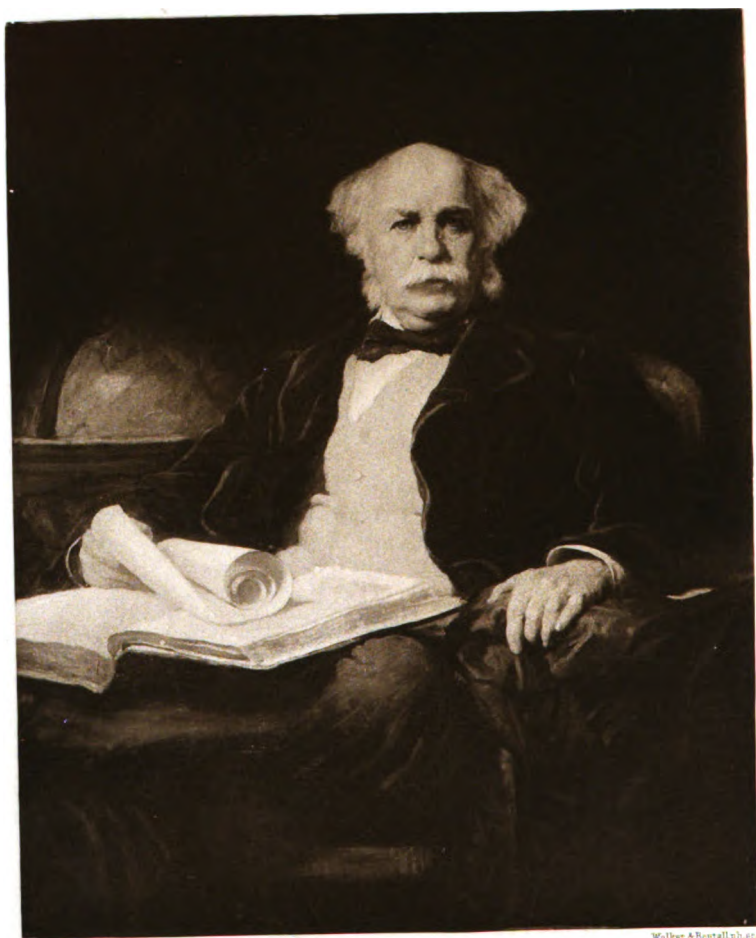
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1875
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SIR HENRY CRESWICKE RAWLINSON, BART.





*Sir Henry C. Rawlinson
at the age of 75
from an oil painting by Frank Holl. R.A.*

A MEMOIR OF
MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR HENRY CRESWICKE RAWLINSON

BART., K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., F.R.G.S., &c.

BY

GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., F.R.G.S.

CANON OF CANTERBURY

LATE CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

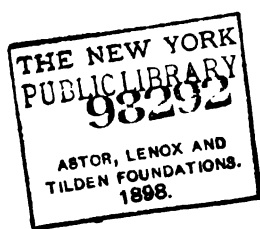
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PREFACE

SOME apology is perhaps due to the public for the late appearance of this work, which was promised to them in 1894, on the death of its subject. But the materials from which it had to be composed were left in so fragmentary and so confused a condition, and the writing was, in many cases, so faded, that a longer time was required for their decipherment and re-arrangement than for the actual writing of the Memoir. The mass of papers to be examined was enormous ; to a large extent they were confused and intermixed ; the handwriting was often so minute as to require the use of a powerful magnifier ; and in some cases it was absolutely illegible. These facts necessitated a considerable delay, while the author's other employments and avocations did not leave him very much leisure time for literary labour. Some further delay was caused by the inability of Lord Roberts, owing to a pressure of business in his department, to furnish the chapter which he had promised by way of Introduction to the Memoir, and which it was felt that the work would be incomplete without.

In executing his task the author has endeavoured to make Sir Henry Rawlinson, as much as possible,

Reviews, Aug. 1 + 1908

speak for himself. Unfortunately, it was not his general practice to keep copies of his letters, and the possessors of the originals, where they have been preserved, responded but feebly to the author's earnest request, through the Press, that they would allow him to make use of their treasures. Nor, again, did Sir Henry ever keep a regular diary. On the other hand, he left behind him numerous fragments of diaries, and one rough sketch of his life down to the year 1884. It is from this sketch, from these fragments of diaries, and from one or two collections of his letters, that this work has been mainly composed. Sir Henry will thus be found, to a large extent, to have written his own Life.

Still, the author must not conclude this brief 'Vorwort' without acknowledging certain obligations. He is indebted to his nephew, the present Sir Henry Rawlinson, not only for his contribution to the Memoir (Chapter XIX.), but also for placing all the materials left by Sir Henry *unreservedly* at his disposal. He is indebted to Lord Roberts both for his 'Introduction' and likewise for the use which he has made of 'Forty-one Years in India' (Chapter XVI.), which has been his authority for the entire course of the Second Affghan War. And he is indebted to John William Kaye, the author of the 'History of the War in Affghanistan,' for various facts in the course of the First Affghan War, for which he has quoted Mr. Kaye's book. Sir Henry's Diary, very copious for this period, has been his main source for it, but he has found Mr. Kaye also a most valuable and trustworthy authority.

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INTRODUCTION

THE Memoir of Sir Henry Rawlinson affords a striking illustration of the powerful influence that early association with a master-mind may exercise on a man's career in life, and of what great things may be achieved if he takes full advantage of his opportunities, and sets out with a determination to make the most of his life and raise himself above his fellows. It may therefore be considered a piece of good fortune for a young cadet like Rawlinson, bound to India to seek his fortune, to find himself thrown as a fellow-passenger with Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, a distinguished soldier, an equally distinguished diplomatist, and an Oriental scholar of no mean reputation.

In those days, when it took four months to reach India, there was time for travellers by the same ship to become intimately acquainted with each other during the voyage, and, in this way, a firm friendship sprang up between this rather curiously matched pair. It was, without doubt, an enormous advantage for the lad of seventeen to be so closely associated with the 'Historian of Persia,' whose tales of his battles with the Mahrattas

and his experiences amongst the Persians, probably fired Rawlinson's youthful imagination, and gave that bent to his tastes which resulted in his subsequent choice of a career.

Rawlinson himself evidently recognised the advantages of this companionship, for he frequently referred to the conversations he had had with Sir John Malcolm, and expressed his gratitude for the valuable advice he had given him in regard to Persia and the study of the Persian language. And it was owing to his knowledge of the *zabān-i-shīrīn*, or sweet flowing language, as the Persians delight to call it, as well as to his general popularity, that he was selected, just six years after his arrival in the country, by Lord Clare (Sir John Malcolm's successor as Governor of Bombay) to be one of the small body of officers belonging to the Indian Army, deputed to reorganise and discipline the Shah's troops, so as to restore them to that state of efficiency to which they had formerly attained under the supervision of British officers.

British influence in Persia was at a very low ebb when Rawlinson reached Teheran, and the young soldier must have found his position very different from what it would have been in the time of Sir John Malcolm, the magnificence of whose retinue, added to his own masterful character and unique knowledge of the manner in which to deal with Orientals, had caused the British Embassy to occupy a very exalted position at that capital.

The varied and important duties which fell to the lot of Rawlinson during the six years he remained in

Persia, helped materially to cultivate those qualities which enabled him to fill, with such credit to himself and advantage to the State, the many onerous posts to which he was subsequently appointed.

Nothing shows what a man is made of and brings out the good that is in him so much as having responsibility thrown upon him early in life, and this great test of character was applied to the young subaltern of Native Infantry in no measured degree on first serving in Persia, for on more than one occasion he was required to command considerable bodies of Persian troops, and important civil duties devolved upon him in the province of Kermanshah.

The mission to which Rawlinson was attached was brought to a sudden end, owing to diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Persia being broken off because of the Shah's aggressive action with regard to Herat, and at the close of 1839 Rawlinson found himself back in Bombay.

Two circumstances which considerably affected Rawlinson's subsequent career occurred during the last year of his residence in Persia.

On his ride from Teheran to the Persian camp at Herat he accidentally came across Captain Vitkievitch, the Russian officer whose presence at Kabul a few months later did much to bring about the Affghan war of 1839-42, and the meeting with whom first directed Rawlinson's attention to the dominating position Russia was gradually acquiring over Afghanistan.

The other circumstance was the opportunity that the quiet time he was able to secure at Baghdad gave

Rawlinson of carrying on his researches in the study of the cuneiform character as well as of the ancient Persian language, his thorough knowledge of which placed him in after years in the highest rank of Oriental scholars.

While Rawlinson was endeavouring to get some employment that would permit of his continuing his investigations in Turkish Arabia, he was gratified by being offered an appointment on the staff of Sir William Macnaghten, the chief political officer with the army in Affghanistan.

For this unexpected piece of good fortune Rawlinson had to thank himself alone. He had gained the confidence of both the British and Persian authorities, and, young as he was (only thirty years of age), he was considered better fitted than any other officer for the important post of Political Agent at Kandahar. Placed amidst many conflicting elements, and in daily communication with the brave, honest, straightforward, but somewhat crotchety General Nott, Rawlinson found himself in a position of extreme delicacy and responsibility, requiring tact, temper, and forbearance, qualities he proved himself to possess in an eminent degree. His services during the trying times of 1841-42 brought his merits prominently to notice, and he left Affghanistan with a reputation second to none as a soldier-political.

It is somewhat strange that a chance meeting on board a steamer should again, for the second time, be the means of advancement to Rawlinson. When travelling from Allahabad to Calcutta he found himself a fellow-passenger with Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-

General, who was so interested in all that Rawlinson could tell him of the Affghan war, and so favourably impressed with the practical intelligence of his fellow-traveller, that he offered him the Residentsip in Nepal, or the still more coveted and lucrative appointment of Governor-General's Agent in Central India. Few men of Rawlinson's age and standing but would have accepted the present advantages and future prospects which either of these positions held out; but they did not tempt Rawlinson to abandon the work he had set himself to do in deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions in Persia and Mesopotamia; and the Political Agency in Turkish Arabia happening at that time to become vacant, he applied to be sent to Baghdad, a far inferior position to either of those he had been offered.

It was by the work done during the five years he remained in Turkish Arabia that Rawlinson made his name famous amongst the *savants* of Europe, and it is as the man who first correctly deciphered and translated the remarkable inscription engraved on the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius at Naksh-i-Rustam, and by reason of the field he opened out for research amongst the relics of a lost people, and the link he established between the past and the present, that his reputation will live through future generations.

The importance of Rawlinson's discoveries has, I think, hardly been adequately appreciated by the present generation. The Babylonian, Assyrian, and Persian inscriptions deciphered by Rawlinson are, with the exception of the Egyptian, and perhaps the Hittite hieroglyphics, the oldest original records that we have

of the existence of man as a civilised being. The cuneiform documents are more ample than any discovered Egyptian records, and they are the veritable originals, contemporary (mostly) with the events chronicled, and therefore presumably trustworthy. The earliest of them shows us clearly the high state of civilisation which the inhabitants of Mesopotamia had reached more than 2000 years B.C., and the latest belongs to a time not much after the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C.

After a lengthened stay in the East of twenty-two years, Rawlinson resolved to return to England for the double purpose of recruiting his health and superintending the publication of his translation of the great Persian inscription at Behistun. The reception he met with on his arrival was most gratifying to him. The several learned Societies vied with each other in doing honour to the distinguished scholar, and his two years' leave of absence passed all too quickly. As this, however, was the limit of leave that the rules of the Service permitted an officer to take without forfeiture of appointment, at the end of 1851 Rawlinson was back at Baghdad. He remained for five more years in Turkish Arabia prosecuting his valuable investigations in various parts of Chaldæa and Babylonia. At the end of that time, he returned to England, believing that his career in the East had been finally closed, and the following year, Sir Henry Rawlinson (as he had now become) was appointed a Director of the East India Company. On the transfer of the Government of India to the Crown, he was made a member of

the first Indian Council, but he held this position for a short time only, as he was offered and accepted the office of Her Majesty's Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Shah, which necessitated his returning to the scene of his early labours in Persia.

Sir Henry met with a most friendly reception from the Persian authorities, especially from the Shah, who welcomed him as an old friend ; but he found that, so far as British interests were concerned, affairs at Teheran had considerably changed for the worse since he had left the place twenty years before ; and, as a further (to him distasteful) change was about to be made by the control of the Embassy being taken away from the India Office and made over once more to the Foreign Office, Rawlinson did not care to remain. He thought that, under the new order of things, he could not recover for the British Embassy that prestige which it had formerly possessed, so he begged to be allowed to resign his appointment.

On returning to England, Sir Henry Rawlinson re-entered Parliament, but his membership was of short duration, for in 1868 he was again appointed to the Indian Council, and during the remainder of his life he mainly devoted himself to the service of the country in which he took such a deep interest, and where he had begun his distinguished career.

Not the least of Sir Henry Rawlinson's valuable services to his country were his efforts to arouse public attention to the critical state of the Anglo-Russian relations in Central Asia, and to make his countrymen realise that Great Britain was gradually losing her

isolated position in that part of the world, and that the time was rapidly approaching when measures would have to be taken to preserve the integrity of our Indian Empire.

Rawlinson's intimate acquaintance with Persia and Afghanistan, and his unrivalled knowledge of the subject, enabled him to speak on this 'many-sided' question with an authority and confidence few of his countrymen could claim.

In an able and elaborate memorandum written in July 1868 Rawlinson pointed out the threatening attitude and steady advance of Russia. This important document was received with scant favour by the Government of India, and for some years it remained hidden in the recesses of the India Office practically unnoticed. At length, in 1874, this memorandum and some other papers written subsequently by Sir Henry Rawlinson on the same subject, were published under the title of 'England and Russia in the East.' In this book, after reviewing the manner in which Russia had gradually worked her way from Orenburg to the Jaxartes, and possessed herself of the whole of the country as far south as Samarkand, Sir Henry pointed out that nothing we could then do could prevent the absorption by Russia of the remaining Khanates and the extension of her frontier to the Oxus.

Rawlinson then proceeded to explain how that, as soon as Russia was firmly established on the Oxus and Turkestan brought into direct communication with St. Petersburg *via* the Caspian and the Caucasus, she would dominate the whole of northern Persia and

Affghanistan ; and that the capture and occupation of Merv (which this direct communication would entail) would enable the Russians to seize Herat by a *coup de main* whenever they pleased.

He drew attention also to the other most important fact that, with Merv as one of the bulwarks of the Russian position towards India, the danger of a collision with Great Britain would assume tangible proportions. He traversed the assertion of the advocates of inaction that, in the event of Afghanistan being invaded, the first comers would naturally be regarded as enemies, and those who followed as deliverers. And he gave powerful reasons why we ought never to allow the Russians to enter Affghan territory, and why it is essential that our influence at Kabul should be paramount.

These views, as Sir Henry Rawlinson expected, did not pass without a certain amount of adverse criticism ; before his death, however, he had the satisfaction of knowing that most of his predictions had been justified, and that, if his recommendations had not been accepted in as decided a manner as he had hoped, his warnings had not been given altogether in vain, inasmuch as he had succeeded in drawing attention to the danger of Russia being allowed to continue her progress towards India.

The result of Sir Henry Rawlinson's warnings is apparent in that relations, more or less friendly, have been entered into with the Amir of Affghanistan, although our influence at Kabul is unfortunately still far from paramount. A boundary, although not altogether a satisfactory one, has been fixed, beyond

which Russia is not to be allowed to advance; and the necessity for our having easy and rapid communication with certain obligatory points which we should have to hold in the event of war is apparently being realised—though only very gradually—by our statesmen and the people of the United Kingdom.

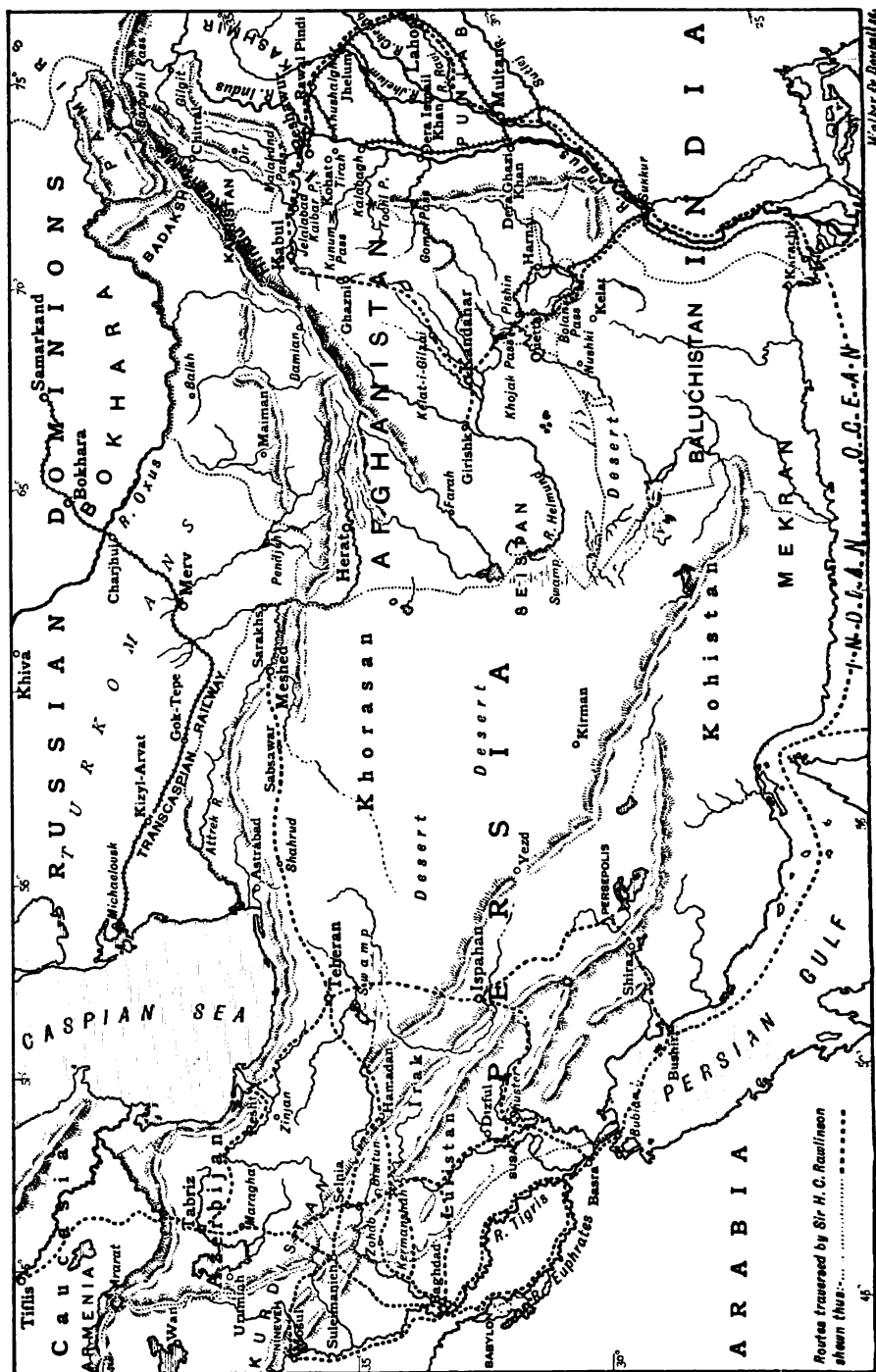
As one who firmly believes in the wisdom of Sir Henry Rawlinson's words of warning, I would venture to express an earnest hope that they will receive more attention than they have hitherto met with. The subject, which that experienced soldier dealt with so wisely and so fearlessly, is of the most supreme importance to our future in India. The necessity for considering what the real frontier of India is, and how that frontier is to be secured, has forced itself to notice in an unexpected manner during the last few months; and it must have brought home to the most careless observer of Indian frontier politics what an important factor the border tribes are in the question of the defence of the North-West frontier of our great Indian Empire, and with what enormous difficulties the solution of this most intricate problem is attended.

We should be deeply thankful that the recent unprecedentedly serious rising did not take place while our troops were otherwise engaged, and that we are still given time to set our house in order.

ROBERTS.

New Year's Day, 1898.





MEMOIR

OF

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON

CHAPTER I

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY EDUCATION

HENRY CRESWICKE RAWLINSON, the subject of this memoir, was the second son of Abram Tyzack Rawlinson, of Chadlington, Oxfordshire, a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Oxford from about the year 1805 to 1845. He was born at Chadlington on April 11, 1810, and was educated up to the age of eleven chiefly by his mother, who was a person of considerable reading and force of character.

His father belonged to an old Lancashire family of name and note, settled from early in the fifteenth century in the district known as 'Oversands,' or that intervening between Morecambe Bay and Westmoreland, on the verge of the Lake country, in the vicinity of the old abbey of Furness. Several Rawlinsons are said to have been abbots of Furness;¹ and, according to family

¹ As Thomas Rawlinson (about A.D. 1440) in the reign of Henry VI.; a Rawlinson, Christian name unknown, from A.D. 1440 to 1446; and Alexander Rawlinson (about A.D. 1509-1538) in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. (See West's *History of Furness*, pp. 89 *et seq.*) The latest authority, however, regards these Abbots as 'apocryphal.' (Atkinson, *Coucher Book of Furness Abbey*, part iii. p. xxiii.)

tradition, two scions of the house, Henry and Walter, fought at Agincourt. The names, however, are not found on the battle-roll; and the tradition may perhaps scarcely deserve notice, except as one that has probably inspired to worthy deeds later members of the ancient stock. What is certain of the family is, that it has remained in the ranks of the gentry, and has continued to hold lands in the district above mentioned, and in the adjoining parts of Lancashire, at least from the time of Edward IV. until the present day. It has never been ennobled; and probably the highest civil rank whereto it has as yet attained, is that reached by the subject of the present memoir, created, in 1890, a Baronet of the United Kingdom. But, though it has never at any time had the good fortune to push itself into a position of high eminence, and must be content to take rank with those other families of the gentry which have in large measure given to the English nation its strength and its solidity, still from time to time it has produced personages of some considerable distinction, of whom all its members may well be proud, and who deserve to be held in remembrance. Such were Robert Rawlinson, of Cark Hall, who, on account of the support which he had given to the Royalist cause during the time of the Great Rebellion, was granted by Charles II. a new coat-of-arms, viz., two bars gemelles, gules, between three escallops, argent; and for a crest a sheldrake, proper, bearing in his beak an escallop, argent; and was also made a Justice of the Peace for Lancashire, and Vice-Chamberlain of Chester; Curwen Rawlinson, his son, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicolas Monk, Bishop of Hereford, and niece of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and was M.P. for Lancaster in 1688; Sir William Rawlinson,

Barrister and Sergeant-at-Law (1640–1703), who was made one of the three Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal in 1688, and retained the post till 1692; Thomas Rawlinson, Lord Mayor of London in 1706; Richard Rawlinson, the Antiquary (1690–1755), Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, F.R.S. and F.S.A., who founded the Anglo-Saxon Professorship at Oxford, and was one of the latest of the Non-Juror Bishops; and others.

Sir Henry's father was the eldest son of Henry Rawlinson, merchant, of Liverpool, and M.P. for the borough from 1780 to 1784, who married Martha Tyzack, the only child and heiress of Peregrine Tyzack, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whence Sir Henry's father's second name. He (Henry Rawlinson) died at his seat, Grassyard Hall, near Lancaster, in January 1786, leaving two sons, twins, Abram Tyzack (the eldest by twenty minutes) and Henry Lindow, at the tender age of nine, to be brought up by their mother at Grassyard Hall, which she continued to make her residence. In due time the boys were sent to Rugby School, and passed from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford (in 1795), which was then under the government of the celebrated Dean, Dr. Cyril Jackson, whose statue still adorns the cathedral. Unfortunately, as they were both of them heirs to landed estates of some value, it was necessary to matriculate them as 'Gentlemen Commoners'; and hence they were thrown into a set much superior to them in rank and wealth, whose chief idea of a University was, that it was a place where amusements of all kinds, and especially those of a sporting character, might be freely indulged in. Under these circumstances study was naturally neglected, and sport eagerly pursued. The twin brothers soon became known as

two of the best riders in the Heythrop hunt, as good shots, and as skilled anglers. They did not leave the University without a degree; but of the real educational value of Oxford they took no account; they had probably no inkling.

Acquaintance with the amenities of the south, with Oxford, London, Newmarket, and 'Society,' produced in the twin brothers a great distaste for the north, for its roughness, its coarseness, its 'savagery.' Abram Tyzack Rawlinson had only just attained his majority, and come into his estate of Grassyard, when he sold this ancestral property for the purpose of buying an estate in the more civilised part of England. At the age of twenty-three he married¹ and looked out for a family mansion. It was some time before anything eligible presented itself. He married in 1800. After a sojourn of four years at Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire, and of another year at the Ranger's Lodge, Wychwood Forest, Oxfordshire, in the year 1806 he invested the proceeds of the sale of Grassyard in an estate of about seven hundred acres at Chadlington, Oxfordshire, where he thenceforth resided till his death. The district was pre-eminently a sporting one. It lay in the centre of the Heythrop hunt, then presided over by the Duke of Beaufort; the meets of the Warwickshire hounds, and of one or two other packs, were within reasonable distance; there was excellent partridge shooting, and sufficient cover for breeding some scores of pheasants; the Evenlode, a gentle stream with occasional rapids,

¹ He married Eliza Eudocia Albinia Creswicke, daughter of Henry Martin Creswicke, Esq., of Moreton in the Marsh, Gloucestershire, whose son, Henry, dying unmarried, Eliza Eudocia Albinia and her elder sister, Anna Eugenia (afterwards Mrs. Richard Smith), became co-heiresses of their brother, and brought their respective husbands the sum of 20,000*l.* each.

skirted the southern side of the estate, and boasted, beside jack and perch, a fair number of trout; in the winter wild duck, woodcock, and snipe were frequent visitants; the golden plover was sighted occasionally; while hares and rabbits were fairly plentiful, and on the upper farm a good day's sport could always be had with the greyhounds. In an agricultural point of view the property was also satisfactory. The land was chiefly arable, but comprised also a fair amount of pasture, together with eight or ten acres of woodland, lying in two separate patches, near the Evenlode. The whole lay on a gentle declivity, sloping from north to south, and extending about three miles from the Chipping Norton downs to the meadow tract upon the river. A. T. Rawlinson farmed the land himself with the assistance of a bailiff, and obtained from it an income of from 1,200*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year. He had also other property, in the West Indies and elsewhere, which must have brought his income, in good years, up nearly to 2,000*l.* The house was suitable for a person of such moderate means; it was comfortable and commodious, built in the shape of a gnomon, with the longer side facing the south-west. The situation was beautiful. A thick belt of well-grown trees, chiefly elms, guarded the mansion on the north and the north-east, separating it from the village and the church, and forming an effectual screen against the winds of winter and the still colder blasts of early spring. In front of the house was a flat terrace of smooth turf, bounded by a ha-ha, which divided it from a large grass field known as 'the Lawn,' but mown year by year, and producing generally an excellent crop of hay. Groups of elms, and two or three solitary oaks, broke this large 'pleasance' into por-

tions, and threw their long shadows upon the green-sward. Two ponds, a larger and a smaller, likewise diversified its surface, and afforded the inmates of the mansion the amusements of fishing in the summer and of skating in the winter time. They were well stocked from the first with jack, perch, and carp, and at a later date, with trout also. From the terrace the eye ranged, first, over the green expanse, and then across fields and copses and the Evenlode river to the smart slope beyond, crowned along the greater part of its length by the extensive woodland of Wychwood forest, but melting towards the west into the grey pastures of Shipton downs, and the ridge which separates between the valleys of the Evenlode and the Windrush. Eastward were to be seen the church towers of Spilsbury and Charlbury, and along the line of the horizon the woods of Henley Nap and Ditchley, while to the south-east, in the gap between Lee Place and Cornbury Park, a keen vision might discover the belt of trees protecting Wilcote House, and beyond it a faint trace of Cumnor and Witham.

Once settled in this charming abode, A. T. Rawlinson rapidly took his place among the gentry of Oxfordshire, became a Justice of the Peace, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, attended petty sessions and quarter sessions, took an active part as guardian of the poor on the formation of the Chipping Norton Union, visited lunatic asylums, and in every way showed himself a most active and painstaking magistrate. At the same time he carefully superintended the management of his farm, and, when not engaged in magisterial business, was to be seen day after day riding from field to field, watching the operations, talking to the field labourers in friendly fashion, discussing matters with

his bailiff, and this in all weathers, fine or wet, hot or cold, for six or seven hours at a stretch. Still, he did not altogether lay aside his sporting habits. In September and early October he shot a good deal, but chiefly over his own land; during the rest of the autumn and winter he hunted about twice or thrice a week, chiefly with the Heythrop hunt, of which the Duke of Beaufort early requested him to become a member. It was noted that he carried the blue and buff well forward whenever he made his appearance in the field, and that in a very short time he knew the country as well as the oldest *habitué*.

It might have been thought that these varied occupations would have fully exhausted the energies even of the most active man. But the fact was otherwise. Shortly after he settled at Chadlington, A. T. Rawlinson astonished his friends and relatives by adding to his other occupations and employments that of a keeper and breeder of race-horses. At the outset, he bought his animals, and raced them chiefly at Newmarket and Bibury; but later on, from about 1825, he purchased brood mares, and took to breeding his own stock, and running them in all parts of England, even in the far north, at Doncaster. Amateurs who venture upon the Turf have seldom very much success, but Mr. Rawlinson bred three race-horses of very considerable powers—Ruby, foaled in 1825, who ran second for the Oaks in 1828; Revenge, foaled in 1829, who ran third for the Derby and won the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood in 1832; and Coronation, foaled in 1838, who won the Derby and ran second for the St. Leger in 1841. This last feat, in which a country gentleman of moderate means bred and trained and sent out from his own stable a Derby winner is unique

in the history of the Turf, and will probably remain so. When Mr. Rawlinson was asked how he accounted for it he used to say: 'Oh! very easily; because my stud-groom could neither read nor write, and was stone deaf'—no one therefore could bribe him.

It was at Chadlington, amidst these surroundings, that Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, the subject of this memoir, was brought up. He was the seventh child of his parents, and, at his birth, had already five sisters and an elder brother, to whom were afterwards added, besides a brother who died in infancy, three more brothers, who grew up, making a family of eleven children. The education of so large a family, and especially of five sons, could not but be felt as a heavy burden; and the difficulty was aggravated by the period of extreme agricultural depression which followed on the close of the great Napoleonic war, and seriously crippled all those whose main income was derived from land. A. T. Rawlinson had sent his eldest son to Rugby at the usual age, but the education of his other sons had to be managed more cheaply, and was in consequence imperfect and desultory. For the first eleven years of his life Henry Creswicke Rawlinson was educated chiefly by his mother, who grounded him well in English grammar, in the rudiments of Latin, and in arithmetic. He received also some instruction from his sisters' governesses, and for a short time attended as a day scholar the school of Dr. Pocock at Bristol. To Bristol he had been sent in consequence of an ophthalmic attack, which threatened him with the loss of at least one eye, and actually impaired its vision throughout his whole lifetime. His mother's sister had married an eminent Bristol surgeon, Mr. Richard Smith; and it was thought that in the

house of this gentleman, and under his superintendence, the disease might be best combated, and the eyesight saved. The result was a partial success, the vision of the right eye remaining wholly unimpaired, and that of the left only weakened, not destroyed. A further advantage resulted from the Bristol residence, or rather residences, for several visits were paid, extending over the space of some years (1815-1820), since Mrs. Richard Smith was a prominent figure in the Bristol literary world of the time, and dwelling in her house brought the boy in contact with several persons of considerable eminence, as Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, author of the 'Memoirs of Port Royal' and an 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful'; the Rev. Robert Hall, Amos Cottle, the poet, and Dr. Spurzheim, the phrenologist. Such acquaintances tended to stir thought in the intelligent lad, and opened his mind to much that would have been a *terra incognita* to him had he had a mere country breeding. He became especially intimate with Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, his aunt's chief friend and companion, who engaged him frequently in conversation, and even taught him scraps of Hebrew.

Alternating between Chadlington and Bristol during his early boyhood—from 1810 to 1821—Henry Creswicke Rawlinson was familiar both with town and country life, when, at the age of eleven, he was at length sent to a boarding-school and began his preparation for the serious business of life. The school was situated at Wrington, in Somersetshire, and was presided over by a Mr. Davis, a hot-headed Welshman, whose attainments were moderate, and who received only about forty boarders. Here he remained for two years and a half—from January 1821 to June 1823—

and went through the ordinary *curriculum*—Greek, Latin, general history, arithmetic—but no modern languages and no mathematics. My brother never looked back to this portion of his life as of any great service to him. He amused himself tolerably well with practical jokes, such as dressing up as a ghost and frightening a girls' school; but he did not feel that he derived from his Wrington schooling any real advantage, either in the way of learning or of useful habits. He was only thirteen years of age, however, when he left Wrington, and was transferred to a sphere where his abilities had more opportunities of cultivation and development.

CHAPTER II

LATER EDUCATION—EALING—BLACKHEATH

EALING SCHOOL, to which Henry Creswicke Rawlinson was sent after quitting Wrington, has been recently characterised by the 'Times' as 'the best private school in England at a time when the tide of opinion had turned against public schools.'¹ It was the creation of a Dr. Nicholas, a Cambridge man, and rector of Perivale, Middlesex, where his tomb may be seen in the churchyard. At the time when my brother entered it, the school had been long established, had flourished greatly, and gave education to above three hundred boys. Among its *alumni* had been John Henry Newman, who went there in 1808 and left in 1816, after a stay of above eight years, being indebted to it for the whole of his school training and instruction; his brother, Francis William Newman, almost equally distinguished, though in a different way, Fellow of Balliol, Emeritus Professor of Latin in the University of London, and author of 'The Eclipse of Faith,' 'The Kings of Rome,' and various other works; Frank Howard, the artist and etcher, noted for his illustrations of Shakespeare's plays; Lord Macdonald, and his brother 'Jim,' well known in London society; Sir Robert Sale, of Afghan fame; Sir George Burrows,

¹ See the *Times* of August 12, 1890, in an article on John Henry Newman.

the physician; General Turner, and others of minor merit. Contemporary with my brother were Frederick Ayrton, Adviser to Mehemet Ali, ruler of Egypt; Acton Smee Ayrton, M.P., First Commissioner of Works in one of Mr. Gladstone's ministries; R. N. Wornum, author of a 'History of Painting'; and my unworthy self, author of more books than I like to think of. The great heroes of the school in my brother's time were John Henry and Francis Newman. The former had gained a scholarship at Trinity when he was under seventeen, had been placed in the second class in *Literis Humanioribus* at the age of nineteen, and had crowned his academical career by carrying off a Fellowship at Oriel—the most coveted of all Oxford honours at the time—before he was twenty-two. The latter had obtained a scholarship at Worcester straight from school in 1822, and was known to be reading steadily for double honours, with an excellent prospect of getting them. The examples of these two successful Oxonians were pressed on the attention of all Ealing boys of any promise in the decade between 1820 and 1830, and stirred many to exertions of which otherwise they might not have thought themselves capable. Henry Rawlinson did not look forward to a University career. He had always desired to enter the army, and had received from his brothers and sisters at a very early age the *sobriquet* of 'the General'; but the desire awoke within him, very soon after becoming a scholar of Ealing, of profiting by his opportunities and making as much progress in his studies as possible. While in no way withdrawing from the sports and games which were in favour among his contemporaries, he devoted his keenest attention and his most earnest efforts to

the studies of the place. His industry and intelligence attracted the notice of his instructors, and induced them to do their utmost to further his progress in classical learning.

His instructors, though not equal in capacity with those under whom he would have worked in almost any public school, were, nevertheless, far from incompetent. Dr. Nicholas was a sound scholar of the old school, a little deficient in the niceties of verse composition, but otherwise fairly advanced both in Latin and Greek—a man of quick intelligence, a good judge of character, and a good teacher. His sons, who were his chief assistants in the work of instruction, though falling below their father in vigour and energy, had in some other respects the advantage of him. They were comparatively fresh from Oxford and Cambridge, had a certain number of authors at their fingers' ends, and knew the points of scholarship on which most stress was commonly laid at the period. George, the elder of the two, had been captain of Eton, and had gone from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, where in the usual course he had been admitted to a Fellowship. He was a better Greek scholar than his father, a much better one than his brother, and had a pretty talent of stringing together Latin verses, especially elegiacs, in which he rivalled, if not Ovid, yet at any rate Pontanus and Politian. He taught well when he was in the humour for it; but he was lazy and self-indulgent, and ordinarily took little pains with his classes. To make progress under him it was necessary not so much to listen to what he said, as to imitate what he did. His own compositions were always correct, frequently elegant; but he scarcely ever told his pupils what was to be avoided,

or what was to be aimed at. Still, it was impossible to attend his classes without catching some relish for the tone and spirit of antiquity, and for the beauties of the best authors. He read Homer, *Æschylus*, and *Euripides* with his classes, gave them some notion of writing Greek iambics, discussed with them Porson's emendations, and gave them an insight into Dawes's canons.

His brother, Francis Nicholas, was very inferior to him as a scholar. He had been sent from Ealing to Wadham College, at no time a seat of much learning, had not succeeded in obtaining a scholarship, and had gained no distinction in the schools. Still, he had certain books at his fingers' ends. He knew thoroughly his *Livy* (Dec. ii.), his *Xenophon*, his *Virgil*, his '*Cicero de Officiis*.' At these he ground away indefatigably. He was acute, he was painstaking, he was vigilant. No boy under him could shirk his work without detection, or without entailing upon himself a pretty severe punishment. He prepared boys exceedingly well for an ordinary degree, and I do not remember a single one of the pupils whom he sent up to Oxford being 'plucked.' If the school owed much to George Nicholas's scholastic elegance, I am not sure that it did not owe more to Frank Nicholas's care, diligence, and untiring energy.

Henry Creswicke Rawlinson was only under the influence of these teachers for less than two years and a half—from August 1824 to May 1826. But he was at an impressionable time of life, and he always attributed to this period of his education the firm hold which he obtained on the classical languages and the facility with which he could master the contents of almost any Latin or Greek prose book. When he

joined the school he was placed at the bottom of the third class, about fifty places from the top. When he left it, he was high up in the first class, and was by general acknowledgment first in Greek and second in Latin of the whole school.

Nor was this proficiency gained at the cost of physical training. In all the games of the school—prisoners' base, cricket, football, fives, the young scholar took an active part. He was especially expert at fives, and was frequently associated with the principal masters in the play wherein they were wont to indulge during the long summer evenings. Fives at Ealing was not the humble knock-up game then customary at Eton between the chapel buttresses, and still favoured by many first-rate schools and even Universities. It was an athletic exercise of the highest order. The court wherein it was played was as large as many a tennis-court—from sixty to seventy yards long by twenty yards broad, neatly paved with the best paving-stones over its whole surface, and having a brick wall at the end, nearly forty feet high. No bat or racket was allowed, but the simple hand employed; and to return the ball from the extreme end of the court after a long run was a trial not of skill only, but of strength and training. Henry Rawlinson advanced during the years which he spent at Ealing as much in physical development as in scholarship; he grew to be six feet high, broad-chested, strong limbed, with excellent thews and sinews, and at the same time with a steady head, a clear sight, and a nerve that few of his co-mates equalled.

The whole credit of this growth in physical strength and vigour must not, however, be ascribed to Ealing. The home life of the lad during the vacations also con-

tributed to it. At Chadlington he indulged in all the time-honoured country sports—shot, fished, hunted—in almost every pursuit showing a keenness and a skill that brought him into the front rank and drew attention. Invited by Lord Normanton to accompany his father to shooting-parties in the Ditchley woods, he began by shooting at and killing every pheasant, whether his own bird or not, that rose from the covert, before it was five yards from the ground; and afterwards, when instructed that his procedure was not quite *comme-il-faut*, contented himself with reserving his shots until Lord Normanton had fired, and then, in sporting phrase, ‘wiping his lordship’s eye.’ In the hunting field, though never well mounted, and sometimes having to force along a wretched ‘screw,’ he always found his way to the front, and seldom failed to be ‘in at the death.’ In fishing he was less distinguished, but still took a pleasure in the employment. His life during the holidays was almost entirely an out-of-doors one; and the combined result of school and home life was as has been described in the last paragraph.

It has been said that the boy is not worth much who does not sometimes get into scrapes. Henry Rawlinson was no exception. He had, I think, but one ‘fight’ at Ealing—a combat with a French boy, named Mabile, a native of the Mauritius. In this he was easily victorious; but fighting was not allowed, and if he had been found out he would have been punished. However, fortunately for him, the matter escaped notice, and no punishment followed. But somewhat later there was a ‘scrape’ which almost involved a catastrophe. Two boys, Henry Rawlinson and another, made up their minds to go to London for the purpose

of being present at an opera written by one of the dancing masters, by name Macfarren, who was no mean playwright. They had to walk the distance—seven miles—and to walk back. The play would not be over till nearly twelve o'clock, and thus they would have to be out the greater part of the night. Of course this was not allowed, neither was it permitted to go to London without leave. Arrangements therefore had to be made. As a master slept in our bedroom, I was instructed before going to sleep to make up a figure in my brother's bed, which might pass for him in the dim light, and deceive the master. I sacrificed my bolster, tied a string round it, near the top, to make a head and a body, and then, putting my brother's night-cap on the head and his nightgown on the body, carefully placed the dummy between the sheets, arranged the clothes as naturally as I could, and waited anxiously for the master's coming. Unluckily he was accustomed before turning in for the night to have a chat with my brother, who seldom went to bed early. He therefore called to him: 'Rawlinson, wake up. I want a talk with you.' No answer. 'Rawlinson,' again, 'wake up.' A dead silence. Exasperated but unsuspicious, the master took one of his boots and hurled it at the sleeping figure. The boot was well aimed; it hit the figure in the back, but still there was no sound—no movement. Another boot followed and hit the figure plump on the head, but with no better result than the previous throw. 'Come, I must see what this means,' said the thrower. He sprang from his bed, tore the bed-clothes off the supposed sleeper, and discovered the trick played upon him. Tossing the lay figure contemptuously on the floor, he returned to his bed, and 'slept the sleep of the just.' I also, as soon as I could, composed

myself to rest. About five o'clock the wanderers returned, after climbing over walls and palings. My brother saw what had happened, but quietly crept into bed. When morning came, the question was what would be the punishment? It might be expulsion; it might be flogging; it might be some lesser penalty. The two culprits were called up before Frank Nicholas and made a clean breast of what they had done. They were sentenced to learn the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace by heart, and to say it without a mistake within a fortnight. My brother performed the task without difficulty, but his companion in crime failed, and was expelled.

It was not long after this that Henry Rawlinson received information of his nomination to an appointment—a cadetship—under the East India Company. His actual nominator was William Taylor Money, one of the directors; but the person to whom he really owed his appointment was his mother's half-brother, Mr. John Hinde Pelly, an old Indian Civil Servant, whose interest procured it for him. Henry Rawlinson was just sixteen at this time; and as his nomination was direct, and did not involve passing through Addiscombe, he might have sailed at once, and have entered on his military duties. But there were objections to this rapid procedure. His youth was thought to be an objection, and also his want of any special preparation for the Indian Military Service. He had no knowledge of any Oriental language; he was quite ignorant of mathematics, of surveying, and of military drawing; he had not even learnt fencing or drill. Accordingly friends advised a six months' course of reading with a private tutor, under whom these deficiencies might be made good. The person selected to undertake the

charge was a certain Dr. Myers, who had been for a time a master at Woolwich, and had thence transferred his abode to Blackheath, where he took a limited number of pupils. Here my brother studied Hindustani and Persian, military drawing, surveying, and advanced mathematics. He used to speak of the six months as 'wasted,' and to regret that he had not gone straight out to India in the summer of 1826; but the only real 'waste' was in the matter of the Oriental languages, which could have been learnt under *moon-shees* in India in one-tenth of the time. The other studies must have been of enormous advantage to him, when, as a geographical explorer, he had to lay down maps of regions previously unsurveyed, and to submit them to such severe critics as the Committee of the Royal Geographical Society. Nor can his mathematical knowledge have been unserviceable to him when it became his business to take observations, to determine longitudes, and to estimate the altitudes of mountains. Perhaps if the whole of the time spent at Blackheath had been devoted to scientific and none of it to linguistic studies the result might have been better; but the scientific training received was eminently beneficial, and if not absolutely necessary to the soldier, was of immense advantage to the explorer.

Physically, also, the stay at Dr. Myers's benefited him. He was better set up when he returned from Blackheath than when he went there. His form was more upright, his figure more soldierly. He had also become a soldier in his thoughts and aspirations. We, his younger brothers, were made to go through the broad-sword exercise continually, and listened delightedly to accounts of the Burmese war, and to forecasts of the exploits which he intended to achieve, if the

war continued, and he was so fortunate as to take part in it. A tree still stands in a field at Chadlington, not far from the house, hacked and hewn about its stem and its lower branches by the young aspirant to military glory, in illustration of the wounds which he meant to inflict on his barbarian antagonists. We four younger boys were all at home together at this period, Henry's education being completed, and our school studies having been broken into in consequence of a severe attack of fever, which had prostrated all three of us. We thus enjoyed our best-loved brother's society for two or three months continuously in the spring and early summer of 1827, before parting from him for an interval, the length of which we could not anticipate, but which actually turned out to be one of twenty-two years.

CHAPTER III

DEPARTURE FOR INDIA—VOYAGE TO BOMBAY—LIFE AS A
SUBALTERN OFFICER

IN the year 1827 there was no 'overland route,' no 'Suez Canal,' no steam communication between England and her Asiatic possessions. A berth had to be taken for Henry Rawlinson in a sailing vessel bound for Bombay, which it was calculated would reach her destination in about four months. The ship selected was the *Neptune*, an old East Indiaman, built in the war time, and pierced for six guns, to enable her to defend herself against the French privateers. She was commanded by Commander Cumberbatch, an experienced captain, and was a good sailer and a thoroughly seaworthy vessel. The port from which she was to start was London, but she was to touch at Portsmouth, which was a fortunate circumstance for my brother, since otherwise he might have missed his passage.

Having got his kit on board, and understanding that the *Neptune* would not sail for some days, he ventured to run down to Cheltenham, where the races were going on, and his father had a horse about to run. Suddenly, as he was upon the course, an express messenger came up to him and delivered a letter which told him that the ship had started from London, and was on its way down the English Channel. Recognising that he had no time to lose, he at once rushed

off from the course, made his way to London, where he had still some necessary business to transact, and then hurried on to Portsmouth, where he just caught his vessel (June 27).

There was a large number of passengers on board, the most distinguished of them being Sir John Malcolm, who was going out to Bombay to discharge the office of Governor, his daughter, Lady Campbell, and Sir Alexander Campbell, his son-in-law. The course taken after quitting the Channel was by way of Madeira across the Atlantic to Trinidad, where the 'trades' were caught, and an excellent passage made to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence round the Cape and across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. The voyage occupied exactly four months, the passengers reaching the *terra firma* of Bombay on October 27.

A voyage of four months' duration is a dull affair, unless some special amusements can be started to occupy attention and speed the laggard flight of time. After a short experience of ship-board, it occurred to Henry Rawlinson that the production of a weekly newspaper might agreeably fill some considerable portion of the idle hours which hung so heavily on his own and his companions' hands. Accordingly he started the idea among his fellow-passengers. It was approved and warmly taken up. Many expressed themselves as willing to contribute articles; others undertook the drudgery of making copies, since the newspaper had to circulate in manuscript, as there was no printing press on board. He was himself requested to become editor, and gladly undertook the duty, which he continued to discharge until the voyage came to a conclusion. This position brought him specially under the notice of Sir John Malcolm, the

Governor of the Presidency to which he too was about to belong. The subjoined passages from Kaye's 'Life' of Sir John have a reference to this period, and are not devoid of a certain interest :—

It is pleasant to be able to record (says the historian) that the newspaper edited on board the *Neptune* during Malcolm's passage out was edited by a young Bombay cadet, in whom he (Malcolm) recognised the dawning genius, the full meridian of which he was not destined to see. The youthful editor was Henry Creswicke Rawlinson. It was to Malcolm that he owed the first direction of his mind to Oriental literature. There was nothing at this time in which the new Governor of Bombay more delighted—nothing, indeed, which he regarded as a more solemn duty—than the endeavour to raise, in the young men by whom he was surrounded, aspirations after worthy objects, to teach them to regard with earnestness and solemnity the career before them, and to encourage them in that application by which alone success can be achieved.¹

And again :—

Malcolm (on his voyage) employed some of his young friends in copying his manuscripts, and I have often thought, that if Rawlinson was so employed, it is not difficult to conjecture where he took his first lesson in deciphering strange hieroglyphics. [Note: When a few months ago, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, the accomplished master of that college gave directions for the Babylonian cylinder (an unique specimen of the reign of Nergal-shar-ezer) which Malcolm had presented to the library to be packed and sent to Rawlinson, that he might decipher the characters upon its surface, it was interesting to think of this old connection between the two eminent men, and of the pleasure it would have given to

¹ Kaye's *Life of Sir John Malcolm*, vol. ii. p. 496.

Malcolm to know that his sometime pupil had become the most distinguished Orientalist of the age.]¹

The chief influence which Sir John Malcolm really exerted on Henry Rawlinson at this time seems to have been in turning his attention towards Persia—the land, the language, the literature, and the history. He was never tired of speaking on these subjects, and day after day, evening after evening, he amused or wearied the *clientèle* that he had gathered around him with long ‘yarns’ on Persian subjects, which to Henry Rawlinson were extremely interesting. I find my brother noting two years afterwards, in one of those brief and meagre diaries which he kept occasionally, but very irregularly, that he commenced the study of the Persian language with a *moonshee* chiefly in consequence of what he had heard from Sir John on board the *Neptune* with respect to Persian literature and Persian history. As this study of Persian led to the selection of Henry Rawlinson in the year 1833 as one of the officers sent from India to Persia to aid in drilling and disciplining the Shah’s army, and as that appointment turned his attention to cuneiform decipherment, Sir John Malcolm’s influence on his career may be said to have been considerable; but it was indirect, and, so to speak, accidental. There was little communication between them after they disembarked from the *Neptune*, the young cadet being engaged in his military duties and Sir John in troubles connected with the office of Governor.

Henry Rawlinson landed at Bombay on October 27, 1827, at the age of seventeen, and made his way to the ‘cadets’ quarters.’ He was at first attached to the

¹ Kaye’s *Life of Sir John Malcolm*, vol. ii. p. 497.

2nd European Infantry Regiment, the 'Bombay Buffs,' as they were called, but in the June following (1828) was transferred to the 7th Native Infantry Regiment, and a little later on was posted to the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, and ordered to join the regiment without delay at Ahmedabad. Thus his first stay at Bombay was a very brief one. He utilised it, however, by at once throwing himself into the study of Hindustani, and with such success, that, after a single repulse at the close of three months, he passed the Interpreters' examination at the end of six months, and was shortly afterwards appointed to be Interpreter, as well as Quarter-master and Paymaster, to his regiment.

The winter of 1828-29 was spent at Ahmedabad—much as it was spent by other juvenile cadets—in hunting, shooting, ball-going, billiard and racquet-playing, and the like. Unlike, however, most of his contemporaries, Henry Rawlinson combined with these lighter occupations a large amount of study and reading. He read a great deal of history at this time, and became such a *helluo librorum*, that, in gratifying his passion, he unfortunately outran the constable, and having bought more books than he could pay for from a native dealer, was actually arrested for the debt (20*l.*)—the only time that he was ever arrested in his life. At the same time he continued his study of languages, and having succeeded in mastering the Mahratta dialect, passed the examination, and obtained the Mahratta Interpretership to his regiment soon after his return to Bombay from Ahmedabad in the spring of 1829. He also contributed articles at this period to the Bombay newspapers, chiefly short poems, in which the versification was smooth, but the tone rather too Byronic for our modern taste. Altogether

the Ahmedabad sojourn was a time of much enjoyment to him—he stood on the borderland between boyhood and manhood—his health was good, his spirits were unfailing, and his prospects satisfactory; he was a general favourite with his brother officers, had sufficient means, and was smiled on by society.

His regiment returned from Ahmedabad to Bombay towards the end of March 1829, and Henry Rawlinson returned with it. And now a time of comparative idleness set in. Henry Rawlinson threw himself into the life of social dissipation with the same vigour which he showed in school studies, in the sports of the field, in geographical research, and in linguistic investigations. Besides being distinguished in all athletic and manly exercises, he was at Bombay, in 1829, steward of the balls, manager of the theatre, head of the billiard and racquet rooms, general getter-up of parties, arranger of pigeon matches, and a sort of honorary master of the ceremonies at all dinner parties and social gatherings. In outward appearance he was the gayest of the gay, a choice specimen of the *jeunesse dorée* of the time and place. Secretly, however, he contrived to combine with this apparent life of mere amusement a considerable amount of study. ‘While this was going on,’ he says in a note-book, ‘I was educating myself by an extensive course of reading. It is from this period (1829) that my passion for books dates.’

The year 1830 brought a change of scene, but no great change of occupation. The 1st Grenadiers were ordered to Poonah, and Henry Rawlinson went with them, remaining in Guzerat for a space of over three years (1830–1833). Dictating to an amanuensis in 1884, Sir H. Rawlinson said of this period: ‘I

always look back upon these three years as the most enjoyable of my life. I had excellent health, was in the heyday of youth, had tremendous spirits, was distinguished in all athletic amusements—riding, shooting, and especially hunting—and had the whole world before me.’ The officers of the 1st Grenadiers were a sporting set, and rode, shot, raced, betted, gambled almost without intermission. Henry Rawlinson held his own among them. He kept several hunters and more than one race-horse, was indefatigable in the pursuit of the wild boar, and, indeed, was good at sports of all kinds. A challenge, which he gave while quartered at Poonah, will show the extent and variety of his accomplishments. He offered to compete with any rival, for the stake of 100*l.*, in running, jumping, quoits, racquets, billiards, pigeon-shooting, pig-sticking, steeple-chasing, chess, and games of skill at cards. His challenge was not accepted, so generally was it felt that he was *facile princeps* in such matters. But the most striking feat belonging to this period of his life was a race against time, which largely attracted the attention of the sporting world both in India and in England. The ‘Sporting Magazine’ of the year 1832 gave an account of it under the heading of ‘Extraordinary Road Match in India’; but the subjoined description, dictated by my brother himself, will probably possess a higher interest for the general reader :—

Behold a group assembled in the Poonah high road outside the Grenadier mess-house, and close to the Bombay milestone marking seventy miles according to the old road from Panwell, the Bombay port, two of the group being umpires in charge of a chronometer, and another, Lieutenant Rawlinson, aged twenty-two,

attired in hunting costume, jockey cap, thick ticking jacket, with a watch sewn into the waistband, samber-skin breeches, and a pair of easy old boots. 'How do you feel?' says his friend. 'All right? Time's nearly up.' 'Oh! all right,' says the lieutenant, and jumps into the saddle, which is fitted on a cross-grained grey horse, held carefully by two 'syces' or grooms. Almost at the same moment the starter called out, 'Time's up! Off!' The grooms loosed the bridle, and the grey, which had been fidgeting for some time at the bustle and novelty of the scene, made a determined bolt for the corner of the prickly-pear hedge which ran close by. It was such a near thing that a prickly-pear branch brushed against the rider, and, but for the samber-skin breeches, would have seriously hurt his knee. Another moment, and the grey was tearing down the road to Bombay at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, his rider sitting him steadily, and holding him fast by the head. At so early an hour in the morning (5.15) there were not many people on the road, and the grey therefore reached the Sengun bridge—about a mile from the starting-post—without a check. The narrow bridge, however, was seen to be so crowded with carts and foot-passengers as to be almost impassable, and Mr. Rawlinson therefore dashed into the river by its side. Fortunately there was very little water in the stream, but the bed being composed almost entirely of bare sheets of rock and large smooth boulders, there was some difficulty in scrambling over. With the help of his spurs, however, and of a strong hold on the horse's head, the rider managed to accomplish it. Once through the stream and off the slippery rock, the grey sped up the opposite bank like an arrow! There was now a gentle steady rise for about five miles along a good metalled road, so the rider had nothing to do but to sit quiet on his steed, and take care that he was not wholly 'pumped out' before the time came to change horses. The first change was made at about six miles from the starting-

point, where a fresh horse, ready saddled and bridled, was waiting to be mounted. Mr. Rawlinson jumped off the grey, and sprang on to the new animal, which was a much better roadster than the preceding one, and carried his rider the remaining six miles of the first stage, to Penowli, without adventure.

At Penowli, twelve and a half miles from Poonah, Mr. Rawlinson mounted his third horse, an old white Arab, not very steady on his pins, but full of 'go,' and good-tempered. As the distance which this animal had to carry him was only five miles and a half, he considered that he might 'put on the steam,' and accordingly, turning off to the left, he galloped across the smooth soft down, instead of hammering along the hard high road, for the space of about five miles to the point where he had ordered that his fourth horse should meet him. Trusting that his orders would have been exactly carried out, he ventured to press the old Arab somewhat hardly, and had pretty nearly 'pumped him out' by the time that he regained the high road at the point where the groom with the fresh horse was to have met him. What, then, was his horror when, on reaching the road, he saw the man and horse awaiting him nearly a quarter of a mile in advance! The Arab could not move another step, so his rider had no resource but to jump down and run along the road—uphill all the way—towards his relay, at the same time shouting to the groom to come on and meet him. This the man did; but Mr. Rawlinson reckoned that this *contretemps* lost him a full five minutes.

On changing to his fourth horse, his troubles were over for the time. This animal was a nice, compact, iron-grey hack, and carried him at a good fast pace, without the slightest check or hindrance, a distance of six and a half miles to Wargan, where he found his fifth horse—a racer of some note, called 'Vivian Grey'—and, mounting him, proceeded across country instead of along the road, a distance of over eleven miles, at

full gallop. This was the fastest and pleasantest bit of riding in the whole race. Vivian Grey carried him delightfully; and he reached Carli, confident that the match was as good as won, and the stakes in his pocket. Here, however, his worst troubles began. The sixth horse, a dun country-bred one, had escaped from the grōbm's hands early in the morning, and was careering about the country until within a few minutes of Mr. Rawlinson's arrival. Of course, if he had not been caught, the match must have been lost, for it would have been impossible to extemporise a substitute. It must be noted also, that there were known to be at this season of the year many droves of bullocks, laden with salt or grain, upon the road between Panwell and Poonah. In view of this, a friend of Mr. Rawlinson's had, the night before, ridden down the line, and made an arrangement with the chief drovers, paying to each a *douceur* on the promise that they would not leave their camping-grounds before 8.30. Hitherto the compact had been strictly observed, but at Carli the head drover failed to keep his word; and when Lieut. Rawlinson had proceeded a few miles beyond that place, he found the road completely obstructed by laden bullocks. At one point, indeed, where there was a steep embankment on either side, the press was so great that further progress seemed impossible. At length, however, what with scrambling over the backs of the bullocks, squeezing between their horns, and belabouring them soundly with a thick whip, he managed to get through, having his breeches pretty well torn to ribbons by the way. The old dun turned out a 'trump,' and got into Candalah none the worse for his burst among the bullocks, having accomplished his nine miles under the half hour.

At Candalah began the descent of the Ghauts. Lieut. Rawlinson had selected for this critical portion of the ride a bay Arab horse from his own stables, spirited and hot-tempered, but extremely sure-footed; and he cantered on him quietly for the first mile to

the brink of the descent. At this point was stationed an engineer officer, who held a watch in his hand, timing the match; and he gave the time to the rider as he passed, but by some accident gave it wrongly—a full hour too late. Lieutenant Rawlinson referred to his wrist watch and noted the discrepancy; but, as he had met with rather rough treatment among the bullocks, and it was not impossible that his watch might have gone wrong, he could not assume that the officer had made a mistake. He therefore felt bound to 'put on steam' from this point, and consequently he dashed down the decline at full speed. The Arab, unaccustomed to such treatment, threw up his head—the lip strap broke, and, the bit turning in the horse's mouth, the rider lost all control over him. Under these circumstances the only thing to do seemed to be to sit quiet, and trust to the sure-footedness of the animal. The Arab took the zigzags with perfect regularity and without a stumble, looking over the precipice at each corner some 2,000 or 3,000 feet down into the Coucan, but never swerving. Towards the end of the descent, he grew a little more quiet, and, lowering his head, allowed the bit to fall back into its proper place, whereupon the rider resumed full control over his steed, and had no further difficulty with him. The pace, however, during the run-away had been very good indeed, the four miles from Candalah to Kolapoor, including the precipitous descent of the Ghaut, having been accomplished within the quarter of an hour.

Here, for the first and only time in the whole race, the rider took some refreshment, swallowing a draught of cold tea. Then he mounted a good strong Arab hunter of his own, to which he was well accustomed, and hoped accordingly to complete the next stage of ten miles to Chowk, for which he had two mounts, in good style and without difficulty. But, as it turned out, it was just here that he had his most narrow escape, and was within an ace of 'coming to grief.'

The road lies through a plain country; but it is very much broken with rocks, and ravines, and stony beds of rivers, considerable obstacles to locomotion. At one point especially a very nasty rocky river-bed was crossed by a narrow bridge without balustrade or railing; and Lieutenant Rawlinson, as he was approaching this bridge, saw a bullock-cart drawn by two span of oxen coming from the opposite direction, and already occupying the crazy structure. The oxen, moreover, as it appeared, saw him, and alarmed at the weird figure approaching them at so great a pace, swerved straight across the road and stood dumbfounded. It was impossible to pull up; it was impossible to descend the embankment and make a dash across the river; nothing remained but to push straight forward. So the adventurous horseman rammed in his spurs and rode at the obstacle, but, nearing it, managed to scrape round the heads of the oxen, and to pass between their horns and the unguarded edge of the roadway. There was but just room. One of the horns of the nearest bullock inflicted a wound upon the shoulder of the gallant steed, while his hind legs at one time actually overhung the river! It was an exceedingly narrow escape, and made the rider draw a long breath as he passed on his way.

The second half of this stage was accomplished without adventure on an Arab charger belonging to the adjutant of Lieutenant Rawlinson's regiment, a strong and sure-footed animal, though not remarkable for pace.

There still remained the last stage of this adventurous ride. From Chowk to the Panwell tavern is a distance of about twelve and a half miles, and for this Lieutenant Rawlinson had again two mounts. The first of these was a flea-bitten grey hunter of his own, called 'Tickle-me-gently,' very sure-footed, and well-known at the jungle side. 'Tickle-me-gently' did the half-stage in very good time, and pulled up at a point on the road where the last mount was waiting, ready saddled and

bridled. Here, then, Lieutenant Rawlinson mounted his last horse—a very nice active high-bred Arab racer, called ‘Eden,’ who for several miles bowled along at a good pace, carrying his rider rapidly and well. As the road, however, approached the sea-coast, it was laid on a high embankment with built-up sides; and here Lieutenant Rawlinson found his horse clinging persistently to the near side of the road and not to be diverted from it. At first he thought that the swerve was merely casual, and touched the horse with the left spur to keep him straight. But no—the swerve grew worse and worse, finally becoming a decided jib or bolt; and he was obliged to put the animal’s head at the embankment, and scramble up it, and down the *revêtement* on the other side, as he could. Of course the horse ‘came to grief’ at the bottom, and he himself received a severe blow on the knee and was thrown from the saddle. He soon got up from the ground, shook himself together, and led his horse to a place where the bank could be ascended and the road reached. He then remounted and pursued his course. It afterwards turned out that the animal had been kept during the preceding night at a stable a few hundred yards from the embankment, and, recognising the spot, had proposed to re-occupy quarters which he had found comfortable!

For the last three miles of the ride the scene resembled a popular ovation, several hundreds, or rather thousands, of villagers having assembled from all points of the compass to witness the finish of this wonderful time race, which was supposed to have been accomplished on a single horse from Poonah to Panwell within the hour! The excitement was intense as Lieutenant Rawlinson rode into the compound of the Parsee tavern, and roused from their sleep the umpires, who had not expected his arrival for at least another hour. On breaking the seals of the chronometers, the time was found to be 8.17 A.M., the match being thus won, with fifty-three minutes to spare.

Still, amid all his various and, as one might have thought, absorbing amusements, Henry Rawlinson continued his studies. 'At Poonah,' he says in a diary, under the head of the year 1833, 'I read a great deal, and passed a first-class examination in Persian.'

NOTE.—The terms of the bet were:—'To ride from Poonah to Panwell in four hours—the stake to be 100*l*.—a forfeit of one hundred rupees to be paid for every minute over the four hours, and the same amount to be guaranteed to the rider for every minute under that time.' The start was made from Poonah at 5.10 A.M. The arrival at Panwell took place at 8.17 A.M. Time occupied, 3 hours 7 minutes. Distance, 72 miles.

CHAPTER IV

REMOVAL TO PERSIA—VOYAGE TO BUSHIRE—LIFE IN PERSIA
DURING 1833 AND 1834

IN the year 1833 political exigencies, connected with the rivalry between England and Russia, induced the Governor-General of India, Lord William Bentinck, to determine on sending a small detachment of native troops to Persia, accompanied by eight officers, with the primary object of drilling and improving the Shah's army. It was essential that the officers sent upon this service should be familiar with the Persian language, and orders to this effect were forwarded to the presidential Governors, to whom a certain number of the appointments were confided. One of these was Lord Clare, Governor of Bombay, whose son, the Hon. G. Upton, was a particular friend of Henry Rawlinson's. When, about April 1833, the matter was first mooted in the Presidency, Upton asked his friend Rawlinson if he would like to accompany the detachment, and, being answered in the affirmative, made interest for him with his father, the Governor. At first, however, he was unsuccessful, the place which Henry Rawlinson desired to fill being assigned by Lord Clare to a Mr. Powell, his military secretary. The Indian Government, as it happened, refused to confirm this appointment, on the ground of Mr. Powell's not being an *Indian* officer; and his first nomination having thus

fallen through, Lord Clare was induced to nominate, in the second instance, his son's friend. No exception was, or could be, taken to this appointment; and thus Lieutenant Rawlinson, whose linguistic acquirements were well known, and no doubt had considerable weight in his selection, became attached to the small body of troops sent at this important juncture from India to Persia. He was at the same time appointed staff-officer to the detachment.

On October 26, 1833, six years almost exactly from the date of his landing in India, Henry Rawlinson went on board the *Clyde*, in the harbour of Bombay, with seven brother officers¹ and a small detachment of troops, and set sail for the port of Bushire. The *Clyde* was commanded by Captain Fitz-James, who was afterwards second in command to Sir John Franklin in one of his polar expeditions, and perished in the Arctic regions. The present voyage, however, was wholly prosperous, the ship landing her passengers at Bushire early in November without any mischance. Thus began what my brother used to call 'the most momentous change in his whole life.'

It was not intended by the authorities that the detachment should make any prolonged halt at Bushire. Bushire is a most wretched place, and has no objects of interest in its near neighbourhood. The intention was, after a brief stay, to push forward rapidly through the mountain passes, and across the Persian highland, to Teheran, the capital, where the Shah, who had been apprised of the despatch of the troops, was anxiously awaiting them. But an immediate advance was found

¹ Colonel Shiel (brother of R. Lalor Shiel, M.P.) and Colonel Farrant were the two most distinguished officers of the detachment, and Lieutenant Rawlinson's principal friends.

to be impossible. The mountains which separate the low coast tract about Bushire from the great Iranic plateau are of the most formidable character; the passes which traverse them are narrow and precipitous; when blocked with snow they become absolutely impenetrable; and any attempt to cross the great range, or rather ranges, leads necessarily to a catastrophe. On arriving at Bushire, Colonel Pasmore, the commander of the detachment, was informed that the passes were already blocked by heavy falls of snow, and were consequently impassable. He therefore, very judiciously, ordered a prolonged halt, and kept the detachment under cover at Bushire from early in November to early in February. This interval of three months enabled him to arrange for transport, about which there was considerable difficulty, to organise a caravan, and to obtain a sufficiency of baggage animals, with their drivers. Notwithstanding this delay, the start was made full early—soon after the beginning of the month—and for some time no great difficulty was encountered. Deep snow, however, detained the detachment for a considerable time in the vicinity of Shiraz, and Lieutenant Rawlinson was enabled to indulge his antiquarian tastes by a visit to the cave of Shapur, with its interesting Sassanian remains,¹ as well as by an excur-

¹ On this visit Lieutenant Rawlinson met with an adventure which he was fond of narrating. He was informed at Shiraz that a famous robber chief, and his son, had possession of the entire country about Shapur, but that the son, Bakir Khan, was at bottom a thoroughly good fellow, and particularly friendly to Englishmen. He therefore prepared himself to conciliate his favour in case of falling in with him. Besides providing presents of the ordinary character, he also, with a regard to Bakir Khan's reputation as a hard drinker, put aside a certain number of bottles of sherry and brandy for his especial benefit. Accompanied by two other officers of the detachment, he rode from Shiraz to Shapur, visited and sketched the ruins, and copied a number of inscriptions, without falling in with anyone who had the least appearance

sion to Persepolis, where he first saw cuneiform inscriptions *in situ*, and made copies of a considerable number. More snow was encountered between Shiraz and Ispahan, where the detachment was again detained

of being a suspicious character. In the afternoon, however, he and his companions determined to visit the celebrated 'Cave of Shapur,' which was at the top of a steep hill. They therefore dismounted, left their horses to their grooms, and ascended on foot. The ascent was difficult, the day hot, and Lieutenant Rawlinson's two companions very shortly gave in, and left him to pursue his explorations by himself. He, however, persevered, succeeded in reaching the summit, found the cave, and remained there a couple of hours, when he thought that it was time to descend, remount his horse, and return to camp. Scarcely was he in the saddle, when he observed a Persian horseman in the brushwood, at no great distance on his right; then another, as near him, on his left; then others, rather further off, both in front and in rear. It was evident that he was surrounded. His groom, however, told him not to be afraid—the men were followers of Bakir Khan, and he could see that chief himself in the bottom on the banks of the river. There was nothing for it but to put a bold face on the matter and make the best of it. So he turned his horse, descended the hill, and rode straight up to the robber chief, saluting him. Bakir gave him a pretty friendly reception, but reproached him with having come like a spy, without any warning, and with endeavouring to escape observation. Had he had warning, he would have sent an escort to meet so distinguished a guest, and have prepared a feast in his honour. Lieutenant Rawlinson excused himself as best he could, and a pleasant chat followed, which was terminated by the chief's saying: 'It is desperately hot here. Do you happen to have anything to drink with you?' The lieutenant signed to the groom to bring out the brandy and a drinking-cup. It happened that this last was of rather large dimensions, holding about a pint. The groom handed it to the robber chief, and then began to pour, expecting to be stopped. But the chief made no sign—the cup was filled to the brim, raised to his lips, and three-quarters emptied at a draught. Then suddenly he stopped, staggered, and almost fell to the ground. Immediately a dozen matchlocks were unslung, and their muzzles pointed at the Englishman, who had the presence of mind to spring forward, catch the robber chief, and snatching the cup from his hand, drink off the remainder of the liquor. His action caused the matchlock-men to pause; and, as they paused, the chief began to recover, raised himself up, and said: 'Sahib, what was that delicious liquor that you gave me? I thought it was sherry, but if so, it must have been the father of all the sherries. What was it?' 'It was brandy,' replied my brother, 'the strongest of all liquors; but I had heard that you could drink anything, so I thought it wouldn't hurt you.' 'Ah, well,' ejaculated the chief, 'it's all right now. It was very strong, but it

for a week. The route then lay through Kashan and Kum to Teheran, which was reached about the middle of March without much further trouble. On the way, however, the adventurous spirit of the young lieutenant led him into an enterprise which might have had serious consequences. He had heard much of Kum as a sacred city, and the glories of the shrine of Fatima had been greatly extolled to him; it was said never to have been entered by a European, and whispered that instant death would be the portion of the audacious infidel who should be found intruding into its hallowed precincts. A hint of danger is an irresistible attraction to a young and ardent spirit. Henry Rawlinson resolved at once that he would penetrate into the shrine. Disguised as a Persian pilgrim, he joined the crowd which thronged the temple gates, made his way with them into the adytum, and approached the tomb of the saint. The guardian gave him the customary form of words, and he repeated them; but shortly afterwards his eye was attracted by some magnificent suits of steel armour which hung upon the walls, and he found with a thrill of alarm, that while curiously contemplating them and speculating upon their age and origin, he had almost turned his back upon the sacred spot where the saint lay—the cynosure of all the eyes of ‘true believers.’ Fortunately for him, his lapse was not remarked—it had been little more than momentary—otherwise, in all probability, a promising career would then and there have been cut short, and a light lost to philological, geographical, and diplomatic

was very good!’ Bakir Khan, during the remainder of his life, always behaved well to Englishmen; but the Turkish Government naturally resented his robber practices; and he was hunted down and shot not many years after Lieutenant Rawlinson’s interview with him.

science, with which they could ill have afforded to dispense.

The detachment, as has been mentioned, reached Teheran about the middle of March. They found there Sir John Campbell as Envoy, and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) McNeill as Secretary of Legation. Preparations were at once made for the reception of the officers of the detachment by the monarch, his Majesty Futteh Ali Shah, the reigning king of Persia. Such, however, were the requirements of Oriental etiquette, that it was not until the 12th of April that the interview actually took place, and the band of British officers, accompanied by the members of the diplomatic corps and some Persian officials, was conducted to the palace, and ushered into the presence of the Great King. I find among my brother's papers the subjoined description of the occasion :—

All arrangements having been duly settled, and the star of our fortune, as the Persians say, having reached the zenith of exaltation, the cavalcade, glittering in all its gaudiest trappings, set out from the palace of the Envoy to become 'white-faced' by an introduction to the 'Centre of the Universe.' A party of two-and-twenty Europeans thus brilliantly attired is a spectacle to which the eyes of the Teheranees are but little accustomed; and had we not therefore attracted a considerable share of public observation, as we wound through the narrow streets and bazaars leading to the citadel, we should have given the citizens little credit for curiosity. The large party of royal Gholams and Furrashes, however, who accompanied the procession contrived to keep us personally unmolested, and in process of time, therefore, after crossing the narrow bridge which leads into the citadel, and passing thence through a small bazaar into the large square fronting the royal residence, we alighted at the

entrance of the Dewan Khana, and proceeded on foot into the interior of the palace. The square, always a striking object from the number of guns and mortars ranged in various parts of it, presented upon this occasion an unusually lively and picturesque appearance. The whole of the Shah's artillerymen, amounting to some hundreds, were under arms at their respective stations; detached groups of horsemen in their gayest attire dashed about the Meidan, and the crowds of gholams called out to do proper honour to the ceremony rendered it most difficult to attain the entrance. Here, however, we at length arrived, and dismounting were conducted through a narrow passage lined with gholams to the apartments of the Master of the Ceremonies, where kaliuns and tea refreshed us for a few minutes while intelligence of our arrival was despatched to his Majesty, and the etiquette to be observed at the introduction was communicated to us by the Court official. Soon a message was sent down summoning us to the royal presence, and we found ourselves again on foot following our stately guide through the various courts and passages which led to the 'Garden of the Gulistan,' where his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint our reception. The garden thus named is a large square enclosure of about a hundred yards extent, adorned, as usual, with avenues of chenar trees and a basin of water in the centre, and presenting to the eye at its upper end the *Dewan Khana*, a large public room where his Majesty holds his Court on the festival of the Noarof, and which is the only place in the palace adapted to the accommodation of the crowds who on that occasion throng with their offerings to the throne. From the large court a door upon the right conducts through a series of narrow, dark, and intricate passages, which would disgrace the offices of any respectable British residence, into a small enclosure filled with the guards and servants of the royal household, on leaving which, and threading a few more of these narrow gloomy lanes, our party suddenly emerged

upon the splendid and delightful 'Garden of the Gulistan.' Beyond this entrance none but the Master of the Ceremonies, his deputy, and our party were permitted to proceed, for we were now on 'holy ground,' and within the range of the royal eye. The room in which his Majesty was seated could scarcely have been fifty yards distant from this corner door, a wall and pathway connecting them; but, it being utterly inconsistent with etiquette that we should proceed thither by the direct route, we were paraded half round the enclosure before being permitted to approach the throne. Walking slowly, therefore, along the wall to our left, and stopping to salute, as soon as we were irradiated with the light of the Imperial presence, we passed an octagonal summer-house, called the Kostuh Frangee (?), and reaching a corner door which leads to the hareem, and is guarded by a body of eunuchs, we then turned off at a right angle, and were soon exactly opposite the apartment occupied by the King. There is a fine room at this spot, called the Umanit Ulmas, or 'Diamond Palace,' which is, however, but little used, and from here, after making another salute, we walked straight up to the Gulistan. Not an individual, except the eunuchs at the hareem door, was to be seen in the whole extent of this vast enclosure, and not a sound was to be heard throughout it but our measured steps upon the clean paved walk, till, arriving within about twenty paces of the room, our slippers were laid aside, and, the last salute having been performed, our conductor in a loud clear voice announced the arrival of Colonel Pasmore and party for the purpose of being introduced to the 'Centre of the Universe.' 'Khoosh amdeed,'¹ answered his Majesty from the elevated position where he sat enthroned; and, ranging the sergeants along the edge of a small tank at about ten paces' distance from the King, we then ascended a steep narrow winding staircase to the doorway of the Chamber of Audience. Having entered, and taken our positions

¹ 'You are welcome.'

inside the room, we again saluted, and the King at once commenced the usual complimentary inquiries. The room is of an oblong shape, about forty feet by thirty, and is elevated, perhaps, ten feet above the platform of the court; it is very lofty, and being entirely open on its two sides, and supported by four light graceful pillars, has a peculiarly airy and elegant appearance. At the top is a small arched alcove, and at the bottom the door of entrance. These two ends, together with the ceiling, are composed entirely of mirrors; and, though by no means comparable to the glass of the new palace at Ispahan, they add much to the brilliancy and splendour of the apartment. Of bijouterie, which usually crowds the palaces of Persian princes, I could not here discern a trace; with the exception, indeed, of the carpets, a pair of magnificent lustres, and his Majesty's throne and *Kaliun*, there was not a decoration in the place. The throne on which his Majesty was seated was placed in the right hand corner at the upper end of the room, so as to overlook the garden, and thus command a view of all who might approach. It was shaped much like a large high-backed old-fashioned easy chair, and, though made of gold, and studded throughout with emeralds and rubies, appeared a most strange ungainly piece of furniture. On the left of the throne, in the alcove which I have already mentioned, were the shield and sword bearers of the King, the former of whom is an officer of high rank, and has very extensive districts under his control. He bore upon his left arm a small round shield, apparently of the greatest value, and was himself attired in the most costly robes. The sword-bearer was a young prince, named Jehungeer Mirza, and carried suspended from his neck by a small band the magnificent weapon entrusted to his charge. Not only the hilt of this weapon, but the sheath also, and the sling, were a blaze of diamonds; and it is considered, I understand, one of the most valuable of the Crown treasures of Persia. Ranged upon either side of the room were six princes

of the blood, all standing and preserving the deepest silence throughout the ceremony. They were all of them habited most richly—robes of the most exquisite cashmire flowing loosely down displayed their jewell-hilted daggers and other costly ornaments. The Order of the Lion and the Sun was borne by several, and Ali Shah, Governor of the town of Teheran, wore in token of his authority a train little inferior to that of his father. At the end of the room, and thus facing his Majesty, were our party, headed by our old friend, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Ussuf ool Dowleh, an uncle of Mohammed Mirza's, and perhaps the most influential functionary at Court. The old King wore no sign of royalty, but his tiara—this, which was a high black velvet cap, decorated with sprays of immense diamonds, both in front and at the sides, was truly regal; but, a yellow silk cloak enveloping his form from head to foot, he presented otherwise a plain and almost mean appearance. The old man's beard is still of prodigious length, but its claim to supremacy in this respect may, I think, be fairly questioned. His face is dark and wrinkled; his teeth have all fallen out from age; and he retains not a trace of that manly beauty which is said to have distinguished him in former days, and which characterises even now the pictures which are daily taken of him. He was most gracious, however, in his inquiries, talked much of the value which he placed on the services of the detachment, entered into a long discussion with Dr. McNeil on the subject of his health, received Abul Hussein Khan's compliments with infinite condescension, and finally, after about a quarter of an hour's interview, dismissed us with the greatest honour, to return 'white-faced and head-exalted' to our homes.

During the three months of April, May, and June the detachment remained at Teheran, and their officers necessarily remained with them. It was a critical time in Persia. Futteh Ali Shah, the monarch de-

scribed above, was showing signs of age and decay, and becoming conscious that his end was approaching.¹ There is no clear law of succession to the Crown in Persia, and the decease of a Sovereign is too often the signal for the commencement of a civil war. Futteh Ali was naturally anxious to avert this danger. He had a multitude of sons and grandsons,² most of them, if not all of them, desirous to succeed him; but as yet the succession had been promised to none of them. After much consideration and consultation with many advisers, the aged monarch made up his mind to appoint a successor. Passing over all his surviving sons, he fixed his choice on a grandson, Prince Mohammed Mirza, then serving against the Turkomans in Khorassan, and summoned him to the capital for nomination to the position of Crown Prince and for investiture with the dignity. The Prince entered Teheran in a grand procession on June 14, 1834, and was proclaimed *Naib-i-Sultanut* (heir to the Crown) on the same day. On the next but one (June 16) the British detachment was made over to him as his special body-guard. On June 20, after a visit from his grandfather, his investiture took place. Lieutenant Rawlinson, who was present, thus describes it:—

The Prince, attired in the *khelaat* (or ‘dress of honour’) with which his father had that morning presented him, was seated on an old bedstead in the vaulted chamber, on the brink of a marble basin filled with the clearest water, and both in appearance and

¹ Futteh Ali is said to have been forty years of age at his accession in 1798 (Fraser: *History of Persia*, p. 818). He would, therefore, have been seventy-six in 1884.

² See the author's *History of Herodotus*, p. 262, note 1 (third edition), where it is noted by his brother that ‘at the time of Futteh Ali Shah's death his direct descendants amounted to nearly three thousand.’

manner was most animated. The dress of honour consisted of a red velvet robe, laced and edged with deep borders of magnificent jewels, a shawl supporting a most splendid dagger, diamond armlets, and a sword blazing with gems. Popular rumour assigned to the *khelaat*, with its accompaniments, a value of 100,000 tomauns, or about 50,000*l.*; and I cannot think the estimate much exaggerated. The Prince begged us (*i.e.* the officers of the detachment) to be seated in his presence—a mark of distinction granted to few—and inquired particularly the name, rank, and duties of every individual of the party. He expressed his desire also to avail himself of the assistance of England, insinuating at the same time his disinclination to accept of other offers. The Russian aide-de-camp with his interpreter being, however, present, the conversation was not prosecuted further.

Still, the situation continued critical. The Shah's sons were not without hope of changing their father's mind, and exerted themselves to the utmost to subvert the proposed succession. They professed themselves in fear of their lives when they were brought in contact with the selected prince, and at his inauguration festival went so far as to refuse to taste any of the refreshments handed to them, assuring their father that they had good reason to believe them poisoned. The Shah, however, was firm, and rejected their insinuations; but, in order to ease the strained relations which had set in between those nearest and dearest to him, he gave orders that the Prince Mohammed Mirza, with the troops which he had brought from Khorassan and the British detachment, should proceed at once into Azerbaijan and assume the administration of affairs in that important province, while the jealous uncles remained with himself at Teheran. There was great difficulty in procuring sufficient transport for the

troops; but, after much wearisome delay, the march began on July 4. Casvin was reached on the 9th; Sultaniyeh on the 14th; and Tabriz on the 26th of the month. The country through which the march lay, though for the most part fertile and picturesque, proved very unhealthy to Europeans, and most of the officers of the detachment suffered severely, Lieutenant Rawlinson among the number. Prostrated by fever and ague, he had to be carried during the last two or three stages of the journey in a sort of palanquin, and was confined to his bedroom for several days afterwards.

At Tabriz the drilling and instruction of the native Persian troops—the main object of the expedition—began, and was carried on for two months almost incessantly. Bayazid was visited during the autumn of the year; and Lieutenant Rawlinson, with his usual spirit of enterprise, attempted the ascent of Mount Ararat, but found it impracticable at that time of year on account of the great depth of the snow. Otherwise the autumn passed with little of incident or excitement, Lieutenant Rawlinson continuing his Persian studies, and further occupying himself with researches into the comparative geography of Azerbijan.

November 10 had been reached, and winter was just about setting in, when news arrived at the camp of the detachment, of a stirring and quite unexpected character. Futteh Ali, the Shah of Persia, though an old man, being in his seventy-seventh year, had been left at Teheran in fairly good health, and was thought to have many more years of life before him. He had removed, as he commonly did in the summer time, from Teheran to Ispahan, and was enjoying his *villeggiatura* in that ‘earthly paradise,’ when a sudden

attack carried him off, after a few days' illness, on October 20, 1834. Had common dispatch been used, the intelligence might have reached the force a fortnight earlier, and the troops might by November 10 have been well advanced on their march back to Teheran; but, as it was, the usual Oriental dilatoriness, indecision, and incapacity were displayed, with the result that the throne, and even the life of the new monarch, Mohammed Mirza, were seriously endangered, and that a violent revolution threatened to break out. Disaffection showed itself in many different quarters—the troops themselves, having to complain of long arrears of pay, were anything but enthusiastic—and for a time it was doubtful whether they would consent to accompany the young monarch to his capital, and lend their aid to establish him upon the throne. Unfortunately, he did not possess at this period of his life many personal attractions. 'Mohammed Shah,' says Lieutenant Rawlinson in his journal of this date, 'has little appearance of Eastern sovereignty about him. Instead of a fine, bold, manly bearing, with the gleam of intellect upon his brow, and the deep-set, piercing eye which should mark the individual formed to crush rebellious princes and win his way to a crown worn by a Nadir, a Kurrem Khan, and the Kujur Eunuch, he possesses a gross, unwieldy person, a thick, rapid, unimpressive utterance, an unmeaning countenance, and a general bearing more clownish and commonplace than is often met with even in the middle ranks of Persian society. There is in his appearance no spark of grace, dignity, or intelligence; and though no opportunities have yet occurred for the development of his real character, the traits which have been remarked augur most unfavourably of a glorious career

for the new monarch.' Still, the difficulties of the crisis, great as they were, were by some means or other overcome—British gold was forthcoming to meet the demands of the troops, the Prince was persuaded to assume a gracious and popular demeanour, and within a few weeks was established peaceably in his capital and accepted as the legitimate successor of his grandfather upon the Persian throne.

CHAPTER V

RESIDENCE IN PERSIA FROM 1835 TO 1839—FIRST ATTRACTION
TO CUNEIFORM STUDIES—TRAVELS—RETURN TO INDIA FROM
PERSIA.

LIEUTENANT RAWLINSON remained at Teheran with the British detachment under the command of Colonel Pasmore from January 4, 1835, to April 10. He was partly employed in drilling the Persian troops and keeping the Persian officials in good humour, partly in correspondence with the other British employés scattered up and down the country. A better Persian scholar than almost any of the other officers, he was soon on familiar terms with the principal Persian grandees, and even with his Iranic Majesty himself. The situation being one of very considerable difficulty, and the relations between the British Envoy and the Persian Court being from time to time greatly strained, and appearing to threaten a rupture, an unusual responsibility devolved on the accomplished linguist, whose communications were sure never to be misunderstood, and who never failed to understand the exact bearing and intention of the communications, whether official or semi-official, which reached the British Residence from the Court. Lieutenant Rawlinson was from the first a *persona grata* to the newly enthroned Shah, and was admitted to the royal presence without difficulty. On January 12, within ten days of the Shah's own reception into his

capital, he was received, together with Colonel Pasmore and some other British officers, into the Imaret-i-Bulaon, the chief reception-room of the royal palace at Teheran, and 'probably the most splendid apartment in Persia,' and granted a long audience by his Majesty. He thus describes the occasion :—

The huge pier glasses, with which the apartment is lined throughout, are all of European manufacture, and the rich gilding and enamelling which decorate their frames add much to the finish of the chamber. A crystal bath, presented by the Russian Emperor to Futteh Ali Shah, occupies the centre of the apartment; magnificent chandeliers depend from the ceiling; Cashmere shawls, richly hued, carpet the floor; each recess around the walls holds the most splendid specimens of bijouterie in alabaster, ormolu, and bronze, of which the elephant clock—a gift of Alexander—is not the least remarkable; and ceiling, pillars, and walls are inlaid throughout with a dazzling continuity of mirrored compartments in arabesque, which, while they multiply to an infinite extent every decoration, bewilder and almost fatigue the eye with their glittering and fantastic forms. The celebrated 'Peacock Throne' was placed at the head of the apartment; but Mohammed Shah had resigned its occupation when we entered for a more luxurious position in a corner immediately above a limpid and bubbling fountain, basking in the sunshine, and supported by rich cushions of velvet. Public affairs were little touched upon during the interview. The Shah expressed, indeed, in his quick, lively, animated manner, his resolve to have an army of 100,000 disciplined troops, and—Inshallah—to revive the days of Nadir in Iran. Otherwise the conversation related chiefly to the wonders of European science—balloons, steam guns, Herschel's telescope, and the subject of aerolites were successively touched upon; and I wound up the catalogue of marvels with a description of the recent French invention of the 'Pacificator.'

About three weeks later, on the last day of January 1835, Lieutenant Rawlinson was present at the coronation of the youthful monarch. He had gone with the other officers of the detachment to make a call of ceremony upon the Shah on the feast of the Ued-i-Ramzan, and found the Court in an unusual state of bustle and excitement. The determination had suddenly been reached that, to save expense, the day of the feast should be further utilised for the coronation of the Prince, which anyhow must have taken place shortly. A double distribution of presents was thus avoided, and other minor economies secured. But the immediate result was scarcely convenient. At the moment when the British officers entered the Dewan, they found it a scene of strange hurry and confusion. Princes, Mirzahs, Khans, and Moollahs were bustling about in all directions, and the Master of the Ceremonies, whose duty it was to marshal the crowd in due order according to the respective ranks of the individuals composing it, was evidently bewildered, and well nigh at his wit's end. Order, however, was in course of time educed out of chaos; and when, at about one o'clock, intelligence arrived of the approach of the young Shah, the scene became very interesting and impressive :—

The curtain which usually hides the *Dewan Khana* from public view had been raised, and I beheld for the first time the rich decorations of the apartment. A throne of pure white polished marble, supported on the shoulders of figures of which the sculpture is respectable enough for Persia, occupies the centre of the chamber; it may be raised about four feet from the ground, is ascended by marble steps, and is, I should judge, about eight feet long by five wide. The mirrors and gilding in the apartment are on a grander scale than in any of the other palaces, and harmonise well

with its vast and lofty proportions. Outside the *Dewan Khana*, on either edge of the large reservoir which, as usual, occupies the central space, were arranged Princes of the Blood—on the right hand, facing the throne, those in favour, and on the left *the faction*. Upon this raised terrace, about fourteen feet from the *Dewan Khana*, no one else was permitted to stand. Below, lining the central avenue and crossing so as to form a base about twenty yards down, stood all the ministers and officers of the household. The base was occupied entirely by the chief executioner and his establishment, who, with their red robes and turbans and axes of office, presented a very imposing appearance. At the two upper angles were stationed the Qaim Mugham and his son; and in the space intervening between these corners and the raised terrace to the right and left places were assigned respectively for the Russian and English suites. Falling back at right angles from the Qaim Mugham and his son, along the railings at either side of the quadrangle, were ranged Mirzas, Heads of Tribes, Hakims, Beglerbegs, and, in fact, all the official people at present in the capital. All were arrayed in the *khelaats* of *kimaub* and gold and flowered brocade which had been presented to them in the morning, and those who had been appointed to any service or situation wore their *firmans* proudly perched at the top of their black caps. A strong guard of the Russian regiment was stationed lower down in the avenue, and the whole of the other troops were drawn up in the rear of the palace. The Shah at length made his appearance, waddled in his usual undignified manner across the chamber to the foot of the throne, clambered up the steps, and sat himself down at the further end, leaning against the richly carved marble back. His appearance was rendered more ludicrous on this occasion than I ever previously beheld it, by his being obliged to keep one hand up at his head in order to preserve the ponderous top-heavy crown, which he wore, in its place. This emblem of royalty was shaped exactly like the

high shawl-twisted Court turbans which the other officers wear—much resembling a Bishop's mitre without the central division—but was covered with diamonds. It appeared to be made of white cloth, and owed its weight, of course, to the vast quantity of jewels with which it was adorned. The King was dressed otherwise very plainly. A tight purple *kubba* reached to his feet; and bazoobands (?), with the cross strings of pearls, over his breast were the only ornaments I saw. The Zumboorohs fired three volleys when he took his place, and the artillery gave a royal salute. One of the attendants commenced the reading of the *Khootba*, and a *kaliun* was brought in for his Majesty, which was one of the most gorgeous articles I ever beheld—stand, kaliun, snake, and mouthpiece being all so encrusted with gems that it was barely possible to see the gold which formed their main material. The kaliun-bearer, on retiring with this, walked backward off the throne at the imminent peril (as it appeared to me) of his neck. Shortly after coffee was brought in with an equally magnificent apparatus. In the meantime the *Khootba* being finished, which was a bare enumeration of Arabic titles, and the same which I had already heard recited at the Niyarestan, two Mirzas successively advanced, and recited coronation anthems in congratulation of his Majesty on his accession, and in anticipation of the glories of his reign. The principal theme of both these odes was the conquest of Herat, or Bokhara, or Khiva, or Urgung, a pretty certain indication of the bent of popular feeling, and of the general belief as to the subjects which are at the present time most pleasing to the Royal ear. As soon as the echoes of the thunder-breathing stanzas had died away in the far-off courts of the palace, a sharp shrill voice was heard again to break the silence, and it was perceived that the Shah himself had opened a conversation with the *Assif-ul-Doolah*. This was conducted in Turkish, and related to the auspicious train of events which had led to a bloodless succession and promised a speedy settlement of the empire. The *Assif*,

whilst engaged in this colloquy, stood by himself apart from all the other nobles, leaning with both his arms on a long staff which he held in front of him. His figure is noble and dignified, and his voice sonorous; but the attitude, though perfectly consistent with Persian etiquette, appeared to me far from respectful. There may have been five hundred officers present; but such is the nicety and exactness of the Persian rules of precedence, that every individual knew his place in the general convocation of the Court as well as in his own family. There were several princes in the crowd, and all the officers connected immediately with the Imperial person inside the *Dewan Khana*, amongst whom the ex-King, Ali Shah, was granted the highest and most favoured place. His appearance was stately and dignified, as usual, but there was a deep gloom upon his countenance; and when it is considered that a few weeks ago he himself occupied the very throne before which he was now compelled to offer homage, it cannot be supposed that his feelings were of a very pleasurable nature. It is a rare occurrence, however, in the annals of Persia for a prince who has himself held the reins of empire thus to assist at the coronation of his successor unfettered and unmutilated. The Shah rose from the throne after sitting in state for about a quarter of an hour, crept down the steps backwards with one hand still at his head to prevent the crown from falling off, and waddled across the room, apparently most glad to make his escape from what had been to him a painful and trying solemnity. Shortly after his departure we were summoned to a private audience.

The months of February and March 1835 were passed by Lieutenant Rawlinson at Teheran in the ordinary routine of his duties with the British detachment, which were not particularly interesting; and it was with a thrill of satisfaction that he found himself, about the middle of February, nominated by the Shah to proceed into Kurdistan, and act as a sort of military

adviser and assistant to the Governor of that province, who was the Shah's own brother, and resided at Kirmanshah, in the Kurdish mountains, between Behistun and Harun-abad. His journey to this place, which Persian procrastination prevented him from commencing before the 10th of April, took him past the ancient city of Hamadan, once Agbatana or Ecbatana; and here he was able for the first time to make a leisurely examination of cuneiform inscriptions, and was induced to copy them, and ponder over them, and endeavour to penetrate their meaning. The inscriptions in question were those at the foot of Mount Elwand, which have been copied by so many travellers, and which were published almost simultaneously in the year 1836 by M. Burnouf at Paris¹ and Professor Lassen at Bonn.² They had already been partially deciphered by those eminent scholars; but the results of their labours were wholly unknown to the young Englishman, who commenced his own study of the Elwand inscriptions without any acquaintance with any similar previous researches.

On his arrival at Kirmanshah, in April 1835, Lieutenant Rawlinson was very favourably received by the Governor, Bahram Mirza, the Shah's brother, and after a short interval was placed practically in command of the whole body of troops stationed in the province. A general superintendence was given him over all military matters, such as arms, accoutrements, stores, drill, enrolling of troops, and the like; it was arranged that he should take his orders from no one but the Prince himself, and that the Persian soldiers of all ranks should receive their orders from him. All was

¹ See his *Mémoire sur deux Inscriptions cunéiformes trouvées près d'Hamadan*. Paris, 1836.

² *Die Altpersisch. Inschriften von Persepolis, &c.* Bonn, 1836.

fairly satisfactory, except matters of finance. The Kirmanshah treasury was well nigh empty, and there seemed to be no means of replenishing it. Still, Lieutenant Rawlinson succeeded, by dint of great personal exertion, in raising three regiments from the Kurdish tribes of the neighbourhood, and in disciplining them. His rules of conduct at this time, as formulated by himself in one of his diaries, were the following:—
'Create business for yourself. Lose no opportunity of making yourself useful, whatever may be the affair which may happen to present the chance. Grasp at everything, and never yield an inch. Above all, never stand upon trifles. Be careful of outward observances. Maintain a good establishment; keep good horses and showy ones; dress well; have good and handsome arms; in your conversation and intercourse with the natives, be sure to observe the customary etiquette.' By pursuing this line of action he succeeded in making himself generally acceptable to all classes, while he acquired an influence over all those with whom he came into contact very remarkable in a youth of five-and-twenty.

At the same time he was feeling his way towards that path in life and that position which he already intuitively felt to be the most attractive to him, and the most in harmony with the bent of his nature and his talents. At Kirmanshah he was in the heart of a region richer in antiquarian treasures than almost any other in Persia. In the immediate vicinity is the interesting site known as Takht-i-Bostan, which contains the most important remains of the Sassanian or Neo-Persian kingdom, while the Hamadan inscriptions are not far off; and, above all, there stands on the direct route to Hamadan, and at the distance of

less than twenty miles from Kirmanshah, the remarkable rock of Behistun—in itself a grand natural object, and, in the providence of God, the great means by which the ancient Persian, Assyrian, and Babylonian languages have been recovered, and a chapter of the world's history, that had been almost wholly lost, once more made known to mankind. Lieutenant Rawlinson had not been a month at Kirmanshah before these antiquities began to exert their attraction upon him. His attention was drawn, first of all, to the magnificent sculptures at Takht-i-Bostan, which he carefully examined and described; but ere long the great mass of inscriptions on the rock of Behistun awoke a still keener interest, and the time which he could spare from his public duties was chiefly occupied, during the years 1835–37, in transcribing with the utmost care so much of the Great Inscription as he found at that time, with the appliances which he possessed, to be accessible, and in continuous endeavours to penetrate the mystery in which the whole subject of cuneiform decipherment was then wrapped, and to arrive at the phonological value, and thence at the true meaning, of the Inscriptions. The work was carried on under literary difficulties, of which a full account will be given in a later chapter. It was also carried on under a certain amount of physical difficulty. The rock was bare, slippery, in places almost precipitous, and it needed a keen eye, a steady head, and a sure foot, to ascend and descend it, as Lieutenant Rawlinson did, three or four times a day for many days together, ‘without the aid of rope or ladder—without any assistance, in fact, whatever.’¹ In later days, when completing his transcript of the whole body of inscriptions upon the rock,

¹ MS. Notebook of Sir H. Rawlinson's in the possession of the author.

the investigator did not disdain the use of artificial appliances ; but his earlier researches during the years 1835-37 were made at some risk to life or limb—happily, however, he was a good cragsman.

Routine duties detained the young subaltern at Kirmanshah and its immediate neighbourhood from the latter part of April till nearly the middle of August, when, by order of the Prince, he quitted the provincial court, and proceeded westward into one of the wildest districts of Kurdistan—the country about the upper streams of the Kerkhah River, where he was to assist the Governor, Suleiman Khan, in mustering and drilling the Guran Kurds, one of the rudest and most unruly of those unruly mountain tribes. In this district he continued till nearly the end of September, when he was summoned back to Kirmanshah by the Prince, to hold a conference with a messenger whom he (the Prince) was about to send to the Court of his brother. No sooner was his absence known than the Kurdish recruits mutinied, murdered Suleiman Khan, the Governor, and moved off towards the frontier, intending to cross into Turkish territory, where they would be safe. Bahram Mirza, recognising the critical condition of affairs, at once gave orders that Lieutenant Rawlinson should return, and, if possible, quell the disturbance before it proceeded to greater lengths. This he succeeded in doing. Leaving Kirmanshah on October 6, he rode back to the scene of the outbreak, obtained possession of Suleiman Khan's son (Mohammed Wali Khan), proclaimed him Governor in his father's place, rallied to his standard the less disaffected of the troops, and then, hurrying to the frontier, persuaded such of the mutineers as had not crossed it to return, renew their oaths of allegiance to the Shah,

and accept Mohammed Wali Khan as their legitimately appointed ruler. The outbreak was thus put down in the space of a few days, and peace was fully restored ; but the excitement, and the exertions which he had been forced to make, had overtaken the young subaltern's strength, and his health suddenly gave way. A severe attack of fever prostrated him on a sick-bed for eight or ten days, and he had at last to be carried on a species of litter back to Kirmanshah, where he continued an invalid for nearly a month. Finally, as he found himself growing worse instead of better, he thought it best to obtain sick leave, and to remove from Kirmanshah to Baghdad, where he could be nursed in a European's house, and have the advice and care of a European doctor, Dr. Ross.

Lieutenant Rawlinson remained nearly a month at Baghdad, reaching the city on November 29, and quitting it on December 27. He rapidly recovered his health and spirits under Dr. Ross's fostering care, and was able to utilise his position by commencing the study of Arabic, the language most commonly spoken in the city of the Caliphs. He was also privileged to make the acquaintance of Colonel Taylor, the Resident at the time, a good antiquarian, and an excellent Arabic scholar, whom he afterwards succeeded (1843) in the residential post.

Leaving Baghdad on December 27, Lieutenant Rawlinson proceeded by way of Shahrabad, Kizil Robát, Khanikin, and Kasr-i-Shirin, to Zohab, in the Kirmanshah province, where he rejoined the Prince, Mohammed Wali Khan, whom he had established as Governor of the Zohab district after the murder of his father, Suleiman Khan. He reached Zohab on January 7, 1836, and continued there till February 12, when, by orders from

the Kirmanshah Governor, Bahram Mirza, he started for the south and conducted the Guranee regiment, which he had raised in the preceding year, from Zohab to Khuzistan, by the route which he has himself described with full detail in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society' for 1839. The object of the expedition, in which Bahram Mirza himself took part, was the chastisement of a rebel chieftain in the Bakhtiyareh mountains; but this wily personage, with more discretion than valour, when he learnt the strength of the expedition that was approaching his stronghold, sent an embassy to treat for peace, and practically made submission. The troops had therefore only to return to Kirmanshah; and little would have been achieved by the expedition, had not Lieutenant Rawlinson taken the opportunity of retiring by a different route from that followed in the advance, and one that had never previously been trodden by a European, through the mountains of Luristan. By this means he was enabled to communicate to the Royal Geographical Society a paper—the one above-mentioned—in which there was so much novelty that he received on account of it the Gold Medal of the Society in the year 1840. Lieutenant Rawlinson was also able to visit, on his passage through Khuzistan, the important sites of Dizful, Susa, and Shuster, and to make observations which proved to be of great service to him when he directed his attention to the comparative geography of this portion of Western Asia.

A letter which I received from my brother while he was engaged in this expedition will show at once the difficulties under which he was labouring during the greater part of it, and the indomitable spirit with which he met them, and in the main triumphed over them.

Shuster, March 21, 1836.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Illness and the difficulty of communication with Europe have occasioned my long silence—reasons which (however you may regret the occurrence of the former) will nevertheless be more acceptable to you than the usual plea of laziness, which would seem to betoken a want of interest and affection. I am now indeed only able to write in the intervals between my attacks of fever; and the means by which I propose to transmit my letter to you are accidental, circuitous, and far from certain. From Shuster my letter is to be conveyed to Bussorah [by courier], from thence to Baghdad by another courier, then to Constantinople, and then put in the Vienna post-bag, so that, if the document reaches you safe and sound after all this chopping and changing, you must consider that Mercury has an especial favour for you. And now, first, anent my health, I have been ailing, as I wrote to Georgiana,¹ ever since last autumn; but my malady is only a teasing ague, and unless it clings to me as pertinaciously as the Old Man [of the Sea] did to Sinbad, it can scarcely do me any serious harm. The attacks, moreover, are approximating nearer and nearer, as they recur, to the character of angels' visits, 'few and far between' (or, as it should be, according to Hazlitt's criticism, 'short and far between'); and I am in hopes therefore of getting rid of the enemy without the necessity of a sick certificate, as I formerly proposed. Next year, however, when my ten years expire, I shall certainly come home on furlough, unless in the interim some kind angel slips me into a caldron, like Medea's, and wipes off the corrosion of nine glowing summers. So look out for a nice cheap lodging at Oxford, where (and at Cambridge) I think I shall pass most of my three years for the sake of consulting the classical and Oriental works which are there alone procurable, and a reference to which is absolutely necessary before I can prepare for publication my papers on the com-

¹ His second surviving sister, afterwards Mrs. Heath.

parative geography of the countries which I am now visiting.

I wish in the meantime, however, that you would look into Theophanes (pp. 257-273) and let me know what he says about Salban, Tarentum, the territory of the Huns, and indeed all the particulars of that expedition of Heraclius in which he took the city of Salban. The subject is particularly interesting to me, as I have been visiting the exact countries which I believe to have formed the line of march of the Emperor. I passed a couple of days lately amid the ruins of Susa, and I think I have unravelled the mystery of the two rivers, Eulæus and Choaspes, which both flow beneath the *arx Susorum*. I visited at this spot the pretended tomb of the Prophet Daniel; but the famous black stone, with the bilingual inscription, cuneiform and hieroglyphic, which formerly existed here, and by means of which I trusted to verify or disprove the attempts which have been made by St. Martin and others to decipher the arrow-headed character, no longer remains. It was blown to shivers a short time ago by a fanatical Arab in hopes of discovering a treasure; and thus perished all the fond hopes that archæologists have built upon this precious relic. Who is your Arabic professor at Oxford? And is he, like Lee at Cambridge, interested in Oriental literature and antiquities? If so, I should like much to enter into correspondence with him.

I have marched to this place (Shuster) in command of a force of three thousand men, intending to attack and plunder the country of a rebellious mountain chief; but now that we are near his fort he shows the white feather, and wants to come to terms, so that I fear that our campaign, after all, will be nothing more than a Major Sturgeon warfare of 'marching and countermarching from Acton to Ealing and from Ealing to Acton.' But the time passes pleasantly enough, except, by the by, when the ague comes on. I am in a country abounding both with game and

antiquities, so that, with my gun in hand, I perambulate the vicinity of Shuster, and fill at the same time my bag with partridges and my pocket-book with memoranda. The only evil is the difficulty of communicating with any other civilised place from this said province of Khuzistan; it is nine months since I heard from England, and three since I heard from either Teheran or Baghdad, so that I am completely isolated and utterly ignorant of what is going on in any of the other regions of the globe. News from England I am particularly anxious for. . . . India has now ceased to be of any interest to me. I have few correspondents there, and each letter that I receive tells me a fresh tale of the worthlessness of worldly friendships. C——, who was wont to call himself my most particular friend and chum, has never once written to me since he returned to India; and all my other quondam cronies have equally fallen off. But 'out of sight, out of mind' is an old proverb, and I have no right, therefore, to complain of any particular grievance in my case.

I have no certain intelligence of the books which McNeill has brought out for me, and I cannot therefore specify those that remain unprocured. I will write to you again immediately that I hear from Teheran. My letter to Maria,¹ which I send by the same messenger that conveys your epistle to Bussorah, gives all the other news of my deeds past, present, and in prospect. With best love to my father, mother, &c., and with these three injunctions to yourself—write often, write fully, and write unreservedly—I am your very affectionate brother,

H. C. R.

After passing some months at Kirmanshah in attendance upon the Prince, Bahram Mirza, Lieutenant Rawlinson received orders to take the Guran regiment,

¹ His eldest surviving sister, married to Brooke Smith, Esq., of Redland, near Bristol (died 1897).

which he had raised and disciplined, and conduct it across almost the entire width of Persia, from Kirman-shah to the Turkoman frontier, whither the Shah was marching with the professed object of chastising the wild tribes of Usbegs and others, always engaged in raiding the north-eastern provinces of the kingdom. The real aim of the expedition was beyond a doubt the subjugation of Herat, on which Persia always looks with a covetous eye, and which was openly attacked a year or two later; but this aim was masked, and the British detachment, now under the command of Sir Henry Bethune, accompanied the Shah's army. Lieutenant Rawlinson joined the force at Demavend, and went with it to the neighbourhood of Asterabad, when cholera broke out among the troops, and, the expedition being broken up, the British detachment retired to Teheran. Ordered to rejoin his former chief, Lieutenant Rawlinson proceeded to Ispahan, whence, after a short stay, he accompanied the Prince to the seat of his government, Kirmanshah, where he passed the winter.

It was now, in the winter of 1836-7, that he set himself resolutely to the task of copying accurately as much as was accessible to him of the Great Behistun Inscription of Darius Hystaspis, which has stood to cuneiform discovery very much in the same relation that the Rosetta Stone has occupied with respect to hieroglyphical decipherment. He succeeded in obtaining a nearly exact transcript of the entire first column of the Persian text, together with the opening paragraph of the second, ten paragraphs of the third column, and four of the detached inscriptions.¹ He had already

¹ See his 'Memoir' in the tenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Preliminary Remarks, p. 7, note.

begun the labours which issued ultimately in absolute decipherment, and was bent on acquiring complete possession of the rich mine of material which the 'Great Inscription' offered, and in which he saw a virgin field untouched by any other explorer. At the cost of much personal exertion and of some personal danger, though greatly pressed for time, he succeeded in completing the transcripts above mentioned, and in thus acquiring a material on which he could confidently set to work, secure, at any rate, against being baffled in his researches by the want of sufficient data for forming conclusions.

Meanwhile, his relations with the Persian Government became strained, and it became necessary for him to leave Kirmanshah, and have an explanation with the Central Authority. Bahram Mirza, the Governor of Kirmanshah, under whom he had been serving for the last two years, fell into disgrace with the Court early in the year 1837, and was recalled to the capital. He was replaced by a Georgian eunuch named Manucheher Khan, between whom and the young British Resident there shortly arose differences. The details are not worth particularising. Suffice it to say that each party considered he had grounds of complaint against the other, and that the complaints of the Governor being regarded as serious at Teheran, in September Lieutenant Rawlinson was recalled to the capital to furnish explanations. On his arrival, however, he found that the Shah had left the city at the head of his army, and was in full march upon Herat, which he had decided to invest, and, if possible, capture.

Instructed by Sir John McNeill, the British Envoy, Lieutenant Rawlinson lost no time in following on

the Shah's footsteps, and after a ride¹ of nearly 800 miles, which he accomplished in a week, came

¹ It was on this ride that Lieutenant Rawlinson fell in with the Russian agent, Vickovich (or Wiktewitch), and first obtained positive evidence that Russia was at the bottom of the Herat expedition. In a letter written at Teheran on November 1, 1837, he says: 'I have just returned from a journey of much interest. McNeill had some business in the Persian camp which he thought I might help to arrange, and I was bid accordingly to make my way to the "Royal Stirrup" with all convenient despatch. I was obliged to travel day and night, as the post-horses on the road, owing to the constant passage of couriers, were almost unserviceable, and yet I was only able, after all, to accomplish the distance of something more than 700 miles in a week. The last morning of my ride I had an adventure. Our whole party were pretty well knocked up; and in the dark, between sleeping and waking, we managed to lose the road. As morning dawned we found ourselves wandering about on the broken plain which stretches up from Subzewar to the range containing the turquoise mines, and shortly afterwards we perceived that we were close to another party of horsemen, who were also, apparently, trying to regain the high road. I was not anxious to accost these strangers, but in cantering past them I saw to my astonishment men in Cossack dresses, and one of my attendants recognised among the party a servant of the Russian mission. My curiosity was, of course, excited, and on reaching the stage I told one of my men to watch for the arrival of the travellers, and find out who they were. Shortly afterwards the Russian party rode up, inquired who I was, and finding I was a British officer, declined to enter the khan, but held on their road. In such a state of affairs as preceded the siege of Herat, the mere fact of a Russian gentleman travelling in Khorassan was suspicious. In the present case, however, there was evidently a desire for concealment. Nothing had been heard of this traveller by our Mission at Teheran. I had been told, indeed, absurd stories on the road of a Muscovite prince having been sent from Petersburg to announce that 10,000 Russians would be landed at Asterabad, to co-operate with the Shah in reducing Herat, and this was evidently the man alluded to; but I knew not what to believe, and I thought it my duty, therefore, to try and unravel the mystery. Following the party, I tracked them for some distance along the high road, and then found that they had turned off to a gorge in the hills. There at length I came upon the group seated at breakfast by the side of a clear, sparkling rivulet. The officer, for such he evidently was, was a young man of light make, very fair complexion, with bright eyes and a look of great animation. He rose and bowed to me as I rode up, but said nothing. I addressed him in French—the general language of communication among Europeans in the East—but he shook his head. I then spoke English, and he answered in Russian. When I tried Persian, he seemed not to understand a word; at last he expressed himself

up with him at Nishapur, in Khorassan, about 250 miles from the threatened town. He made his explanations, which were graciously received by the monarch, who marked his continuance in the royal favour by conferring on him the post of Custodian of the Arsenal at Teheran.

The winter of 1837-8 was passed at Teheran chiefly in routine duties; but the indefatigable student also found time to push his investigations into the cuneiform character and into the ancient Persian language, while he likewise gave considerable attention to the study of comparative geography, and wrote the paper on the march from Zohab to Khuzistan which was published in the 'Journal of the Geographical Society.' for 1839, and obtained the Society's gold medal in 1840.¹

hesitatingly in Turcoman or Usbeg Turkish. I knew just sufficient of this language to carry on a simple conversation, but not to be inquisitive. This was evidently what my friend wanted; for when he found that I was not strong enough in Jaghetai to proceed very rapidly, he rattled on with his rough Turkish as glibly as possible. All I could find out was, that he was a *bonâ fide* Russian officer carrying presents from the Emperor to Mohammed Shah. More he would not admit; so, after smoking another pipe with him, I re-mounted and reached the Royal camp beyond Nishapur before dark. I had an immediate audience of the Shah, and in the course of conversation mentioning to his Majesty my adventure of the morning, he replied: "Bringing presents to me! Why, I have nothing to do with him; he is sent direct from the Emperor to Dost Mohammed of Cabul, and I am merely asked to help him on his journey." This is the first information we have ever had of a direct communication between Petersburg and Cabul, and it may be of great importance. The gentleman made his appearance in camp two days after my arrival, and I was then introduced to him by M. Goulte, as Captain Vitkavitch. He addressed me at once in good French, and in allusion to our former meeting, merely observed with a smile, that "it would not do to be too familiar with strangers in the desert." 'Vickovich afterwards proceeded to Cabul, and was received with all honour, but, not having accomplished all that had been expected of him, was disavowed on his return to St. Petersburg, and blew his brains out. (See Kaye's *History of the War in Afghanistan*, vol. i. pp. 198-5, and 209.)

¹ See above, p. 61.

The stay of the British detachment in Persia was now approaching its termination. The relations between the Shah and the Indian Government had for a long time been unsatisfactory, and now they grew daily more strained. The Shah was still bent on annexing Herat to his dominions, and set the remonstrances of the Governor-General at defiance. Early in 1838 he took the field a second time, and proceeded eastward at the head of his army. Sir John McNeill, the British Envoy, accompanied him, but rather to watch his movements than to render him any help. Lieutenant Rawlinson was left at Teheran in *quasi* political charge. Before Herat the British Envoy and the Shah came to an open rupture; and the Envoy returned hurriedly to Teheran, whence he conducted the British detachment to Tabriz, designing to withdraw from the country. Meanwhile, however, a force sent by Lord Auckland from India had arrived in the Persian Gulf and occupied the island of Kharak; and the Shah, in alarm at this demonstration, had hastily broken up the siege of Herat, and re-entered his own dominions. McNeill, uncertain what course his Government would wish him to pursue under these circumstances, changed his plans, and returned from Tabriz towards Teheran, taking up his abode at Resht, upon the Caspian. Here Lieutenant Rawlinson joined him about the middle of November, and negotiations with the Persian Court followed, but no satisfactory arrangement being found to be possible, McNeill finally broke off relations towards the close of the year, himself returned to England by way of Constantinople, and ordered the troops to proceed through Western Kurdistan to Baghdad. Lieutenant Rawlinson accompanied the detachment, and passed the greater portion of the

year 1839 in the city of the Caliphs, occupied in learning Arabic, and in writing three important works: (1) 'Notes on a Journey from Tabriz through Persian Kurdistan to the Ruins of Takht-i-Suleïman, and from thence by Zenjan and Tarom to Gilan in October and November 1838'; (2) 'Memoir on the Site of the Atropatenian Ecbatana'; and (3) 'Memoir on the Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun.' The last of these works formed the nucleus of the larger 'Memoir' published in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society' for the years 1846 and 1847, and constituting vols. x. and xi. of that serial. The other two were published in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society' for the year 1840, and formed the first part of vol. x. of that publication.

Lieutenant Rawlinson remained at Baghdad until October 1839, when he was recalled to India with the British forces, and proceeded by way of Kharak and Bushire to Bombay, where he landed on December 14 after 'a not unpleasant passage of thirteen days from Kharak.'

CHAPTER VI

LIFE DURING THE GREAT AFFGHAN WAR, 1839-1842

THE great Affghan War broke out in 1839. It was not, as is often supposed, a war designed and enterprised for mere self-glorification and self-aggrandisement; it was a war with a purely defensive object, originating in a very legitimate fear of the aggressive designs of a neighbouring power, and regarded by its author as necessary to meet and counteract those designs, which threatened the very existence of the Anglo-Indian Empire. Russia had, beyond a doubt, for a considerable space of time before the war was determined on, been cherishing schemes of extensive Eastern conquest, and, not only so, but taking various active steps for the promotion of those schemes, and for facilitating their ultimate accomplishment. She had laboured with a large amount of success to bring Persia wholly under her influence. She encouraged the Shah in his ambitious projects against his eastern neighbours. She urged on, if she did not prompt, the expedition against Herat; she supplied arms and ammunition to the aggressors; ultimately, in the person of her agent Vickovich, she directed the siege, and nearly effected the capture. It was her intention to use Persia as a cat's-paw; to push her forward upon Affghanistan and the Indus, biding her own time till, at a fitting juncture, she could slip into the place of her subordinate, and confront with her legions the British

armies on the Indus or the Sutlej. Lord Auckland, it is not improbable, exaggerated the danger; and it is certain that he made unduly light of the moral objections to the course which he determined on—a course involving an unprovoked war with an absolutely friendly power, the driving into exile of a just and popular monarch, and the imposing upon an unwilling nation of a weak and greatly disliked ruler. However, in the year 1838 he made up his mind, and in 1839 the die was cast. The British troops under Sir John Keane and Sir Willoughby Cotton marched into Afghanistan in the early spring; Candahar, Ghuzni, and Cabul, were occupied after a very slight resistance; and before the end of the first week of August, Dost Mohammed was a fugitive from his capital, and Shah Soojah was installed as Ameer in his room.

In all these proceedings Lieutenant Rawlinson had no part. He was detained at Baghdad during the whole of 'the glorious period of success,' and passed the winter of 1839–40 at Bombay in the discharge of ordinary regimental duties. It was at this time his strong desire to obtain some political appointment in Turkish-Arabia, which should enable him to return to Baghdad or its neighbourhood, and resume his cuneiform investigations. All the interest that he could make with influential persons in the Indian service was exerted during the winter of 1839–40 in this direction; and from time to time he had hopes of succeeding. But these hopes gradually faded away, and he had begun to despair of emerging from the ordinary routine of an Indian officer's life, when, to his intense surprise, he received on January 16 information from the Bombay authorities that Lord Auckland had named him for employment in

Affghanistan,¹ and that he was to proceed forthwith to that country, and place himself at the disposal of Sir William Macnaghten, the Political Agent at Cabul. Preparations for the journey had to be made in extreme haste, but vexatious delays occurred, and it was not till February 13 that a start was effected. Lieutenant (now Brevet-Major) Rawlinson performed the journey in company with Lieutenant (afterwards Major) Lynch, proceeding in a sailing vessel from Bombay to Kurrachi, which he reached on February 28, and thence riding through the Bolan Pass by way of Quetta and Candahar to the Affghan capital, where he arrived towards the end of April, and put himself at the disposal of Sir William. At first it was proposed to despatch him, in company with Arthur Conolly, on a mission to the camp of the Russian General Peroffski, who was on his way to attack the Usbeg city of Khiva on the Oxus; but, when the failure of that expedition became known, it seemed unnecessary to lose the services of two officers by sending them to the distant region of Turkestan, and so, while Conolly was ordered to proceed in the direction first indicated, and passing through Khiva and Kokand to Bokhara, there met his death, 'another field of activity was opened out to Rawlinson in a region less inhospitable and remote.'² It happened that, just at this time, Macnaghten was dissatisfied with the British Agent whom he had appointed to take the supervision of affairs at Candahar, a Major Leech, and had gone the length of recalling

¹ Kaye, in his *History of the War in Affghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 102, note, ascribes his appointment to his having been 'strongly recommended' to Lord Auckland for employment in Affghanistan by Sir John McNeill. This is intrinsically probable, but I do not find it confirmed by my brother's letters or journals.

² Kaye, *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 108.

him, and depriving him of his post. A successor had to be appointed without any delay, for Candahar was the capital of Western Affghanistan, and the second city in the empire. It was also somewhat critically circumstanced. Macnaghten, after carefully weighing the qualifications of the officers whom he had at his disposal, selected Major Rawlinson to fill the vacant post. He was but thirty years of age, but he had, practically, governed the extensive province of Kirmanshah in Persia for the space of nearly three years; he had lived almost entirely among the Persians, and become as familiar with their language and literature as he was with his own, and he had acquired the reputation of being a man of excellent temper, and of great tact and forbearance. The historian of the Great Affghan War, from whom I take this estimate of his character, remarks, in summing up his account of the situation, that Macnaghten 'could not have appointed a better man.'¹

The state of affairs in Western Affghanistan was the following. Shah Soojah, our puppet-king, had been received there with a moderate amount of satisfaction in 1839. The most important tribe, the Dooranis, were rejoiced to be relieved from the tyranny of their Barukzye oppressors, and at first hailed the restoration of a Suddozye monarch with something that might almost be called enthusiasm. But, after a little time, their ardour cooled, and the over-sanguine hopes in which they had indulged were succeeded by the cold chill of disappointment. They had expected to return to the dominant position from which the Barukzyes had deposed them; and the promises of Shah Soojah during his stay in Candahar, though

¹ Kaye, *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 108.

omewhat vague, had lent strength to their hopes; but they found in the course of a few months that they had been living in a fool's paradise, and that the realisation of their ambitious dreams was no more to be looked for under Shah Soojah than under Dost Mohammed. Accordingly, they were ripe for revolt. At the same time, the Ghilzye tribes in the district to the east of Candahar were notoriously disaffected, and only waiting an opportunity to strike a fresh blow for freedom. There was still a further danger, peculiar to Candahar among the Affghan cities, which was the near vicinity of Herat. Herat had at one time been a mere Affghan provincial town, governed from Cabul, and on a par with Candahar and Jellalabad; but in the course of the civil wars it had become independent, and was now under the dominion of the Shah Kamran, a descendant of the old Suddozye princes, and the only one who had succeeded in retaining a hold upon the country through all the recent troubles and revolutions. Shah Kamran was at this time (1840) a worn out and feeble old man, broken down by long years of debauchery, and had made over the active administration of the government into the hands of his Wuzeer, or Vizier, Yar Mohammed. Yar Mohammed was of a most unquiet disposition, bold, courageous, crafty; 'his avarice and his ambition,' we are told, 'knew no bounds, and nothing was suffered to stand in the way of their gratification. Utterly without tenderness or compassion, he had no regard for the sufferings of others. Sparing neither sex nor age, he trod the weak with an iron heel, and, a tyrant himself, encouraged the tyranny of his retainers.' After having succeeded, through the skill and energy of Eldred Pottinger, in repulsing the attack of Persia, he began

to contemplate schemes of conquest, and cast a covetous eye upon Candahar. The Dooranis and Ghilzyes were encouraged by him in their disaffection, and from time to time he even threatened to advance with his own forces against the town.

Thus, when Major Rawlinson was selected by Sir William Macnaghten towards the end of June for the post of Political Agent in Western Affghanistan, and received on July 4 the Shah's official confirmation of his appointment, it was far from a bed of roses that he was called upon to occupy. While Macnaghten himself was entangled in a network of difficulties at the northern capital, and was threatened by Kohistanis, Kizzilbashis, and the motley group that Dost Mohammed was collecting about him in the mountains east and north of Bamian, his lieutenant at the western one was almost as greatly and as disagreeably occupied with Ghilzyes, Dooranis, and other revolted tribes, while at the same time he had the graver anxiety of preparing against a possible attack in force from a more formidable foe, who might bring against him the entire strength of the Herat principality. Moreover, his communications with India were very seriously threatened. Khelat, which had been seized on the advance march to Candahar in 1839, revolted to the enemy in 1840. Quetta was besieged on one occasion by the Khankurs, and the direct line to India was in continual danger of being broken. Major Rawlinson had scarcely entered upon his province when he felt that, like his chief, he was standing at bay, without a possibility of retreat, and menaced on every side by fanatic enemies.

Still, he had for the time two powerful supports. The Envoy, Macnaghten, had thorough confidence in him, and gave him the full benefit of his advice

and countenance. He wrote to him by almost every post, and generally wrote a long letter. 'It is very consolatory to me,' he says in one letter (July 18, 1840), 'to think that I have you at Candahar. Had Leech been in office at the present crisis, I should have been in a state of extreme disquietude.'

His other great support was the military commandant, General Nott. Nott was a thorough soldier—brave, straightforward, energetic, sometimes a little irritable. He had not been altogether well-treated by the military authorities, and was a trifle soured by disappointment. He was choleric, and occasionally rough spoken; but he was an honest man, a firm friend, and one with whom it was scarcely possible to have a misunderstanding. His conjunction with Major Rawlinson in the direction of affairs at Candahar has been called a 'fortunate association'; and it is admitted on all hands that the two worked together, while the association continued, with a very remarkable degree of harmony and smoothness. If the reason was, as has been said,¹ that 'Nott had, in his political colleague at Candahar, a man of excellent temper, and of great tact and forbearance,' the credit must be assigned in part to that colleague himself, in part to the politician who appointed him.

Among the functions of 'Political Agent,' as understood in an Affghan city during the period of the occupation, was that of gathering in the revenue; and this duty devolving upon Major Rawlinson, formed one of the earliest of his troubles. Unfortunately, the subjects of an Oriental State, however governed, are subject to the weakness which has been called 'an ignorant impatience of taxation.' The defect was

¹ Kaye, *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 104.

especially prevalent among the Affghans at the time in question from the fact that for several years, owing to the convulsions which had shaken the country, scarcely any revenue had been collected. It was further aggravated in the Candahar territory by the rash promises which Shah Soojah had flung about on his first entrance into the western capital, which had been understood as exempting a large portion of his western subjects from all taxation whatever. But it was impossible to allow this condition of things to continue. A settled government cannot exist in any country unless a revenue is forthcoming. The Envoy, therefore, on the submission of Dost Mohammed in November 1840, issued a general direction to his subordinates that the time had come when the claims of the State must be enforced, and the taxes once more collected regularly. When Major Rawlinson, however, attempted to execute this order within the limits of his province, he was met by a strenuous resistance. This was particularly the case in Zemindawer, where the tribes rose, defeated a body of Shah Soojah's horse which had been sent against them, and drove the royal troops from the field. A demonstration, or something rather more than a demonstration, on the part of the Government was hereby rendered necessary. In concert with his political colleague, General Nott, on the morning of January 1, 1841, sent out a detachment from Candahar against the rebels, under the command of Captain Farrington. The movement was successful. Though the Doorani horse, some 1,200 or 1,500 strong, showed a bold front and stood their ground with considerable firmness, yet after a time the artillery fire was too hot for them, and they became disordered. The infantry then charged, drove the rebels from their

position, and dispersed them without difficulty. But fresh blood had been shed. The peace which Macnaghten imagined himself to have established had been broken, and that chronic state of scarcely veiled rebellion had revealed itself which, in a short time, spread over almost the whole of Affghanistan, and tended to limit the British authority to the cantonments occupied by the British troops.

Major Rawlinson did his best, through the spring and summer of 1841, to grapple with these difficulties, but found them become continually more threatening. The Dooranis under Aktur Khan became more and more excited in Zemindawer; Yar Mohammed at Herat grew weekly more insolent; the Ghilzyes between Candahar and Cabul assumed an increasingly menacing attitude. These last were exasperated by the fact that the English were re-building the fortress of Khelat-i-Ghilzye in their country with the manifest intention of posting there a strong garrison for the purpose of over-awing the circumjacent tribes. They insulted Major Lynch, the officer in immediate command of the district, and provoked him to assault one of their forts, which was stormed and taken, with the result of rendering the Ghilzyes more hostile than ever. Further menaces on their part were met by further chastisement, and feeling became embittered on both sides, in spite of occasional attempts on the part of the British to conciliate the most obnoxious of their enemies. Major Rawlinson by the middle of the year seems to have fully appreciated the growing peril of the situation, and to have warned the Envoy repeatedly of the probability of a general outbreak. When things at any time appeared to mend, he was not deceived by the seeming improvement. 'I do not anticipate,' he

said in one of his letters to his chief,¹ 'that by the conciliatory treatment recommended we gain any other advantage than that of temporary tranquillity; and however prudent therefore it may be at present to induce the rebel chief of Zemindawer to abstain from disorders by the hope of obtaining through his forbearance substantial personal benefits, I still think that when the danger of foreign aggression is removed, and efficient means are at our disposal, the rights of his Majesty's (Shah Soojah's) government should be asserted in that strong and dignified manner which can alone ensure a due respect being shown to his authority.' And, as time went on, his warnings became more and more urgent. The Envoy, however, met his representations with incredulity and even with reproach. 'I don't like,' he says on one occasion,² 'reverting to unpleasant discussions, but you know well that I have been frank with you from the beginning, and that I have invariably told you of what I thought I had reason to complain. This may be confined to one topic—your taking an unwarrantably gloomy view of our position, and entertaining and disseminating rumours favourable to that view. We have enough of difficulties and enough of croakers without adding to the number needlessly. I have just seen a letter from Mr. D—— to Captain J——, in which he says the state of the country is becoming worse and worse every day. These idle statements may cause much mischief, and, often repeated as they are, they neutralise my protestations to the contrary. I know them to be utterly false as regards this part of the country, and I have no reason to believe them to be

¹ Letter of March 11, 1841.

² Letter of June 18, 1841.

true as regards your portion of the kingdom, merely because the Tokhees are indulging in their accustomed habits of rebellion, or because Aktur Khan has a pack of ragamuffins at his heels.' Macnaghten *would* not believe that our hold on the country was seriously endangered, much less that a catastrophe was impending. He saw all things through *couleur de rose* spectacles, and, having no apprehensions himself, was angry when he found that others entertained them.

Still, even Macnaghten had from time to time to admit that the audacity of the rebels went beyond all bounds, and that repressive measures were necessary. In the month of July he gave his sanction to an expedition against the Dooranis upon the Helمند, which was commanded by Colonel Woodburn, but achieved only a qualified success. It had to be followed up, therefore, by another expedition in the month of August, which was, on the whole, more fortunate. Captain Griffin, supported by Prince Sudder Jung, attacked the great body of the Doorani insurgents under Aktur and Akrum Khans, and, after driving them from a strong position into the open, charged the mass with terrific effect, and completely shattered it. The two chiefs, Aktur and Akrum Khans, fled. Their followers dispersed themselves. The tribe was for the time disheartened, and reduced, if not to submission, at any rate to quiescence.

The Ghilzyes, about the same time, received a further blow. Colonel Chambers, at the head of two Sepoy regiments, a portion of the 5th Light Cavalry, and some irregular horse, fell in with a strong Ghilzye party on the morning of August 5, and gave them a complete defeat. The tribesmen scattered themselves

in panic flight; and their leader not only made submission, but surrendered himself.

Even so, however, all was not quiet in the Candahar country. A portion of the Dooranis, under Akrum Khan, was still in arms upon the north-western frontier, in the Tereen and Dehrawut territory, and it was determined, early in September, to send out a considerable force from Candahar for their reduction. The force was originally commanded by Colonel Wymer; but eventually General Nott himself took his place. A grand demonstration was made with so much success, that by the beginning of October most of the principal Doorani chiefs had come into the British camp and given themselves up. The only 'irreconcilable' was Akrum Khan, with whom promises and threats were alike powerless. It was thought of great importance to obtain possession of his person. A fellow-countryman, therefore, having been induced to reveal his whereabouts, the unfortunate Doorani chief was surprised and seized. Nott carried him to Candahar, where, after consultation with the Envoy and the puppet monarch, he was executed, being blown from a gun.

The general establishment of tranquillity, so long and so often foretold by the Envoy, seemed to be about at last to pass from a dream into a reality. Western Affghanistan was pacified, and Macnaghten anticipated no serious troubles in the east. Under these circumstances, mutual confidences and congratulations were exchanged between the Candahar Governor and his chief, who thus expressed himself in a letter dated October 21:—

MY DEAR RAWLINSON,—I hardly know how to answer your separate note of the 15th, received this morning. But I can assure you I feel exceedingly proud at having

gained your good opinion. We have had a very trying time of it since we were first officially associated; and it was no wonder that you, occupying as you did the post of danger, should have occasionally yielded to despondency, especially when under the influence of severe illness. But in all other respects you have given me entire satisfaction, and I feel that we are mainly indebted to your temper, judgment, and energy for overcoming the numerous difficulties by which we have been surrounded. Wherever I go, I shall carry with me a pleasing recollection of your friendship, and of the laborious and successful operations which have fallen to our joint lot. Believe me, my dear Rawlinson, most truly yours,

W. H. MACNAGHTEN.

It is always the unexpected which happens. Within little more than a week of the despatch of this letter, and while the Envoy still believed in the establishment of perfect tranquillity throughout Eastern Affghanistan, the troubles broke out which led on to those terrible disasters from the contemplation of which every patriotic Englishman shrinks, and which resulted in our withdrawal from the country that we had invaded so rashly and unnecessarily. On November 1 the following letter was addressed by the Envoy to Major Rawlinson:—

Cabul, Nov. 1, 1841.

MY DEAR RAWLINSON,—We are now coming in for our share of disasters. Yesterday evening I had a letter from Macgregor, apprising me that Sale's brigade had been attacked between Jugdallak and Sourkhab by a party of seven or eight hundred Ghilzyes, and that we lost about ninety men killed and wounded. Captain Wyndham, of the 35th, was killed in the affair; Lieutenant Coombs, of the same regiment, was wounded, as were Lieutenants Nottray and Holcombe, of the 13th. This is very deplorable. Macgregor does not know whether or no the chiefs are at the bottom of the busi-

ness. He suspects they are; but I think not, and I trust that in a day or two all will be right again. But these are ticklish times, and the aspect of affairs in the direction of Ingas and Nigras is threatening. I wish we had our two Janbaz regiments¹ back again, or at least one of them. I beg you will return them as soon as possible. I don't know when I can get away from Cabul, for I am very unwilling to leave affairs in an unsettled state. I am delighted to find that affairs in your direction have assumed so tranquil an appearance. Believe me, most truly yours, W. H. MACNAGHTEN.

The Envoy's sanguine hopes that 'in a day or two all would be right again' were doomed to disappointment. Matters went from bad to worse. On November 2—the day after this letter was written—occurred the serious and most lamentable outbreak in the city of Cabul, wherein Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother Charles, and Lieutenant Broadfoot lost their lives. The tale of their murder has been told so graphically and so vividly by the historian of the Great Affghan War,² that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. It was the bloody prelude to a still more bloody tragedy, or rather series of tragedies. Its immediate result was the complete recovery of the city of Cabul by the Cabulis, the plunder of the British Treasury, and the massacre of all within the city who were regarded as adherents of the British cause. The after effects were the long list of disasters which tarnished the British arms during the remainder of 1841 and the early portion of 1842.

Macnaghten, though usually so over-sanguine, was for once not blind to the magnitude of the existing peril. On November 3, the day after the massacre,

¹ Native Affghan cavalry.

² Vol. ii. pp. 169-172.

he despatched the following appeal to Candahar for help :—

MY DEAR RAWLINSON,—We have a very serious insurrection in the city just now ; and, from the elements of which it is composed, I apprehend much disturbance in the surrounding country for some time to come. It would be only prudent, therefore, that the 16th, 42nd, and 43rd, with a troop of horse artillery and some cavalry, should come here immediately. General Nott will be written to officially in this respect. We have been shelling the city all day, but apparently with little effect. I hope there will be no difficulty about supplies—your writing to Leech will obviate this. On second thoughts, I shall forward this letter under a flying seal through Palmer and Leech. Unless you send me this reinforcement, there will be a probability of our supplies being cut off. Most truly yours,
W. H. MACNAGHTEN.

At the same time a peremptory order was sent to General Nott from Major-General Elphinstone, ‘commanding in Affghanistan,’ in the following terms :—

Cabul, Nov. 8, 1841.

SIR,—I have the honour, by direction of Major-General Elphinstone, commanding in Affghanistan, to request that you will immediately direct the whole of the troops under orders to return to Hindustan from Candahar, to march upon Cabul instead of Shikarpore, excepting any that shall have got beyond the Khojuck Pass, and that you will instruct the officers who may command to use the utmost practicable expedition. You are requested to attach a troop of his Majesty the Shah’s Horse Artillery to the above force, and likewise half the 1st Regiment of Cavalry.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
J. PATON, Capt., A.Q.M.G.

These important orders did not reach Candahar until about November 12; but already, by the 7th, rumours had come in of the Cabul disasters, while at the same time fresh outbreaks had occurred in the near vicinity of the city which seemed to show that every man of the existing garrison might be wanted for its defence. It was at once agreed between the Resident and the Commandant to recall the three regiments which, under the delusive notion of impending tranquillity, had been allowed to start for Hindustan, and, after some hesitation, it was resolved that they should be despatched to the relief of the troops imperilled at Cabul. They started on November 17. But their departure was wholly against the wishes of General Nott, who thus addressed their leader, Colonel Maclaren, and his staff on taking leave of them: 'Remember, the despatch of this brigade to Cabul is not my doing. I am compelled to defer to superior authority; but, in my own private opinion, I am sending you all to destruction.' These were not encouraging words; and the brigade, starting under such auspices, could scarcely be expected to push forward with any great amount of zeal or eagerness. Two marches only beyond Khelat-i-Ghilzye, on the road to Cabul, were accomplished; then advantage was taken of a light fall of snow, and the death of a few baggage animals, to make a halt, and declare the projected advance impracticable. Secure of the approval of their chief commanding officer at Candahar, the brigade under Maclaren turned round and retraced its steps, reaching the western capital about the end of the month of November.

It is difficult to estimate with any approach to certainty the effect of this movement. There can be

no doubt that the brigade, if ably led, might easily have made its way to Cabul before the great disasters to our arms occurred; but whether it would have sufficed to turn the scale in our favour, and to save the Envoy and the British force under Elphinstone from destruction, is wholly uncertain. Possibly, it would have merely shared the fate of those unfortunates. At any rate, as General Nott did not, and could not, know the straits to which the Cabul force was reduced, while he was fully aware of his own danger, and of the risks which he and the troops under him would run if he consented to diminish his force, he cannot be greatly blamed for the course which he took. Nor can Major Rawlinson be held responsible for his decision. It was a purely military question which had to be determined, and Nott was supreme in all military matters.

There was much that might well alarm a prudent commander in the position of affairs both inside and outside Candahar. As the fate of the Envoy and of the force under Elphinstone became generally known to the wild tribes in the neighbourhood, their patriotism received a vast accession of fervour. Disaffection to the British rule blazed out on every side. Cabuli chiefs came down from the north, instructed to use their best efforts to stir up open rebellion. Dooranis, Barukzyes, Kizzilbashs, stood expectant, like vultures watching an occasion to swoop upon a destined prey. Among the professed adherents of the British cause there was wavering and treachery; the native levies serving on the British side, Janbaz and others, were of doubtful fidelity; Shah Soojah himself was suspected; and the Affghans within the city were not to be depended on at a pinch. It was a most anxious

time for all those concerned in the direction of affairs at Candahar, but more especially for the Resident. Major Rawlinson was practically cut off from all communication with his political superiors, whether at Cabul or in India. He was thrown upon his own resources, and had to act upon his own responsibility. At first he based his policy on the maxim, 'Divide et impera,' and fomented division between the Dooranis and the Barukzyes with their Ghilzye allies. He succeeded in forming an alliance with a certain number of the Doorani chiefs, and even obtained from them hostages for their fidelity. At his instigation they relieved Candahar from their near presence, and moved towards the Ghilzye country with hostile intent; they checked the advance of the Cabulis under Mohammed Atta Khan, and kept down the religious fanaticism which was beginning to show itself among their tribes.¹ But

¹ The fanaticism showed itself not only in the field, where large bodies of Ghazees were continually throwing away their lives in warfare of the wildest and most reckless kind, but also occasionally within the city. Major Rawlinson was accustomed to pass the greater portion of the day in dispensing justice to all complainants. The Court House in which he sat was a large room, having one entrance to it from his own house, and another from a piazza or square, open to all comers, and forming a part of the town. It was his custom to sit in the Court House deciding cases till sunset, or a little before sunset, or a little after, and then to descend into the square, mount his horse, which one of his grooms always held in readiness, and have a scamper over the open country beyond the walls. On one occasion, however, the press of business was so great, that for three consecutive days he found himself detained in Court till after the sun had gone down, and it was too late for him to have his ride. On the last of these three days, just as he was about to dissolve the Court and rise, there was suddenly a commotion at the further end of the room towards the square. A prisoner was being brought in. 'This man,' said the officer in charge, 'has just stabbed your secretary in the square outside and killed him.' 'Yes,' said the accused, 'I will explain. I am a Ghazee, and one of a band of forty, who met together three days ago, and swore upon the Koran to take the life of the British Resident. We were to draw lots, and he on whom the lot should fall was to solemnly pledge himself neither to eat nor drink until

it was not long ere they came to doubt the prudence of the line which they had taken, and to draw off from the British alliance, standing aloof, and as Herodotus would have said, *καρηδοκοῦντες τὸν πόλεμον*. The Resident had therefore to turn his attention to another point. The proximity of the Janbaz, or Native Affghan Cavalry in the service of Shah Soojah, constituted a danger. They were notoriously disaffected, and certain to turn against the British, who had raised them and paid them, should a critical moment arrive. Major Rawlinson wished to be quit of them, and arranged a plan by which they should be transferred to Ghirisk, at a safe distance from Candahar, and in a district, moreover, where the inhabitants were not likely to sympathise with them. All was prepared for the departure before dawn on December 27; but, through some misunderstanding of the orders given, a portion of the troops was not ready at the appointed hour. Fresh orders were therefore issued; but this alarmed the Janbaz, who had been plotting to mutiny upon the march, and thought their plot had been discovered. After some hesitation, they determined—those of them, 230 in number, who had come together at the time fixed, and were ready to start—that they would revolt at once. They rushed to the tent where their com-

he had stabbed the Great Feringhee. I was the man on whom the lot fell. Three mornings ago I entered the town, disguised as you see, and with a dagger inside my vest. I waited in the square all day for the Resident to come out. His horse was there, but he never came. I returned the next day, and waited, but again to no purpose; he did not come, and the horse was taken away by the groom. This morning I came again—I was nearly mad with thirst—I felt I could endure no longer, so I resolved that, if for the third time the Great Feringhee did not come out to take his ride before sunset, I would kill the biggest Feringhee that I could see anywhere, and take the consequences. That is all.' Taken red-handed, the prisoner had to be executed. He was blown from a gun in the great square within half an hour.

manding officers were sleeping, and attacked them in their beds. One was killed outright; the other received seven wounds, from the effects of which he died four months later. But a speedy Nemesis overtook the mutineers. General Nott sent out a body of horse in pursuit of them, consisting of 250 of the Shah's cavalry, under Captain Leeson, and a hundred Parsewan Janbaz, under Captain Wilson, who came up with them at Chuplanee, a village about twelve miles from the capital, and brought them to an engagement. The combat is thus described by Major Rawlinson :—‘ Captain Leeson had to file his men across a difficult canal, and had only just formed line [beyond it] when the Janbaz charged in a body. Our men charged at the same time in line, and the flanks swept round the Janbaz horse, who were probably not above 150 strong, numbers having left the rebel standard before reaching Chuplanee. For about five minutes a spirited fight took place hand to hand, when the Janbaz broke and fled, pursued by our cavalry. Of the enemy about thirty were killed and fifty wounded in the flight and pursuit. Our loss was trifling. Kalundar Khan, the ringleader of the mutiny, and Bostan Khan, another Yuz Bashee, were killed in the fight. Taj Mohammed is believed to have been present, and to have charged with his men; but there is no positive evidence of this. Wilson's men were backward in the charge, rather however, it would appear, from want of confidence in each other than from any disinclination to shed the blood of the Doorani mutineers, for in the pursuit they cut up many of the enemy, and conducted themselves exceedingly well.’¹ The result was, on the whole, favourable. The Janbaz were cleared out of the way.

¹ Major Rawlinson's MS. Journal for 1841.

The want of cohesion and solidarity among the tribes, who were all more or less disaffected, was made manifest, and the weakness which such disunion could not but produce, seemed to invite attack, and to promise an easy victory. But for a time it was thought desirable to temporise. The disaffected within the city still constituted a danger, and the question of their removal, which had now come into the field of practical politics, required much consideration and preparatory arrangement. Meanwhile events of a disturbing character were continually occurring. Two days after the defection of the Janbaz, Prince Sufder Jung, one of the sons of Shah Soojah, disappeared from Candahar, and joined the camp of Atta Mohammed. This chief had fixed his head-quarters at Dehli, about forty miles to the west of Candahar, and was attracting all the neighbouring tribes to his standard. Major Rawlinson was eager that he should be at once attacked and driven off. 'Sufder Jung,' he wrote to General Nott (January 7, 1842), 'has fixed his abode at Dehli, and has declared himself the leader of an insurrection, aiming at our expulsion from the country. Up to the present time no very considerable number of men have joined his standard, and the only chiefs in attendance of any note are those who have accompanied Mohammed Atta Khan from Cabul, together with the Ghilzye leaders, Sumud Khan, Meer Alim Khan, and the Gooroo. It would thus be an easy matter, by the detachment of a brigade to Dehli, to break up the insurgent force, and, whether the rebels fought or fled, the consequences would be of almost equal benefit with regard to the restoration of tranquillity. But I anticipate a very serious aggravation of affairs if we allow the Prince to remain unmolested for any length of time at Dehli, or to move

from that place in the direction of Candahar with the avowed purpose of attacking us. Our inactivity would not fail to be ascribed by the great body of the Ooloos to an inability to act on the offensive, and an impression of this sort having once gained ground, the natural consequence, in the present highly excited state of religious feeling, would be a general rise of the population against us.’¹ But the commandant was not to be persuaded. He regarded a division of the troops under his command as inexpedient, perhaps ruinous. ‘I conceive,’ he said in reply,² ‘that the whole country is in a state of rebellion, and that nothing but the speedy concentration of the troops at this place has saved the different detachments from being destroyed in detail, and the city of Candahar from being besieged. In the event of Sufder Jung assembling any considerable number of men, I never even contemplated waiting for the attack of that Prince under the walls of Candahar, as mentioned in your note. I repeatedly told you, that if he approached within twelve or fifteen miles of this station, I would move out and disperse the rebels. But, because this young Prince is said to have assembled 1,000 or 1,500 followers at a distance of forty miles from Candahar, it would, indeed, be truly absurd were I, in the very depth of winter, to send out a detachment wandering about the country in search of the rebel fugitive, destroying my men amidst frost and snow, killing the few carriage cattle we have left, and thus be totally disabled at the proper season from moving ten miles in any direction from the city, or even have the means of falling back, should that unfortunately ever become necessary.’

¹ Letter of Major Rawlinson to General Nott, dated Jan. 7, 1842.

² Letter of General Nott to Major Rawlinson, dated Jan. 8, 1842.

The difference of opinion between the two authorities did not turn out to be of much importance, since within the space of a few days the rebel army quitted the position which it had taken up at Dehli, and, moving down the valley of the Arghandab, took post on the river, at the distance of about five miles from the city.

Preparations were at once made for a sortie in force. The troops were divided, and while Nott, with the Queen's 40th Regiment, the 2nd, 16th, 38th, and a wing of the 42nd Native Infantry, the Shah's 5th Infantry, Anderson's two troops of Horse Artillery, Blood's battery of Bombay Artillery, and Leeson and Haldane's horse, made ready to issue forth on the morrow and attack the mutineers, the remainder of the force, consisting of the 43rd Native Infantry, a wing of the 42nd, the 1st and 2nd Shah's Infantry, and a number of old field pieces found in the place and repaired for the occasion, were disposed about the walls and gates as seemed most likely to be serviceable. Major Rawlinson, at the same time, communicated with the native city authorities, and arranged that the population should remain indoors on the morrow under penalty of death if they appeared in the streets. He also sent warnings to various tribes without the walls, that, if they joined the insurgents, it would be remembered against them. For his own part he resolved to accompany the General in his sortie at the head of a small body of native troops which were attached to his person.

The morrow came—January 12—and at daybreak Nott quitted his quarters with about a thousand men and sixteen guns, and, after a short march, came up with the enemy on the right bank of the Arghandab, near a fortified village called Killa-chuk. He estimated

them as numbering from 15,000 to 20,000 men, but Major Rawlinson believed that the entire number of combatants did not exceed 5,000. However this may have been, Nott at once attacked. The action was of short duration, and was regarded by Major Rawlinson as 'a mere skirmish,' but it figures in some accounts of the war as *the Battle of Arghandab*. 'At the end of twenty minutes, during which our guns and musketry, telling with deadly effect upon the heavy masses of the enemy, were answered by a wild and ineffective fire from their ranks, the rebel army was in confusion and flight. The Ghilzyes fled in one direction, the Janbaz in another; the people from the villages hastened to their own homes. Atta Mohammed attempted to make a stand; but our troops moved forward, carried the village by storm, and slaughtered,' it is said, 'every man, woman, and child within its walls.'¹ The British line was then reformed, and Atta Mohammed prepared to meet a second attack. But the cavalry, with two horse artillery guns, were now slipped upon the enemy, who broke and fled in dismay. The humiliation of Atta Mohammed and his princely ally was complete. 'The Doorani chiefs now began to throw off the mask. They moved down to the assistance of the rebel army; but the battle had been fought before they could arrive upon the field, and they only came up in time to see their countrymen in panic flight. Sufder Jung, Atta Mohammed, and the other rebel chiefs found an honourable refuge in the Doorani camp; and from that time they who had

¹ Kaye: *The War in Afghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 188. It may be hoped that this is an exaggeration. Major Rawlinson, who is Mr. Kaye's authority, only says that the storming of the village brought destruction on 'man, woman, and child.' He does not employ the important word 'every.'—MS. Diary for 1842.

left Candahar as our friends, presented a front of open hostility to our authority.'¹

The arrangements made for preserving the peace of the town during the continuance of the attack were altogether successful. Not the slightest disturbance occurred throughout the whole course of the day. Major Rawlinson found reason to believe that an outbreak had been intended, but that the peremptory order given to the inhabitants to remain within doors had prevented it. The danger from disaffection on the part of a section of the population had long occupied his thoughts, and he had had a census of the inhabitants taken, which had caused some alarm; but for the time he was satisfied to let things remain as they were, and not resort to the extreme measure of expelling from their homes the whole, or even any portion, of the native inhabitants. Later on he felt compelled to act differently.

The result of the engagement of January 12 was the establishment, for a considerable period, of comparative tranquillity. The chief hostile tribes, Ghilzyes and others, had been taught a lesson, and had moved away; the Dooranis had learnt the necessity of acting with caution and not precipitating a serious conflict. Both sides awaited with equal anxiety intelligence from Cabul, the one hopefully looking for, the other greatly fearing, that disaster to the British arms which ultimately occurred.

Between January 12 and February 28 no movements of any importance occurred. The Dooranis remained encamped in the neighbourhood of Candahar, but made no further attempt against the city. General Nott rested in his cantonments, content that the enemy

¹ Kaye: *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 189.

was inactive, and continued at a respectful distance. The Affghan winter had set in, not with any extreme severity, but with sufficient rigour to render active operations difficult and undesirable. Snow fell and covered the ground, though not to any great depth, and the two foes watched each other across a wide extent of dreary winter landscape. In the Affghan camp there was little movement. In the English, life and animation were maintained by those games and sports to which the British soldier naturally resorts in times of dulness and inaction. The officers got up steeple-chases, they played at rackets, the soldiers snowballed each other. As the historian of the war observes: 'The dreadful snow, which had destroyed the Cabul army, was only a plaything in the hands of their brethren at Candahar.'¹

On the Affghan side, the heart and soul of the insurrectionary movement, so far as Candahar was concerned, was at this time Mirza Ahmed. This chief, who for many months had played a double part, coquetting with Major Rawlinson, and more than half persuading him that he was on the British side, while he gave every assistance that he possibly could to the acting rebel leaders, was at last compelled by the Resident to throw off the mask, and openly take the direction of affairs into his hands. He was a man of very remarkable ability, and his assumption of the leadership was practically of enormous advantage to the rebel cause. 'Mirza Ahmed alone,' says Major Rawlinson in one of his despatches, 'could have so long preserved union among the discordant elements of which the Affghan camp was composed; he alone could have managed, by the most careful revenue

¹ Kaye: *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. iii. pp. 140-1.

arrangements, to have supported the concourse which was assembled round the standard of Sudder Jung; he alone, perhaps, could have prevented the Dooranis from risking an action in which they were sure to have been defeated; his measures throughout have been most skilful and well sustained. The chiefs were, in the first place, sent to recruit in the different districts where their influence chiefly prevailed; revenue was raised in the usual form for the support of the troops in anticipation of the coming harvest, the ryots receiving an acquittance from Mirza Ahmed in case the management should continue in his hands, and being assured that, if our power prevailed, we were too just to subject the cultivators to a double exaction. Statements of the Shah's connivance in the Cabul revolution were industriously circulated; incessant attempts were made to tamper with our Hindustani troops (not altogether without success), and letters were designedly thrown into our hands to render us suspicious of such chiefs as adhered to us, whilst the most stringent measures were adopted to deter the villagers around the city from bringing supplies into Candahar.' Such was the line of policy pursued by Mirza Ahmed from January 20 to February 20; and the policy was undoubtedly one which indicated great sagacity and great fertility of resource.

The General, however, and the Resident, now again (after some little difference of opinion) at one with respect to the course to be pursued on their part, met with a fair amount of success the tactics of the Affghan chief, and maintained a firm and undaunted attitude. Notwithstanding Mirza Ahmed's warnings to the villagers, supplies were brought in, and the city provisioned for five months; communications with the

friendly chiefs were kept up ; preparations were made for a general disarming of the native population of the city ; the fortifications were strengthened ; and albeit amid many anxieties and some sufferings, the British garrison kept up its heart, and showed a brave face to its adversaries.

But a severe trial was now to be experienced. On February 21 two couriers reached Candahar from Khelat-i-Ghilzye, bringing alarming advices from Major Leech, the officer in command at that place, and at the same time transmitting a letter, dated December 25, from General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger to the Resident at Candahar, which was found to be of the most serious import. It seems best to give this letter *in extenso* :—

Cabul, 25th December, 1841.

SIR,—It having been found necessary to conclude an arrangement, founded on that of the late Sir W. H. Macnaghten, for the evacuation of Affghanistan by our troops, we have the honour to request that you will intimate to the officer commanding at Candahar our wish that the troops now at that place and at Khelat-i-Ghilzye, together with the British authorities and troops within your jurisdiction, should return to India at the earliest convenient season. Newab Jubbar Khan, who is the bearer of this letter, will render you all the assistance in his power. He has been appointed Governor of Candahar on the part of the existing Government.

E. POTTINGER,
W. K. ELPHINSTONE, M.G.

P.S.—If you require two or three days to make your preparations, you must not remain in the city, but proceed to your cantonment. Whatever you are obliged to leave behind, you will make over to the Newab Jubbar Khan.

The receipt of this letter, which he perceived to be certainly genuine, placed Major Rawlinson in a position of extreme difficulty. He had the clear order of his political superior to evacuate Candahar at once, and retire upon India. He had a deep conviction that this would not be for the advancement of British interests, or for the honour of the British nation. Was he to disobey plain orders, or was he to take steps which he was convinced were inexpedient? In this dilemma he thought it his duty to consult the head military authority. What would General Nott advise? Nott felt no doubt or hesitation. Less of an expert than his colleague in the matter of handwriting and decipherment, he took the view that the letter might be a forgery concocted by the enemy. He was not going to act upon it. 'I have only to repeat,' he wrote in reply to a letter from the Resident, 'that I will not treat with any person whatsoever for the retirement of the British troops from Affghanistan, until I have received instructions from the Supreme Government. The letter signed "E. Pottinger" and "W. K. Elphinstone" may, or may not, be a forgery. I conceive these officers were not free agents at Cabul, and therefore their letter or order can have no weight with me.' It was agreed between the two that despatches from Calcutta should be waited for.

But this did not meet the whole difficulty. The political situation had become exceedingly awkward. British troops had entered the country as supporters of Shah Soojah, and as acting under his authority. If Shah Soojah had, as was currently reported at Candahar, broken off relations with the British authorities at Cabul, and joined their special foes, the Barukzyes; if, moreover, he was now acknowledged as king by all

the Affghans, and bore undisputed sway over the whole country, what place was there for the foreign auxiliaries who were no longer wanted? The conclusion was too palpable to be overlooked by any one of even ordinary sagacity, much less by the acute and keen-witted Affghans. The British must go. Within two days of the arrival of Pottinger and Elphinstone's letter, Major Rawlinson received a summons from the leading Affghan chiefs to evacuate Candahar forthwith, and withdraw from the country. To this he sent the following reply :—

Major Rawlinson to Mirza Ahmed and
the Doorani Chiefs.

I have received your letter calling on us to evacuate Candahar, and I reply as follows :—

Your letter embraces two subjects. You assert, firstly, that we have no pretext for desiring to retain occupation of Candahar, now that Shah Soojah has put himself into the hands of the Cabul party; and you endeavour, secondly, to intimidate us into retirement by bringing forward our disasters at the capital as a warning of what we may expect at this place.

With reference to the first point, I admit that we entered the country only in support of the Shah Soojah's authority, and that, if his Majesty, having duly kept faith with us throughout, were to signify to the Indian Government, of his own free will, his desire to be left entirely to the protection of his Affghan subjects, there might be some reason in your argument. But, at present, everything tells against you. We know the Shah to have exerted himself actively for the suppression of the Cabul insurrection at the outset—we know him to regard the Barukzyes of Cabul as his natural enemies—the only letters that have been received from him are couched in vague terms, merely intimating that the Affghans have again tendered to him their allegiance; and we have every reason, therefore, for

supposing that he has been placed in his present position contrary to his inclinations, and that he must desire the assistance of our troops to support him against the factious nobles who are aiming to usurp his power. When you can produce an authenticated document bearing his Majesty's seal, and proved to have been spontaneously executed by him, which shall distinctly call upon us to quit the country, and leave him to the support of his Affghan subjects, it will be time enough to discuss the question whether or not there may be any legitimate reason for our desiring to remain.

With regard to the second point, a few words will suffice. If you experienced such loss and difficulty at Cabul in overcoming a small detachment of our troops, isolated from support, without provisions, and in the most inclement season of the year, while you were amply supplied with money and the munitions of war, and the whole country was in your favour, what can you expect at Candahar, where we have 10,000 men in garrison, a favourable season before us, ample provisions, a strong walled town to protect us, and an open country at all times practicable for troops between us and our supports, where a large part of the population have already declared openly in our favour, and where, when it becomes known that the Shah is but a puppet in the hands of the Barukzye Sirdars, the Dooranis will coalesce with us for his support?

You are altogether without money, or any of the material of war; you are jealous of each other; the voice of the country is so little with you that, after months of agitation, you are almost where you set out. Our Jellalabad force must hold the Cabulis most effectually in check, and prevent the possibility of their assisting you; and thus, although you may harass us, put a stop to trade, and cause a useless expenditure of blood, it is quite impossible that you can expel us from the country by force.

Why should we struggle then? You admit to

have received many benefits from us, and you profess a desire to cultivate our future friendship. It can neither, therefore, tally with your wishes, nor your interests, to engage with us in unprofitable hostility. Although I am without any direct instructions from my Government, I will take upon me to say, that we do not desire to conquer this country for ourselves. Our object is to be on friendly terms with its ruler, and to enjoy a political influence in it superior to that of any other foreign power. At present we hold Shah Soojah to be King of Afghanistan, and Shahzada Timour to be his Majesty's representative at Candahar; and, as the friends of his Majesty, we are bound to consider those who appear in arms against us as the enemies of the Shah and the Prince.

When we receive letters from the Indian Government, written subsequently to their being informed of the late affairs at Cabul, we shall understand the line of policy that is to be adopted for the future, and I shall then be able to address to such parties as may be duly constituted to receive it a more definite reply. I can only conjecture at present that the Government will desire to see Shah Soojah rescued from the state of pupillage in which he is now held by the Barukzye Sirdars, and that, having restored to him the independent exercise of his power, a treaty will be entered into with him or with his constituted authorities by provisions of which our future proceedings with reference to this country will be regulated.

H. C. RAWLINSON.

Feb. 25th, 1842.

On the day following, further letters having come in, a postscript was added, to the effect that fresh intelligence had been received, leaving no doubt that the Shah was little more than a prisoner in the hands of the Barukzyes, and that it had also transpired that forces were on their way from India to take vengeance for the murder of the British Envoy.

It was a satisfaction to the two officers, who had had to make so momentous a decision, to find later on that the course which they had pursued was approved by the Supreme Government; but this satisfaction was not obtained till some considerable time had elapsed. In the meanwhile the burden of their responsibility weighed heavily upon them, though, fortunately, without paralysing their energies, or even seriously cramping their action. 'The activity of Rawlinson at this time,' says the historian of the Affghan War, 'was unceasing. He exerted himself, and often with good success, to detach different tribes from the rebel cause; and was continually corresponding both with the chiefs in the Doorani camp and in the neighbouring villages. It was his policy to draw off the Barukzyes from the Doorani confederacy, and to stimulate the Dooranis against the Barukzyes, by declaring that the Shah was a mere instrument in the hands of the latter. It was debated, indeed, whether the Dooranis could not be induced to move off to Cabul for the rescue of the King.'¹

Meanwhile, the Doorani chiefs, on their part, inspired by the intelligence from the capital, and angered by the Resident's stinging reply to their demands, were concentrating their forces, and preparing for a far more serious attack upon Candahar and its garrison than any which they had hitherto made. All the chiefs drew together; each mustered his followers in the fullest force that he could; the city was threatened on every side, its defenders kept constantly on the alert; and the state of things became by degrees so menacing, that fresh measures on the part of the defenders were seen to be necessary, unless the defence was to be given up.

¹ Kaye, *History of the War in Affghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 147.

Major Rawlinson had long recognised the presence of a large disaffected element in the population of the city, which necessarily constituted a danger, and more especially when external attack was to be expected. He had foreseen the probable necessity of expelling this portion of the inhabitants, and had made preparations accordingly; but unwillingness to cause them suffering had induced him to postpone the measure as long as possible. At length, however, the time was come when any further postponement would have compromised the safety of the British troops and officials, and when, consequently, the expulsion could no longer be put off. On March 3, therefore, he began to clear the city of its Affghan inhabitants. Exempting a certain number, as being peaceful citizens—merchants, followers of useful trades, and a few members of the priesthood—he required the rest of the Affghan inhabitants to quit the town—in all, about a thousand families. No active resistance was made to the harsh but necessary measure. It would, however, have been evaded, or very laxly carried out by the municipal authorities, had not the Resident told off an officer and a party of sepoy to each district, to ensure the clearance being effectual. Between 5,000 and 6,000 suspected persons were thus got rid of, and the danger of disturbance within the city was thus reduced to a minimum.

But this step was only preliminary to another and more important one. General Nott was of opinion that the time had come when the enemy must be brought to an engagement, and made to feel the weight of the British arms. Accordingly, no sooner was the expulsion of the disaffected Affghans accomplished, than (on March 7) he took the field at the head of the main bulk of his forces. These consisted of the

40th Queen's Infantry, four regiments of native troops (also infantry), a wing of one of the Shah's regiments, sixteen guns, and the whole of the available cavalry. There were left for the protection of the city two regiments and a half of the Shah's foot, together with a single regiment of Native Infantry. All the gates of the city were blocked up with the exception of the Herat gate, and a portion of the gate of Shikarpoor, which were left unblocked, to allow of the return of our troops after they should have dispersed the enemy.

General Nott, however, found the enemy disinclined to come to an engagement. They had other plans in contemplation. As he advanced, they retired, first across the Turnuck, and then across the Arghandab, the two chief rivers of the vicinity. The General pursued, but only succeeded in coming up, on the 7th, with a portion of the enemy's cavalry, which made as if it would charge, but was stopped by a few discharges of grape from Anderson's guns. The affair was not of much importance, as on our side not a musket was fired, nor a man touched. On the next day, however, something like a general engagement took place. The enemy continued to retreat and Nott to advance. 'Twice upon the march the light companies were sent out to clear the heights, and in both instances we were completely successful. On approaching Zungiabab, the enemy appeared drawn out in line; but, as we advanced to the attack, they turned and fled. One party is said to have crossed the Dooree to the desert; another, with Mirza Ahmed and the Prince, to have crossed the Arghandab, and a third to have made away N.E. towards Hajee Gooroo.'¹ Clearly they were 'not inclined to meet our troops in the field.'

¹ Major Rawlinson's MS. Diary for March 8, 1842.

But they had another design. Following the judicious counsels of Mirza Ahmed, they had intended from the first to draw Nott's army out of Candahar till it should be a day's march from the city, and then secretly and silently double back and fall upon the place, which would be to a great extent denuded of its defenders. The plan was carried out during the night of the 9th. At daybreak on the morning of March 10 it was seen that a number of Affghan footmen had come down from the hills under cover of the darkness and had taken possession of Old Candahar, which was situated on the plain. Major Rawlinson saw at once that the intention was to attack the city during Nott's absence, and sent off three messengers to his camp, to inform him that the enemy had doubled back in his rear, and might be expected to proceed to the assault without delay. His forecast was correct. All day long the enemy kept flocking in, and occupying positions around the apparently doomed town. In the afternoon Saloo Khan, with 1,000 followers, joined the rebels in the old city; and towards sunset Mirza Ahmed and Sufder Jung, with their troops, occupied the cantonments. In all between 8,000 and 9,000 of the enemy were gathered together about the walls. As dusk approached, a villager driving a donkey-cart laden with brushwood crossed the bridge before the Herat gate, and finding it shut, made a request for admission. He was sorry to be so late, but he had been unavoidably delayed, and hoped the gatekeeper would not keep him out all night. The gatekeeper demurred; the man grumbled, and held him in conversation for some time. All the while he was unlading his brushwood as quietly as possible and piling it against the gate. At last, as he could not obtain an entrance, he

growled out a malediction, turned his donkey round, and made off. But, at the final moment, he had lighted a match, and flung it among the dry brushwood, which was immediately in a flame, and blazed up furiously. The gate, being centuries old, and scorched by the suns of several hundred Affghan summers, was as dry as touchwood, and caught fire directly. It had been pitchy dark before, dusk having rapidly become night. Now, suddenly, the whole scene was brilliantly lighted up, and the coloured standards, the gleaming arms, the white turbans, and the savage faces of the excited enemy flashed out upon the defenders. 'The attack was made with extreme desperation,' says Major Rawlinson, who was an eye-witness, 'and was received with steadiness. Three rounds of grape were discharged from the gun upon the bastion; a shell was thrown in upon the mass of people at the gate; and the guard kept up a heavy fire of musketry from the ramparts. The enemy's success, however, in firing the gate seemed to give them confidence, and they pressed on with great resolution. We now brought the gun down from the bastion, and placed it in the gateway, supported this by another gun from the citadel, strengthened the point attacked with some 300 infantry, employed the Bheastees in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, and formed a strong and high barricade of grain bags above those which had been heaped up before in rear of the burning gate. About nine o'clock the gate fell outward, and then a number of the Ghazees¹ climbed over the bags and endeavoured to force their way in.'² But the infantry posted on either side of the gate, who had been warned that if they once allowed even a handful of the enemy to issue from the archway all

¹ Moslem fanatics.² Major Rawlinson's MS. Diary for March 10.

would almost certainly be lost, stood their ground with splendid gallantry, and cut down every single man who scrambled over or through the barricade. The battle raged for three hours longer, from 9 P.M. to past midnight, the Ghazees occasionally retiring for a short distance, and then suddenly renewing their assaults, but always with ill-success. At length they were wearied out and drew off, having lost at least 600 men in killed and wounded, in the gateway and outside, along the line of the road and the bridge.

While this desperate struggle was going on at the Herat gate, the Shikarpoor and Cabul gates were also the objects of attack. Brushwood had been collected by the enemy in the near vicinity of these gates also, and attempts were made to pile it against them and set it alight. But these attempts all failed. The defenders were upon the alert; and the brushwood, fortunately, would not kindle. Had any one of the entrances to the city been forced, it would most probably have been captured. Mirza Ahmed was on the watch for a signal indicative of an initial success, and was prepared, so soon as it should be given, to assault the Eydgah gate, leading into the citadel, which, under such circumstances, would have offered a poor resistance. The citadel taken, the place must have been evacuated, and the disasters of Cabul might very probably have been repeated. As it was, the successful defence of the three gates bitterly disappointed Mirza Ahmed, and roused much angry feeling among the tribes. A council of the chiefs was held soon after midnight, when it was recognised that all the attacks had failed, at which the infuriated Ghazees 'levelled the most violent reproaches against Mirza Ahmed, and were with difficulty restrained from laying violent hands upon the man who, they

declared, had betrayed them into an attempt which had sacrificed the lives of hundreds of true believers, and ended only in failure and disgrace,'¹ while he carefully kept himself out of danger's way. But the storm blew over. There was general dismay and discouragement in the camp of the rebels; a certain number of them dispersed to their homes; a general break up of the force gathered together with so much difficulty was threatened; and, for the space of a fortnight, no further demonstration was made, either against Candahar or against the British forces.

This tranquil period was employed by the Resident in endeavours to repair the damage caused by the Ghazee ravages, which seemed likely to produce an entire failure of the coming harvest, and in negotiations which aimed at inducing various sections of the rebels to quit the general Doorani camp, and withdraw to a distance. A complete dispersion of the insurgents might probably have resulted from these negotiations, had not Shah Soojah about this time sent letters to the Doorani chiefs urging them to continue their attacks upon the Candahar army, and promising to send them shortly a strong reinforcement. Hence the state of tension, which had set in about the end of December 1841, still continued, with occasional sharp collisions between the hostile forces; but the repulse from the walls of the city had damped the ardour of the assailants, who now for the most part maintained a respectful distance, and contented themselves with a guerilla warfare.

Meanwhile disquieting intelligence reached Candahar both from the north and from the south. On the north, Ghuzni, which had been taken with so great an effort, and boasted of with so much pomp, was

¹ Kaye, *The War in Afghanistan*, vol. iii. pp. 154, 155.

threatened by the tribesmen of the neighbourhood, and, after a brave resistance, fell into the enemy's hands. The treachery which had involved the garrison of Cabul in destruction was once more repeated, and a force of some thousands of men was almost completely annihilated in a struggle that lasted above two months. Khelat-i-Ghilzye was about the same time invested, and the small garrison suffered cruelly, both from the enemy and from the severe cold, but still it continued to resist with extraordinary courage and success. They were, however, in great danger, and, if they were not relieved within a moderate interval, it seemed impossible that they could hold out.

From the south the news was of a still more alarming character. The authorities at Candahar had long been waiting with the extremest anxiety the arrival of a convoy from Sindh, which was to bring them reinforcements, together with fresh supplies, which were greatly needed, of treasure, ammunition, hospital stores, and other necessities. As far back as February 11, Major Rawlinson had expressed himself as 'seriously alarmed' about money. 'A lakh,' he had said, 'is the utmost that I shall be able to raise from the Candahar merchants, and with the most rigid economy this will hardly last us to the end of March, the godowns at the same time being opened to supply the troops. It would seem therefore absolutely indispensable that the road should be opened from the south, either by Outram or ourselves.'¹ The end of March had now arrived, and there was no sign of the convoy. Brigadier England had been despatched from Sindh about the middle of February, and had reached Dadur towards the close of the month. While there he had received instructions

¹ Major Rawlinson's MS. Diary for February 11.

to move on quickly through the Bolan Pass, to assemble as strong a body of troops as he could at Quetta, and thence to push on through the Khojuck with all possible despatch. He arrived at Quetta on March 16 and left it on March 26. His force consisted of five companies of the Queen's 41st Infantry, six companies of Bombay Native Infantry, a troop of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, fifty men of the Poonah horse, and four Horse Artillery guns. On the 28th he reached the entrance of a defile leading to the village of Hykulzye, where he intended to await the remainder of the brigade, which was on its way through the Bolan to join him. General England had been warned that he might expect to meet the enemy at Hykulzye, but he advanced into the defile incautiously, and, endeavouring to force his way, met with failure. The troops employed to clear the hills on the right of the defile—some 500 in number—were completely repulsed by the Affghans, with the loss of nearly one-fifth of their number. The survivors were rallied by their officers and were eager to renew the attack, but General England refused, declaring that he had not men enough. He is said¹ to have greatly over-estimated the Affghan force, which he maintained to be a hundred times as strong as either he or anyone else had expected, whereas it was afterwards found that they had not exceeded 1,300, the exact amount which it had been supposed he would meet. He was also impressed with the idea that the defences were very formidable, whereas they are said to have consisted merely of a four-foot ditch filled with brushwood, and so weak that, when a month later the brigade advanced from Quetta, several of the officers rode over them without observing their existence.²

¹ Kaye, *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. iii. pp. 173-4.

² *Ibid.*, p. 178.

Colonel Stacey, one of England's officers, offered to lead a second attack, with a hundred or even with eighty men, but the General declined. He thought it his duty to retire upon Quetta and await the reinforcements that were on their march. The retrograde movement was begun on March 30, and the division reached Quetta on the 31st.

The repulse and retreat of the relieving force was a bitter disappointment to the Candahar authorities. Its arrival had been anxiously expected for above six weeks; its progress had been watched with the keenest interest; its relinquishment of the enterprise entrusted to it raised a feeling almost of despair. The Candahar treasury was absolutely empty; the pay of the troops was four months in arrear; ammunition ran short; the hospital stores were exhausted. It seemed to the General in command that he was deserted and abandoned to his fate. 'It is now from four to five months,' he wrote to Brigadier England,¹ 'since the outbreak at Cabul, and in all that time no aid whatever has been given to me. I have continually called for cavalry, for ammunition, treasure, stores, and medicines for the sick. I have called loudly, but I have called in vain. Had the least aid been sent—even a regiment of cavalry—I could have tranquillised or subdued the country.' Major Rawlinson participated in these feelings, though he expressed them less bitterly. Both officers were thoroughly agreed that, unless a relieving force, with the required stores, were pushed forward to them from Quetta almost immediately, their position at Candahar would become untenable. The Dooranis had taken heart when they heard of the

¹ Letter of April 2nd. (See Kaye's *History of the War in Afghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 178.)

retirement of England's force to Quetta, and, regarding Candahar as abandoned to them, had again assumed the aggressive. Urgent representations were therefore made to General England, and he was required, before the 1st of May, to make a second attempt upon the Khojuck Pass, and, at whatever cost, to force his way through. It was promised him that at the same time a body of troops from Candahar should attack the northern end of the pass, so that the enemy would be between two fires, and unlikely to make a very strenuous resistance. The scheme was successfully carried out. Brigadier England moved out from Quetta on April 26, and on the 28th was before Hykulzye—the scene of his previous repulse. He found the enemy posted as before, and, attacking in three columns, drove them from their positions without the slightest difficulty. He then, on the 30th, advanced to the Khojuck. The Candahar troops under Colonel Wymer were already at the northern extremity. A simultaneous advance should have been made, but, for some unexplained reason, England halted his force almost immediately after he had entered the defile, and left the entire task of crowning the heights and clearing the pass to the Candahar detachment. Fortunately, his inactivity had no ill result. The enemy fled before the bayonets of Colonel Wymer's force, and the junction of the two brigades was effected. No further difficulties occurred: without any opposition the united detachments marched on to Candahar, and entered the city on the 10th of May.

The difficulties with which Major Rawlinson and General Nott had so long had to contend, were thus, happily, removed, and a time of comparative tranquillity set in. The tribesmen, to a large extent, dis-

persed to their homes. A number of the chiefs made overtures for reconciliation, while some, with their followers, withdrew to their own districts. The fanaticism of the Ghazees had cooled down under the chilling blasts of ill-success. News arrived that General Pollock had forced the Khyber and effected a junction with Sir Robert Sale at Jellalabad, while Sir R. Sale had himself sallied forth from that fastness and inflicted a crushing defeat upon Akbar Khan. The British star was evidently once more in the ascendant, and, naturally enough, 'as the tidings of our successes spread through the country, the spirits of the insurgents became more and more depressed.'¹

The forces, however, of Mirza Ahmed and Atta Mohammed still kept the field, and prevented the inhabitants of the districts around Candahar from settling down. Nott's foragers continued to be ruthlessly cut up by the followers of these two chieftains, and the precious stores, which they had collected, to be carried off. Mirza Ahmed was also systematically demanding and obtaining the revenue due to the local Government from the cultivators under a permit which he had managed to procure from Shah Soojah before the insurrection began. The Candahar treasury was thus greatly impoverished, and the resources on which the Resident counted for the support and sustentation of the Government, were employed against it. The hot temper of General Nott blazed up under these untoward circumstances, and he sent a proposal to his colleague, that a proclamation should at once be issued, cautioning the cultivators against any payment of revenue to the Mirza, and at the same time offering a reward to any-

¹ Kaye's *History of the War in Afghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 183.

one who would bring in either Mirza Ahmed or Atta Mohammed to the British camp. 'I wish,' he said, 'a proclamation to be immediately issued, prohibiting any person paying revenue to Mirza Ahmed or to Sudfer Jung, and making them to understand that, whatever sums they pay to these chiefs will be their own loss, as the regular revenue due to H.M. the Shah will be exacted from them by the authorities of Candahar. I will thank you in the proclamation to offer a reward of 5,000 rupees to any person who will bring in either Mirza Ahmed or Mohammed Atta. The sooner this is done the better. Let me see the draft of the proclamation before it is issued.'¹

The following was Major Rawlinson's reply to this proposition:—After inquiring whether the General proposed to issue the proclamation in his own name, or in that of Prince Timour—the nominal Governor of the city—and suggesting that, in the latter case, it would be necessary that Prince Timour should be consulted, he went on to speak as follows of the proposed rewards:—

Is the reward of 5,000 rupees, offered to anyone bringing in Mohammed Atta or Mirza Ahmed, to apply to those people dead or alive, or is it merely to be given in the event of any of the Affghans bringing them in as prisoners? I do not think the Prince would have any objection to issue the proclamation about revenue, and to signify to all his subjects that he has appointed Mirza Wulee Mohammed Khan to the management of this department, notwithstanding he is aware that papers of an exactly opposite tenor, issued by his father, are in Mirza Ahmed's hands; but I greatly doubt his acquiescing in the subject of the reward, as, whatever may be the secret feelings of Mohammedans

¹ MS. correspondence.

regarding betrayal or assassination, it is altogether repugnant to their habits to avow such objects in a public proclamation.¹

Nott replied that *of course* he intended the proclamation concerning the revenue to be issued in the name of the Prince; but, he added—

In regard to the reward for the apprehension of Mirza Ahmed, that is a different thing; and, if the Prince will not consent to include it in the proclamation regarding the revenue, where it ought to appear, I will issue a separate proclamation. Mirza Ahmed has murdered my camp-followers and Sepoys in the most cruel and atrocious manner; and it is my duty, merely as commander of the force, to offer a reward to any person who will bring him in. Mohammed Atta has, like a monster, murdered our officers in their houses, and cut to pieces our unarmed and inoffensive camp-followers. I will show no mercy to these men. My note said nothing about 'dead or alive,' and I thought clearly indicated bringing them in prisoners. Why you make use of the word 'assassination,' I know not, but I do know that it ought not to be used by Englishmen in any public document, and therefore it could never enter into my mind when speaking of a proclamation. Mirza Ahmed is collecting what he is pleased to call revenue, to enable him to raise men to attack the force under my command. Such plunder ought to be put a stop to.

Major Rawlinson responded:—

I regret that the unguarded use of the ugly word 'assassination,' which, however, I only intended to convey the meaning which the Prince might put upon a general offer of reward for the persons of the proscribed chiefs, should have given you any offence; but I trust you will excuse me, if I make a few remarks upon the subject of the proposed proclamation. We

¹ MS. correspondence.

are accused, and perhaps suspected, of having lately suborned people to attempt the life of Mohammed Akbar Khan; and Captain Nicolson is known to have offered a high reward on one occasion for the head of the Gooroo; and it would be very difficult therefore, it appears to me, in our present proclamation, to get the Affghans to appreciate the difference between the offer of a reward for the betrayal of Mirza Ahmed and Mohammed Atta into our hands, to be executed by the Prince (as every one must know they would be) on their arrival at Candahar, and for anticipating this sentence by taking their lives on the spot, wherever a man might be found bold enough to attempt the deed. Now, if any misunderstanding on this subject existed, and we were believed by our proclamation to be aiming at the lives rather than at the liberty of Mirza Ahmed and Mohammed Atta, it would only be natural for them to retaliate, and, aided by religious enthusiasm, and with the voice of the country in their favour, they would be far more likely, I think, to succeed in bribing Ghazees to kill our officers, than we should be in tempting any of the Affghans to seize the persons of the proscribed individuals and hand them over to us for execution. I cannot help thinking also, that even supposing the proclamation to be expressly stated and understood to aim only at the liberty of the two heads of the Candahar rebellion, still it would operate to our detriment rather than to our advantage, and would tend greatly to increase the inveteracy of our present contest with the Affghans. It would, probably, be met by the kidnapping of our own officers at this place, and I suspect it would be fraught with danger to our unfortunate countrymen in confinement at Lughman, at Cabul, and at Ghuzni. Should you still, however, desire to make the attempt to obtain possession of the persons of Mirza Ahmed and Mohammed Atta, I shall be happy to render literally into Persian any draft of a proclamation which you will send me, and to give the proclamation all possible publicity.¹

¹ MS. correspondence.

The arguments of the Resident prevailed with the Commandant, and no proclamation was issued.

It was now the middle of May. Pollock and Nott, each at the head of a fine force, and sufficiently supplied, were eager to advance upon Cabul, with the view of retrieving the honour of the British arms, tarnished in that quarter. But they felt that they must await the orders of the Supreme Government. A new Governor-General had arrived at Calcutta on February 28. What would his policy be? There were three possible courses—to maintain the occupation, and support it by largely reinforcing the occupying army; to withdraw from the country at once without making any further effort; and to prepare for an ultimate withdrawal, but, first of all, to redeem the honour of our arms by some bold forward movement, which should make it clear, both to the Affghans themselves, and to the world at large, that we were not driven from the country, but relinquished it of our own accord. On first taking up his Governor-Generalship, Lord Ellenborough seemed to incline to the last of these three policies. In a letter to the Commander-in Chief, dated March 15, he said:—

Whatever course we may hereafter take must rest solely on military considerations; and hence, in the first instance, regard [must be had] to the safety of the detached bodies of our troops at Jellalabad, at Ghuzni, at Khelat-i-Ghilzye, and Candahar; to the security of our troops now in the field from all unnecessary risk; and finally to *the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Affghans, which may make it appear to them, and to our own subjects, and to our allies, that we have the power of inflicting punishment upon those who commit atrocities and violate their faith*, and that we withdraw ultimately from Affghanistan, not from any deficiency of

means to maintain our position, but because we are satisfied that the King we have set up has not, as we were erroneously led to imagine, the support of the nation over which he has been placed.¹

But this phase of feeling soon passed, and was succeeded by a mere desire to withdraw the whole armed force at once. General Nott was written to in the following terms:—‘You will evacuate the city of Candahar. . . . You will proceed to take up a position at Quetta, until the season may enable you to retire upon Sukkur. The object of the above-directed measure is to withdraw all our forces to Sukkur at the earliest opportunity at which the season and other circumstances may permit you to take up a new position there. The manner of effecting this now necessary object is, however, left to your discretion.’² These orders came upon the authorities at Candahar ‘like a thunderbolt.’ ‘We had not,’ says Major Rawlinson in his diary, ‘from Lord Ellenborough’s former letters, thought such a measure possible until Cabul should be retaken.’ All preparations had been made for an advance. It had been intended that a strong column, under Colonels Wymer and Stacey, should move out of the city with forty days’ supplies on or about May 19, should march northwards, relieve Khelat-i-Ghilzye, and halt there until joined by a reserve brigade under General Nott, when the combined forces should move in the direction of Cabul, thereby facilitating General Pollock’s advance by the concentration of force at any rate, and, in the event of supplies being procurable, by

¹ Governor-General in Council to Sir Jasper Nicholls, March 15, 1842.

² MS. correspondence. The Chief Secretary to Major-General Nott, April 19, 1842.

actual physical co-operation. The Governor-General's orders put, for the time, a complete stoppage to this intended course of proceedings. Colonel Wymer was indeed sent out from Candahar on May 19, but with secret orders to destroy the fortifications of Khelat-i-Ghilzye and withdraw the garrison, while in all other respects the arrangements were altered or suspended. A letter of Major Rawlinson's to Sir J. Outram, dated May 18, will show the feelings of both the military and political authorities at this conjuncture.

MY DEAR OUTRAM,—The peremptory order to retire has come upon us like a thunder-clap. No one at Candahar is aware of such an order having been received, except the General and myself; and we must observe a profound secrecy as long as possible. The withdrawal of the garrison from Khelat-i-Ghilzye, and the destruction of the fortifications at that place, must, I fancy, however, expose our policy, and our situation will then be one of considerable embarrassment. General Nott intends, I believe, to order all the carriage at Quetta to be sent on to Candahar. A regiment is to escort the camels laden with grain to Killah Abdoolah, where the troops will remain in charge of the depôt, and from whence a regiment, or two regiments, detached from this will bring on the camels empty to Candahar. It must be our object to collect carriage, on the pretext of an advance to Cabul; but how long the secret can be kept it is impossible to say. When our intended retirement is once known, we must expect to have the whole country up in arms, and to obtain no cattle except such as we can violently lay hands upon.

If the worst come to the worst, we must abandon all baggage and stores, and be content to march with sufficient food to convey us to Quetta, for which I believe the carriage now available will suffice.

It will be quite impossible to destroy the works of Candahar, as directed in the Government letter; the

worst that can be done is to blow up the gateways. I have hardly yet had time to reflect fully upon the effects, immediate and prospective, of our abrupt departure. There is no man at present on whom I can cast my eyes in all Candahar as likely to succeed to power. Sufder Jung will be a mere puppet, of course, and will be liable to deposition at any moment. Should the Barukzyes triumph at Cabul, and should we no longer oppose the return of Kohundil, he will be the most likely chief to succeed ; but the natural consequences of his return, and of our determined non-interference with the affairs in this quarter, will be, of course, to render Persian influence paramount at Herat and Candahar ; and with the prospect of a Russian fleet at Asterabad, and a Persian army at Merv, it is by no means impossible that the designs which threatened us in 1838 may at last be directly accomplished. Strong measures of intimidation, both against Russia and Persia, will be our best protection.¹

The orders of the Governor-General, however, could not be disputed, and Nott felt that, however reluctant, he must begin to carry them into effect without delay. Accordingly, on May 19, he despatched the brigade which he had intended for Ghuzni and Cabul to relieve Khelat-i-Ghilzye, and, if possible, bring off its garrison. This object was attained without difficulty. A desperate Ghilzye attack had been made upon the fortress on May 21, but it had been completely beaten off by the gallant defenders ; and when, a few days later, Colonel Wymer, with his relieving brigade, arrived before the walls, not a foe was in sight, the Ghilzyes having dispersed to their homes. The garrison was thus quietly withdrawn, and the place was dismantled.

Nott's next duty was to make ready for the withdrawal of his entire army from Candahar by way of the

¹ MS. Correspondence. Major Rawlinson to Sir J. Outram, May 18, 1842.

Khojuck Pass and Quetta ; and with this view he was preparing to send a detachment southwards to bring up the carriage collected for him in that quarter, when fresh aggressive movements on the part of the Dooranis detained him. Aktur Khan, one of the most formidable of the Affghan chiefs, after spending some months in alternate overtures to the Dooranis and the British, towards the end of May made up his mind, and threw in his lot wholly with the former. A serious attack evidently impended. 'The Ghazees moved down on the Arghandab, and made arrangements to concentrate their troops in the neighbourhood of Baba-Wulee. It seemed probable that they would be able to raise the neighbouring tribes against us, and bring into the field a body of 4,000 or 5,000 men.'¹ Nott halted the detachment which had been on the point of starting for the Khojuck, and prepared to meet the Doorani demonstration with a counter-attack *en force*, which, with his usual gallantry, he resolved to lead in person. Major Rawlinson was allowed to accompany him as an aide-de-camp.

It was the 29th of May. 'At about eight o'clock in the morning,' writes Major Rawlinson, 'small parties of the enemy's horse were to be seen hovering about the cantonments. They carried off a good number of donkeys, and gained a more important prize in Prince Timour's large elephant. Mahra Khan's party of Parsewans went out to watch them, supported shortly afterwards by Christie's horse. By ten o'clock the numbers of the enemy had considerably increased, and the Baba-Wulee Pass was seen to be occupied. The General now ordered Colonel Stacey, with the 42nd and 48th regiments and four guns, to move from the camp east of the city, and take up position

¹ Kaye: *The War in Affghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 815.

near the cantonments, still thinking it probable that the Ghazees were merely reconnoitring, and would not venture to give us battle on this side of the pass. Some skirmishing took place as Colonel Stacey advanced beyond the cantonments; and when, finding the enemy in great numbers along the skirts of the hills, he fell back, to obey his orders and take up position, the Ghazees, imagining him to be on retreat to the city, pushed forward and took possession of the rocky heights west of the cantonments, from whence they opened a distant fire upon our line. The hillocks to the right were crowded with masses of horse, numbering apparently about 1,500; a crowd of footmen occupied the rocky heights in front of our line, and beyond, the shoulder of the Peer-Pace-Mal hill was covered with human beings thick as a flight of locusts; bodies of horse were also continually debouching round the shoulder, and pushing on to join their comrades on the right. The General, finding that everything now betokened a determination to fight, sent out eight more guns and her Majesty's 41st Regiment, and at one o'clock mounted, and went out to take the command. Immediately we reached the ground the light companies were ordered out to storm the heights, protected by the fire of the guns, and supported by the 43rd Regiment. The business was short, sharp, and decisive. About thirty of our men were wounded in the assault, but there was no sort of check, and we soon saw the forms of the Sepoys in full relief against the sky on the crest of the ridge. Chamberlain's horse now sweeping round, committed a heavy slaughter among the footmen, who were forced from their cover, and sent flying in disorder. At this time the General told me to take the Parsewan horse and clear the hillocks to the right of the detached parties which still held them—the main body of the enemy's horse having descended into the dip between the hillocks and the Baba-Wulee Pass—and Tait with his rissaleh was sent to support me. We drove the skirmishers easily off the hillocks, and pursued them

nearly to the foot of the pass, from whence we turned off to the right to attack a party which had been cut off from this outlet, and whose only road for escape was the Kotul-i-Moonha, distant between three and four miles. The chase was hot, and the line of country difficult; and the party reached the pass some fifty yards ahead of us. Two men, however, were cut up in the pursuit; and from the top of the pass we also got a heavy fire upon them, by which we killed another man, and wounded several. I found afterwards that the leader of this party was no other than Mohammed Atta himself, whose capture or death would have been worth all our other successes.

‘Whilst we were engaged in this business, one column of infantry and artillery, with Chamberlain’s horse, moved up direct to the Baba-Wulee Pass, and another column swept round the shoulder of the hill to the left; but our movements were too slow to be productive of any great results. Could we have brought the guns to bear on the pass when it was jammed with the disordered masses of the enemy, the slaughter would have been great. As it was, the rebel force had crossed fairly into the Arghandab valley before our column appeared at the foot of the pass. They had barricaded the pass with a huge heap of stones, and had run up during the morning a strong breastwork extending down the shoulder of the Peer-Pace-Mal hill to the edge of the canals; and both these defences being in their rear instead of their front, somewhat impeded their retreat. I fancy, however, that not more than fifty or sixty men were killed in the pursuit. The enemy had intended to take up position within these defences, and it would no doubt have given us some trouble to force them, but their scouts having come on and reported that the cantonments were vacated, and that the country was clear up to the gates of the town, the chiefs fancied that our garrison was too weak to do more than defend the walls. They had accordingly proposed to fix their camp near the cantonments, and regularly invest us.

Their tents and baggage had been all brought across the Arghandab for this purpose, and, if we had promptly followed up our success, we might probably have taken a large booty in the repassage of the river. The General, however, drew off the troops from the Baba-Wulee Pass and the shoulder of the hill, and the Dooranis proceeded leisurely to pitch their camp on the skirt of the plain beyond the cultivation which lines the banks of the river. From the Kotul-i-Moonha I descended into the Arghandab valley, and swept down the course of the river, hoping to intercept fugitives. As the Dooranis, however, had all of them missed the Baba-Wulee, we met with no great success. I availed myself of the occasion to visit the holy man at Khangree, and I also succeeded in arresting that notorious Moossid, Moolah Khuja. The place was thronged with Ghazees at the time, but, under the influence of the panic, they were too glad to screen themselves from the observation of our horsemen. I returned with the horse to Candahar before sunset.' ¹

The day's fighting had resulted in the complete dispersal of the enemy's foot; but as a portion of their horse still maintained itself in the valley of the Arghandab, Nott determined to follow up his success of the 29th by a further attack upon the 30th, and sent out a brigade under Colonel Stacey, which Major Rawlinson accompanied with the entire Persian horse. The enemy was, however, disinclined to resist, and drew off as our troops advanced, crossing the Arghandab, and even beginning to send their baggage over the hills to the rear. The Dooranis had evidently lost all heart; some sent to ask for terms; others were for proceeding to Cabul and joining the rebels in that quarter; almost every chief had a different plan; the one point on which all were agreed being, that it was useless to contend

¹ Major Rawlinson's MS. Diary for the year 1842.

with the British forces in the open field any longer. A strong indication of the prevailing despondency was given by the withdrawal of Prince Sufer Jung from the camp of the insurgents, and his return within the British lines on June 18. It is probable there would have been an absolute dispersion of the entire Doorani force, had not intelligence reached the chiefs by messengers from Hindustan, that the British were determined to withdraw altogether from Affghanistan, and that retrograde movements might be expected to begin very shortly.

The time had indeed arrived when General Nott felt that he had no longer any excuse for delaying to execute the orders which he had received from the Central Government, to retire upon India by way of Quetta and Sukkur. Ample carriage had been collected, and everything was in train for an immediate withdrawal, when, on July 20, a letter from the Governor-General reached the hands of the Commandant, which entirely changed his plan of operations, giving him the liberty he had so greatly longed for, and enabling him to strike a blow for the honour of England, which should deprive his retirement of all appearance of disgrace or defeat.

The letter (dated July 4) was to the effect, that General Nott must withdraw the British troops from Candahar to India without any further delay, but that he was at liberty to retire either by the route of Quetta and Sukkur, or by that of Ghuzni, Cabul, and Jellalabad. Nott's reply was as follows:—

Having well considered the subject of your Lordship's letter of the 4th instant, having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the moral influence which it

would have throughout Asia, I have come to a determination to retire a portion of the army under my command *via* Ghuzni and Cabul.¹

In coming to this decision, General Nott had the full support and sympathy of his political colleague, who, however, was at this time devoid of any political authority. Lord Ellenborough had, by a stroke of the pen, deprived the 'Politicals' of the powers entrusted to them, and vested the supreme civil, as well as the supreme military, authority in the Commandants. 'Nott, however,' as the historian of the Affghan War remarks, 'was not inclined to interfere in the political management of affairs, and Major Rawlinson continued to conduct them very much as he had done before the order was issued; but he referred all important questions to the General, who, for the most part, deferred to the opinions of his more experienced political associate.'²

The change of plan consequent upon Lord Ellenborough's letter of July 4, necessitated some further delay in the retirement of the troops from the Western Affghan capital. The army had to be divided. It had to be determined which portion should be sent home *via* Quetta and Sukkur, and which should take the route of Ghuzni, Cabul, and Jellalabad. It had to be decided who should command each portion. It had further to be settled who should be left in authority at Candahar—what should be done with the two princes, Timour and Sufder Jung, sons of Shah Soojah, who were living there under our protection—and what measures should be taken to secure a peaceable transfer of the municipal government and administration from the British to the native authority. Nott's decision was to take the

¹ Kaye's *History of the War in Affghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 322.

² *Ibid.* p. 320, note.

command of the northern army himself, and to give the command of the southern one to General England. He took with him the 40th and 41st Queen's Infantry, the three Sepoy regiments which had fought so gallantly against the Dooranis, some squadrons of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, Anderson's troop of Horse Artillery, Blood's Battery, Christie's Horse, and a few other cavalry details. To General England he assigned the Bombay Infantry, two companies of Bengal Artillery, three regiments belonging to the late Shah's force, and some details of the Irregular Horse. England was not very well satisfied, but he had to submit to his superior officer. The intended evacuation was then announced. It was decided to leave Sufler Jung as the supreme authority in the city, and to send Prince Timour to Hindustan with General England's detachment. A new municipality was organised. Then the fortifications were dismantled. The troops were seriously cautioned against committing any excesses; and, on the 7th of August, the British forces evacuated Candahar quietly, peaceably, in the most regular and orderly manner, without a shot being fired or an outrage committed.¹ Major Rawlinson accompanied General Nott's brigade, and having now lost his political functions, was attached by the General to his own person as his aide-de-camp.

¹ The following is an extract from Major Rawlinson's Diary for August 7, 1842:—'We have this evening evacuated Candahar in the most regular and orderly manner conceivable. There has been no indication of ill-will on the part of the citizens, no disposition on the part of the Sepoys to indulge in military license. Instead of the tumult, the confusion, the general excitement to which I used to look forward as inseparable from our evacuation of the capital of a province, where so many conflicting interests prevail, and where a large part of the military population has for so long a time been arrayed in arms against us, I have been agreeably disappointed in finding a profound tranquillity, and every appearance of a mutually good understanding.'

The march upon Cabul commenced on August 10, when the troops moved a distance of ten miles; from Candahar to Kila Azeem Khan. No enemy was encountered upon the way; and this peaceful condition of things continued until August 27, when 160 miles of the distance to be traversed had been accomplished, and the troops had reached the important position of Mookoor—the strongest between Candahar and Cabul. Here the appearance of things suddenly altered; the villages were deserted; no supplies were brought in; it was evident that a hostile district had been entered; and ere long it was ascertained that Shumshoodeen Khan, the re-taker of Ghuzni, had moved out of that place with 500 horse and two guns, had thrown all his energies into the work of raising the country between Mookoor and Ghuzni, and was determined to dispute the further advance of Nott's army. On August 28 the first actual collision took place. The enemy attacked, but was beaten back by Captain Christie with the irregular cavalry, and retired out of sight. The day's march was completed, and the camels were sent out to graze, and the foragers to cut grass, when a report, wholly unfounded, was brought into camp that the foragers were being cut to pieces by the enemy. Captain Delamain, who had sent them out, rode off at once with all the disposable cavalry to relieve them, found it a false alarm, but advanced rashly, and became entangled with some large masses of the enemy's horse and foot, who bore down upon his scanty squadrons with an effect which was tremendous. Two officers were killed within the space of a few minutes, and three others wounded. Fifty-six men were placed *hors de combat*. Nott saved a remnant of the horse by rapidly advancing, but the defeat was unmistakable;

and, as Major Rawlinson wrote to Sir James Outram, 'It was a bad beginning.'¹

It was soon, however, at least partially, redeemed. On August 30, Nott, who was still pushing on towards Ghuzni, attacked a fort which threatened his line of march, and when Shumshoodeen Khan came to its relief, turned the attack upon him, advanced at a quick pace, and gave his troops the order to charge. When the gleaming line of bayonets approached, the Affghan troops shrank from the encounter, turned, fled, and dispersed. One of their guns broke down, and was immediately captured. Christie's horse pursued and carried off the other. All Shumshoodeen's magazines and stores were scattered about the plain over which he fled, and recklessly abandoned. He himself fell back upon Ghuzni; while the tribes who had gathered to his standard hurried in panic flight to their respective homes.

Nott was now drawing very near to Ghuzni, where, if anywhere, the enemy was likely to make a determined stand. On September 5 he arrived in front of the fortress, which he found defended by a garrison of no great strength, but also protected by a powerful covering force under Shumshoodeen, who had been largely reinforced from Cabul. These troops crowned the hills, especially those to the north-east of the stronghold. The gay attire and the fine chargers of the chiefs made them conspicuous even at a distance. The gardens, the ravines, and the water-courses outside the town were swarming with matchlock men, and there was a fairly large armed force within the walls. General Nott could not encamp in safety until he had cleared the heights, which the troops under his com-

¹ Letter of September 7, 1842.

mand did with great gallantry before the camp was pitched. Even then it was found that the position chosen was too near the town, since it was commanded by one of the Ghuzni guns, a piece of large calibre, known as the 'Zubber Jung,' fourteen shots from which fell within the camp, but fortunately without doing any mischief. The tents, however, had to be struck, and the camp shifted to the village of Roza, distant about two miles from the city. It was intended to assault the town on the morrow, and the engineers were occupied during the whole of the night in constructing batteries from which to breach the walls. A good defence might have been made, for the Affghan force in and about the place seems to have been not less than 5,000 men; but the tribes had recently lost heart. Their cavalry could not act within walls, and their infantry were unwilling to stand a prolonged siege. In the course of the night, the whole garrison silently withdrew; and when morning came, the engineers, whose suspicions had been aroused by the silence, found the gates open and the city abandoned. The vicinity of the city was also wholly deserted by the rebels. Shumshodeen, with a small body of horse, had fled to Cabul, and the remainder had dispersed to their homes.

The enemy's guns, which it was impossible to carry off, were destroyed. Mines were exploded in various places under the walls, and finally both the town and citadel were set on fire. 'The woodwork soon ignited, and all through the night the flames of the burning fortress lit up the overhanging sky.'¹

It remained to carry out an object on which the Governor-General had set his heart. The village of

¹ Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. iii. p. 885.

Roza contained the tomb of a former Affghan king—Sultan Mahmoud of Ghuzni; and this tomb was closed by gates, which he was believed to have carried off from the Indian Temple of Somnauth, as a trophy and a memorial of his victories. Lord Ellenborough had especially enjoined upon General Nott to despoil the tomb of these gates, and to convey them carefully to India. ‘You will bring away,’ he wrote, ‘from the tomb of Mahmoud of Ghuzni his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the Temple of Somnauth.’ On examining the inscriptions on Sultan Mahmoud’s tomb, Major Rawlinson found pretty clear evidence that the gates were not those of Somnauth; but, as the Governor-General’s orders were imperative, and the effect would be the same, whether the gates were genuine or were only believed to be genuine, their removal was determined on. ‘The work was performed by Europeans, and all possible delicacy was observed in not desecrating the shrine further than was absolutely necessary. The guardians of the tomb wept bitterly, but the sensation was less than might have been expected.’¹ No fanaticism was aroused; and even the guardians themselves allowed that the conquerors were acting within their rights, only they asked: ‘Of what value can these old timbers be to you?’ The reply was: ‘The gates are the property of India—taken from it by one conqueror, they are restored to it by another. We leave the shrine undesecrated, and only take our own.’²

The march to Cabul was resumed upon September 10. For some days the enemy offered no opposition, but on the 14th, near Mydan, they assumed

¹ Major Rawlinson’s MS. Diary for September 8, 1842.

² *Ibid.*

a menacing attitude, and had to be attacked by our troops. The fight was indecisive, and further conflict was anticipated for the next day; but in the night news of the defeat of Akbar Khan, and the advance of Pollock, reached the Affghans, and they fell back. Nott advanced on the 15th, and fighting his way, passed Urghundeh on the 16th, and on the 17th approached Cabul and pitched his camp at the distance of some four or five miles from the city. Pollock had, however, anticipated him. He had reached the capital two days previously, after having inflicted a complete defeat on Akbar Khan, and on the 16th had planted the British flag on the highest point of the Balla Hissar.

The first communication between the two forces thus happily concentrated was effected by Major Rawlinson. On September 16, having arrived at Urghundeh, and received information of General Pollock's vicinity, he proposed to Nott that he should ride off to Pollock's camp, and have an interview with him on the general position of affairs. Nott consented, and Major Rawlinson immediately put on an Affghan dress, and, escorted by a body of Parsewan horse, rode in through the town to the race-course, where he found Pollock's army encamped, and had a long conversation with its commander. On the following day he returned to the Candahar force, with a letter from Pollock to Nott, in which he communicated his views on the situation to his brother general.

Major Rawlinson's participation in the 'Great Affghan War' terminated with this service. He had now no longer any official position, and would have no further duties to discharge, unless there should be battles to fight on the return march to India by Jellalabad and the Khyber. As it happened, there

were no such battles, the tribes being content with a mere guerilla warfare. Major Rawlinson, quitting Cabul on October 12, reached Jugdulluk on October 18, Jellalabad on October 25, the Khyber on November 3, Attock on November 12, and Ferozepoor on December 1.

CHAPTER VII

TROUBLE RESPECTING CANDAHAR ACCOUNTS—ILLNESS—DIFFICULTIES SURMOUNTED—MEETING WITH LORD ELLENBOROUGH—LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S OFFERS—ACCEPTS THE RESIDENCY AT BAGHDAD.

ARRIVED once more in India, unencumbered by political appointment, Major Rawlinson would naturally have returned to the dull routine of regimental work, whereof he had become so weary in the autumn and early winter of 1839, but an untoward circumstance gave him still more wearisome employment of another kind. On quitting Candahar he had been forced, by the peremptory order of General Nott, to part from all his heavy baggage, including his voluminous accounts, and to send it to India with the baggage of General England's force by the way of Quetta and Sukkur. His assistant, Lieutenant Jackson, had the charge of the precious documents, which comprised among them vouchers for the expenditure of well nigh a million of our money. By a most unfortunate accident, the vessel containing all these books and bills and vouchers took fire, and was completely burnt as it descended the Sutlej. Major Rawlinson was left without a scrap of paper to show how the large sum for which he was responsible had been expended. Yet he was sternly required to send in full and exact accounts, just as if no accident had happened. The blow was almost

overwhelming. Major Rawlinson wrote to us at home that he was a ruined man, since to send in the accounts demanded of him was impossible. But he did not allow his despondency to paralyse him. He took a house at Agra, and, bracing himself to his tiresome and uncongenial task, he set to work to reconstruct his accounts, and to obtain duplicate vouchers for all the various items of expenditure. By a prodigious effort of memory he recalled the names and addresses of all those to whom he had made disbursements, and, explaining to them how he was circumstanced, requested as a favour that they would send him duplicate vouchers. In no case was he met with a refusal. Sometimes there was great difficulty in communicating with the individual addressed, who had changed his place of abode, and whom it was hard to trace; but such were the relations of friendly feeling and good-will which he had established with the Candaharis, that, after six months' hard work, he was able to finish off the business. In the course of it he had, as might have been anticipated, a severe attack of brain fever; but, recovering from this, he succeeded, towards the close of March 1843, in presenting to the financial authorities such an account of his receipts and expenditure, in the capacity of British Resident at Candahar, as caused him to be specially complimented by the Government of India for his exactness and accuracy.

The result was a great satisfaction to him; but there remained one other point connected with his Candahar appointment, which he felt as a grievance, and as an undeserved piece of ill-treatment. He had held the appointment and discharged the duties of 'Political Agent at Candahar' for the space of nearly three years, and had certainly not been among the

least distinguished of the 'Politicals' employed by the Government; he had accompanied the forces of Generals Nott and Pollock on the march back to India still in a political capacity, but, while every other political agent employed in a similar way had received honorary reward at the close of the campaign, he alone had been entirely passed over. The slight was so manifest and so undeserved, that General Nott, before parting from him at Lucknow in 1843, was induced to write him the following letter :—

Lucknow, July 18, 1848.

DEAR RAWLINSON,—I cannot allow you to leave for England without expressing to you the disappointment I felt on finding that your name was not included in the list of officers who received marks of her Majesty's favour for services in Afghanistan. I certainly expected that you would have been a C.B. You were honourably mentioned in my despatches after the following battles—Kaleeshuh, January 12, 1841; Candahar Cantonments, May 29; defence of Candahar, March 10; Battle of Ghoni, August 30. You were with me in the field at the battle of Ghuzni, and at the capture of that city, and at the hard fighting during the march from Ghuzni to Cabul, and thence to the banks of the Sutlej. I was always pleased with your zeal and gallantry, and, as I have said, I deeply regret that you were not equally honoured and rewarded with those who had done less in the service of their country. However, as you are now going to Old England, I trust you will yet succeed. I shall always be ready to certify to your deserving reward. Wishing you every happiness,

I am, yours truly,

W. NOTT.

As his intention to visit England was given up, Major Rawlinson transmitted this document, with the

following letter, to Colonel Durand, Lord Ellenborough's military secretary :—

MY DEAR DURAND,—I shall be very much obliged if you will take any opportunity that may offer to show the enclosed to Lord Ellenborough.

As I am the only single Political Agent with the forces of Generals Nott and Pollock who did not receive honorary reward at the conclusion of the Affghan campaign, I intended on reaching England to have brought my case personally to the notice of the proper authorities, and I thought that the enclosed handsome testimony to my services gave me a fair prospect of success. You are probably aware, however, that my views are now changed, and that his Lordship having most kindly offered me employment, I am not going home. Under these circumstances will it, think you, be asking too great a favour to solicit his Lordship to enclose the note to the Horse Guards, or would you recommend me to send it in officially through Somerset? Even supposing no immediate good resulted, it would at any rate be desirable to have such a document on record at the Horse Guards, and I am therefore most anxious to get the note submitted in some way or other to the Great Duke. Pray let me know what his Lordship says when you show him the note, and believe me yours very truly,

H. C. RAWLINSON.

Colonel Durand's reply does not appear among my brother's papers, but the application made to him seems to have been successful. On February 22, 1844—seven months later—the coveted distinction was conferred, and Major Rawlinson, then at Baghdad, received information of his appointment to be a C.B., the badge and insignia of the order being shortly afterwards sent out to him.

To recruit his health, shaken by the fever from

which he had suffered, Major Rawlinson was contemplating, in the early summer of 1843, a return to England on the furlough to which he was entitled, when another fortuitous circumstance—this time a happy one—interfered with his plans, and determined to a large extent the character of his future career. He had taken his place from Allahabad to Calcutta by a steamer on the Ganges, when he found Lord Ellenborough, to whom he was not yet personally known, among his fellow-passengers. An acquaintance necessarily followed, and upon the acquaintance an intimacy. The Governor-General, after the first day or two, insisted on having his companionship all day long and every day. Every Indian problem, every topic of interest connected with the condition of the East, and most of the knotty points of European politics, were discussed between them. Each seemed magnetically attracted by the other, and before the voyage was over, the Governor-General, having (so far as Major Rawlinson was concerned) completely got over his prejudice against ‘Politicals,’ offered him any appointment in his gift that his rank would allow him to hold, which might be found to be vacant when they reached the seat of Government. On their arrival, the highest of such appointments proved to be the ‘Residency at Nepaul,’ or ‘Central India Agency,’ and this was at once placed at Major Rawlinson’s disposal; but he was somewhat weary of governing half-civilised Orientals, and longed to get back to those linguistic and archæological investigations which had engaged his attention and fascinated his imagination when he was in Persia during the years 1833–39. It happened that the ‘Political Agency in Turkish Arabia’ was also among the posts vacant, or just about to be vacant; and this

was a post which the student-soldier had long coveted. It was not a position of so much dignity as the 'Nepaulese Agency,' nor of so much emolument; but it would take him back to the near neighbourhood of those mysterious inscriptions which he longed to decipher and interpret; it would enable him to resume an interrupted study, and complete a half-accomplished work; it would give him a sufficient income, very light political duties, and ample leisure to devote to those occupations in which during his past life he had found the greatest pleasure and the greatest and most solid satisfaction. He therefore declined the Nepaulese post which was offered him, and expressed to Lord Ellenborough his strong desire to return to the scene of his former labours, and resume his cuneiform investigations. His Lordship made no difficulty about granting the modest request, and in October 1843, Major Rawlinson received at his hands the formal appointment of 'British Political Agent in Turkish Arabia,' in succession to Colonel Taylor.

The acceptance of the appointment involved an almost immediate journey. Crossing India by dawk to Bombay, Major Rawlinson, late in November, embarked on board the *Clio* steamer (Captain Fitz-James) and was conveyed through the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf to Bussorah; whence another steamer, the *Nitocris*, carried him to Baghdad, where he arrived on December 6. The subjoined extract from his Journal will show the manner of his reception and the nature of his official duties:—

December 6.—Arrived at Baghdad, and landed under a salute of thirteen guns from the steamer, which was returned by the Pasha. The Pasha sent Behir Beg to Gerrara, with kavasses, &c., to congratulate me, and

another officer waited upon me at the Residency with similar compliments. The French Consul-General also paid me a visit of ceremony; and all the Christian merchants connected with the British Agency were likewise introduced.

December 7.—I was visited to-day by the Persian Consul, by Mirza H., the Akbal-ed-Dowlah, and some other Christian merchants, whom I omitted to see yesterday. The English post arrived from Damascus, with little or no news, however. I presented my credentials to the Pasha.

December 8, Friday.—Arranged with the Pasha that I should visit him to-morrow. Communicated to the Kaliya Mr. Hester's application for a paper confirming the appointment of his overseer to the farm which he possesses on the Khaliss. Received trays of sweetmeats and complimentary messages from the Nawab-i-Hajerah, Aghu Khan's mother, and Mirza H. Was visited by the Walee and Mahmoud Meerzah.

It will be seen that there was not much to divert his attention from the studies which had formed his attraction to the place, and which he was now bent on pursuing with the utmost possible zeal and diligence.

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST RESIDENCE AT BAGHDAD (1844-49)—CUNEIFORM STUDIES—
FIRST CUNEIFORM MEMOIR—STUDIES FOR SECOND MEMOIR—
CONTACT WITH LAYARD—FINAL VISIT TO BEHISTÚN—RETURN
TO ENGLAND.

THE first half of the year 1844 was passed by Major Rawlinson in a quietude to which he had long been unaccustomed, and which, after the turmoil and troubles of his Candahar appointment, was exceedingly grateful to him. He had simply to form acquaintance with the new community wherein his lot was cast, to settle himself comfortably in the 'Residency' permanently assigned to the British Political Agent in Turkish Arabia, and to arrange a system for the details of his public and private business such as might seem to him most convenient. The 'Residency' was a house built on a grand scale, with large and numerous apartments, necessitating an enormous staff of servants, cooks, grooms, stable-boys, attendants of all kinds, coffee-grinders, pipe-fillers, &c., &c. Considerable state had to be kept up, numerous entertainments given, a multitude of visits paid, and a guard of honour turned out to accompany the Resident whenever he went beyond the walls. There were also frequent despatches to be written, both to Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and to the Indian Government. The Pasha, moreover, required to be continually interviewed, since all persons under British protection,

who had any complaint to make against either the authorities or Turkish subjects, preferred complaining through the 'Resident.'

These somewhat dull matters of routine occupied, especially at first, a considerable portion of Major Rawlinson's time and attention ; but, even from the first, he managed to reserve a share of both for the studies which so greatly interested him. Writing of this time a few years later, he says :—

Years rolled on, and, in December 1843, I found myself again at Baghdad. The interest in the inscriptions with which my original researches had inspired me had never flagged; it was sharpened perhaps by the accidents that had so long operated to delay its gratification; and I thus hastened, with eager satisfaction, to profit by the first interval of relaxation that I had enjoyed for many years, to resume the thread of the inquiry. Mr. Westergaard, well-known for his contributions to Sanskrit literature, who had been travelling in Persia during the year 1843, for the express purpose of collecting palæographic and antiquarian materials, supplied me at this period, in the most liberal manner, with several new inscriptions which he had copied at Persepolis.¹ The inscription on the portal close to the great staircase, which had escaped all former visitors, was of much value; equally so were the corrections of Niebuhr's Inscriptions I. and II., and the restoration of all the minor tablets upon the platform; but the gem of his collection, the most important record in fact of the class which exists in Persia, with the exception of the tablets of Behistun, I found to be the long inscription at Nakhsh-i-Rustam, engraved on the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius. This inscription was no less remarkable for its extent and

¹ The letter containing these inscriptions is still in existence, though in a very ragged condition. It is dated October 18, 1843, and appears to have been begun at Julfa and finished at Teheran.

interest than for the correctness of its delineation. I could not but observe, indeed, that Mr. Westergaard's copy, defective as it necessarily was, both from the abrasion of the rock and from the difficulty of tracing letters through a telescope at so great an elevation, still indicated, in its superiority over all the specimens of Niebuhr, Le Brun, Porter, and Rich, the immense advantage which a transcriber acquainted with the character and language enjoys over one who can only depend for the fidelity of his copy on the imitative accuracy of an artist.¹

M. Westergaard was accompanied at this time by M. Dittel, a Russian Orientalist, who had been his coadjutor at Persepolis; and this *savant* kindly supplied Major Rawlinson with the Median (or Scythic) version of the Nakhsh-i-Rustam Inscription, thus further stimulating him in the pursuit of his favourite studies, and assisting him to push them to a successful issue. To both of these scholars, but especially to M. Westergaard, Major Rawlinson always expressed himself as under considerable obligations.

It scarcely, perhaps, needed the stimulus of MM. Dittel and Westergaard's discoveries to cause Major Rawlinson to assume once more the rôle of an explorer, and to start for Behistun in the early summer of 1844, bent on extorting from the reluctant rock something more nearly approaching to a full account, than it had as yet given, of the treasures that were in its keeping. Mr. Hester and Captain Jones, R.N., accompanied him on this expedition.

The journey to Behistun was made by way of Kirmanshah without misadventure. Persia recognised in

¹ 'Memoir on the Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun,' by Major H. C. Rawlinson, C.B., in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, London, vol. x. pp. 14, 15.

the explorer an old friend, and gave him a kindly greeting. At every turn he met with old acquaintances. The special object which he had in view on this occasion was to supplement his labours during his former visits in the years 1836 and 1837, by obtaining a complete transcript of the entire *Persian* inscription, or rather inscriptions, for besides the main engraving there are several small detached tablets; and to carry through the work in the most careful possible way. He was less concerned about the other versions—the Babylonian and the so-called ‘Median’—but intended to pay them such attention as circumstances would allow. He knew the locality, and was therefore well aware that his task would be a difficult one, owing to the great height of the inscriptions (three hundred feet) above the level of the plain, and the precipitous character of the ascent to them. To climb the rock in order to arrive at the point where the engraving of characters upon the stone begins, is not indeed to be regarded as a dangerous feat, if the climber is a tolerably well-trained mountaineer; but it is trying both to the nerves and to the muscles of an ordinary traveller. These difficulties were, however, in the main overcome, and by dint of a week’s continuous work, the whole of the *Persian*, and the whole of the so-called *Median*, writing was successfully transcribed, as also were the whole of the detached Babylonian epigraphs. The Babylonian version of the Great Inscription was found to be absolutely inaccessible with the means at the explorer’s disposal. It was therefore left unattempted, to await the time when a more nimble-footed cragsman, or a better climbing apparatus, should be brought against it.

Several very curious discoveries were made during

the close inspection to which the entire rocky surface was necessarily subjected. In the first place it was seen that the entire surface had been carefully smoothed preparatory to the engraving of the inscriptions on it; and when any portion proved to be unsound, it had been cut away, and fragments of a better quality, imbedded in molten lead, had been inserted, with a neatness and precision that rendered a very careful scrubbing necessary in order to detect the artifice. Again, holes and fissures which perforated the rock had been filled up with good material; and a polish had been given to the whole structure which could only have been accomplished by mechanical means. Further, it was evident to those who, in company with Major Rawlinson, scrutinised the execution of the work, that, after the engraving of the rock had been accomplished, a coating of silicious varnish had been laid on, to give a clearness of outline to each individual letter, and to protect the surface from the action of the elements. The varnish was of infinitely greater hardness than the limestone beneath it. It had been washed down in several places by the trickling of water for three-and-twenty centuries; and it lay in flakes upon the foot-ledge like thin layers of lava. It adhered in some portions of the tablets to the broken surface, and still showed with sufficient distinctness the forms of the characters, although the rock beneath was entirely honeycombed and destroyed. It was only indeed in great fissures, caused by the out-bursting of natural springs, and in the lower part of the smoothed surface, where artificial mutilation is suspected, that the varnish had entirely disappeared.¹

¹ Major Rawlinson, in his 'Memoir on the Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun,' published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x. p. 198.

The inaccessibility of the sculptures and inscriptions was apparently intentional. Though the iconoclasm of Islam can scarcely have been anticipated, yet the barbarous habit of Egyptian monarchs to deface or obliterate the monuments of their predecessors may have been known, or possibly a mere natural instinct may have suggested to the author of the monument that he was provoking the jealousy of later ages—at any rate, it is clear that great pains were taken to ensure the isolation of the work and make a near approach to it a matter of difficulty. A scaffolding must unquestionably have been erected for the convenience of the workmen employed in its execution; and, when their task was accomplished, this was no doubt removed. Excepting by means of ladders, the sculptures would then have been absolutely inaccessible, unless there were secret staircases, known to the guardians, of which there is at present no appearance.

After a week's stay in the immediate vicinity of this extraordinary and most elaborate monument, the travellers set out on their return. It was not thought desirable, however, to retrace their steps. Throughout his life, Major Rawlinson took every opportunity that presented itself to him of advancing geographical knowledge; and learning that there was a route from Kermanshah to Baghdad, previously unexplored by Europeans, through Zagros, and then along the course of the Diyalah, he determined on pursuing it. In the course of this journey he discovered and copied the famous Sassanian inscription of Pai Kuli, which was published by Edwin Thomas in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' from his note-book.

The materials brought from Behistun kept Major Rawlinson fully employed during all the leisure time

that he had at his disposal during the year 1845. These materials were so superior to those previously in his possession, that he felt himself under the necessity of entirely re-writing the 'Memoir on the Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun,' which he had commenced as early as 1836, and concluded in a first rough form in 1839. The labour of transcribing with exactness, so as to meet the requirements of the engraver, more than four hundred long lines of closely packed cuneiform writing, was considerable, and the task of re-writing the 'Memoir,' which had extended to 541 pages, was also no light one. The time that could be devoted to the task was not many hours a day, and unremitting assiduity was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the work within the space that a learned Society could be expected to employ their printer upon it. This to a sportsman, and one accustomed to pass the greater portion of every day in the open air, involved no small sacrifice ; and the heaviness of the task was increased by the height of the temperature, which in Baghdad varies between about 90 and 120 degrees of Fahrenheit. The rate of 90 degrees could only be maintained during the summer heats by the action of a water-wheel, turned by the Tigris, which poured a continuous stream of Tigris water over the roof of a summer house, built at the extreme end of the Residency garden and over-hanging the river. In this apartment, while at Baghdad, Major Rawlinson wrote the great bulk of his despatches, his letters, and his Memoirs.

For recreation, he indulged in the petting and taming of wild animals. He had a mongoose, which roamed all over his house, and made itself useful by the destruction of snakes and vermin. He had also for

many years a tame leopard, named Fahad, which he ultimately brought to England, and presented to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, near Bristol. When in England he would often visit the Gardens for the especial purpose of seeing and talking to Fahad. Entering the room of the greater *carnivoræ*, 'Fahad, Fahad,' he would cry; and the faithful beast would rise from the floor of its cage, and come slowly towards the voice, with pricked ears and pleased countenance, and then roll on the floor, and approach his head to the bars to be scratched. Once, as Major Rawlinson was patting and rubbing his head, the keeper rushed in, and exclaimed in great alarm, 'Sir, sir, what are you doing? Take your hand out of the cage. The animal's very savage, and will bite you!' 'Do you think so?' said the Major. 'No, I don't think he'll bite *me*. Will you, Fahad?' And the beast answered by a loud purr, and would scarcely let the hand be withdrawn. Another of my brother's favourites at Baghdad was a pet lion. The creature had been found in a bed of rushes and flags near the Tigris, when a mere kitten, its mother having been shot, and had been brought to the Residency, where Major Rawlinson had given a few *tomauns* for it. To tame it, and attach it to himself, he gave his household strict orders that no one but himself should ever feed it; and sometimes, when he was feeding it, he would make a servant approach and make a show of taking the food away, when he would rise to his feet, scold the servant loudly, and knock him down, or chase him out of the room. He would then bring the beast back his food, make him eat it out of his hand, pat his head, and find him a cool place to lie down in. The lion would follow him about, all over his house and garden, like a dog, and was never

altogether happy unless he could be with him. But the poor creature had not a long life. In one very hot season he became manifestly unwell, moped, and rejected his food. As a matter of course he was in his master's room, where he paced wearily about, or lay down and groaned. His master, who was very busy writing despatches for the evening's post, finding himself disturbed by the sounds and movements, summoned a couple of servants, and said, 'Take the lion away!' They tried their best; but the lion would not go. He retreated nearer and nearer to his master's chair, and at last sat down under it with his head between his master's knees. When the servants pulled at him to drag him out, he growled at them and showed his teeth. 'Oh!' said my brother, 'if he won't go, let him bide.' The attendants departed; Major Rawlinson was absorbed in his despatches; the lion by degrees sank from a sitting position into that of a 'lion couchant'; all was quiet for some hours, save the scratching of a pen; then, his work over, Major Rawlinson put down his hand to pat his favourite; but his hand fell on a stiff form—the lion was dead.

Major Rawlinson also during this year (1845), in view of his position as British Resident in Turkish Arabia, and also in the prospect of coming Babylonian decipherment, commenced the serious study of Arabic, quite necessary to all who would thoroughly master any one of the Semitic tongues. He likewise made excursions into the Jezireh, or tract between the two great rivers, which increased his geographical knowledge, and much facilitated his subsequent researches into Babylonian topography.

The year 1846 was mainly occupied by putting final touches to the Persian 'Memoir,' and by de-

spatching it in fragments to England, to the care of the Royal Asiatic Society, in whose 'Journal' it was printed in the course of the two or three ensuing years, forming the whole of vol. x. (published in 1846, 1847) and the first part of vol. xi. (published in 1849). This work being once out of his hands, Major Rawlinson, according to his own statement, 'took in hand Babylonian decipherment'—a task of much greater difficulty, and proceeded to devote for some years almost the whole of his literary energy to this attractive field, which the researches of Henry Austin Layard at Nineveh and other Assyrian sites were continually investing with greater and greater interest. Layard had come out from Constantinople to Turkish Arabia in 1845, with a *firman* of an unusually wide and liberal character,¹ obtained for him from the Sultan by the influence of Sir Stratford Canning, and had soon made himself famous by the remarkable results of his excavations. These passed in every case through Major Rawlinson's hands on their way to England, since they were floated on rafts down the Tigris to Baghdad, and there re-shipped for the voyage round the Cape to London. In the year 1846, about February or March, Layard himself made the journey from Mosul to Baghdad; and the two discoverers had the pleasure of meeting and making each other's personal acquaintance. Layard was a man excellently fitted for the work of an explorer and excavator, strong, robust, determined, able to exert a powerful influence over Orientals, and calcu-

¹ 'The vizierial order,' says Mr. Layard, 'was as comprehensive as could be desired; and, having been granted on the departure of the British Ambassador, was the highest testimony the Turkish Government could give of their respect for the character of Sir Stratford Canning, and of their appreciation of the eminent services he had rendered them.'—*Nineveh and its Remains*, chap. v. p. 47.

lated to compel obedience from them ; active, energetic, and inured to hardship by his previous travels in wild regions. He was also familiar with Arabic and Turkish, and clever at catching up dialects. But he was not a scholar, or a man of any great culture, or of any wide reading. Probably no better pioneer could have been found for the rough work then needed in the East ; and it was a happy chance which brought together two such men as him and Major Rawlinson as labourers at the same time and in the same field, but with each his own special task—each strongest where the other was weakest—Layard, the excavator, the effective task-master, the hard-working and judicious gatherer together of materials ; and Rawlinson, the classical scholar, the linguist, the diligent student of history, the man at once of wide reading and keen insight, the cool, dispassionate investigator and weigher of evidence. The two men mutually esteemed and respected each other ; were ready to assist each other to the utmost of their power ; and, if occasionally they clashed in opinion, and maintained opposing views on subjects of antiquarian research, their differences led on to no rancour or jealousy, but rather to an increasing regard as time went on. Layard had undoubtedly sometimes to be corrected by his more scholarly contemporary ; but his feelings are probably well described by his friend and whilom ‘chief,’ Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who thus expresses himself in a letter to Major Rawlinson, dated February 22, 1854 :—

I have read with much interest and pleasure your account of the new discoveries, though in some respects they seem to bear rather hard on our friend Layard and his notions. In matters of antiquity, as in others, truth is the essential matter ; and though it may be supposed Mr. Layard would have had more pleasure in

finding it on his side, I am confident that, with the whole world of literary and antiquarian research, he will be grateful to you for establishing it on any side in a clear and unmistakable light.¹

In one respect Major Rawlinson was unfortunate in his endeavours to render Mr. Layard some help on the occasion of his first visit to the ruins of Nineveh. Knowing that the Euphrates steamer, one of the two vessels originally launched on the Mesopotamian rivers, had some years previously succeeded in reaching the tomb of Sultan Abdallah, a few miles below Nimrud, he offered to send the small steamer, which he had at his disposal for navigating the lower Tigris, up the river as far, if possible, as Nimrud, to assist in the conveyance of Mr. Layard's sculptures and other antiquities from that site to Baghdad or Bussorah. For this help Mr. Layard had waited impatiently through the summer of 1846; but, when autumn arrived, and an attempt was made to carry the scheme into execution, it was found that the machinery of Major Rawlinson's steamer, the *Nitocris*, was either too much out of repair, or not sufficiently powerful to impel the vessel over the rapids which occur in certain parts of the stream. After ascending some miles above Tekrit, the attempt had to be given up, and the *Nitocris* returned to Baghdad, *re infecta*.²

Meanwhile, Major Rawlinson was enjoying the full advantage of free access to the Ninevite treasures on their passage through Baghdad to England, and was able, through his study of the Babylonian detached inscriptions at Behistun, to give a very shrewd guess at the general tenor of their contents. In letters to

¹ Major Rawlinson's MS. correspondence.

² See Layard's *Nineveh and its Remains*, chap. v. p. 50.

the Royal Asiatic Society, dated January 23, June 19, and November 3, 1847, he began the publication of his views on the subject of the Assyrian alphabet and language, and especially gave an account of the inscription on the famous 'Black Obelisk,' discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud, which, though undoubtedly very imperfect, compares favourably, as a tentative essay, with any other exposition of an Assyrian document up to that time published. This account was written at Baghdad near the close of April 1846.

But the most important effect of the vast mass of Assyrian literature thus passing under his eye was to stimulate to the uttermost his zealous pursuit of that branch of cuneiform study upon which he had already entered—the study of the Babylonian character and language, as revealed in the third columns of the trilingual inscriptions throughout Persia, and especially in the lengthy document of Behistun, extending to 112 long lines, besides the detached tablets. The most cursory glance at the Assyrian slabs and tablets made it evident that the character employed and the vocabulary used were identical with those of the third columns at Behistun, or nearly so; and it was clear that the best key to the Assyrian documents was likely to be found in those which a quite independent criticism had already pronounced to be Babylonian. But to be able to employ this key to the best advantage, it was necessary, in the first place, to obtain the Behistun Babylonian inscription, or as much as was left of it. Hitherto, with the means that had been at the disposal of amateur explorers, it had defied transcription—only the detached tablets had surrendered themselves; now the whole must be obtained in the interests, at once, of historical and of linguistic science—the 'Rosetta Stone' of cunei-

form discovery, as the Behistun monument has been well called, must be utilised to the utmost. Accordingly, Major Rawlinson prepared himself, in the spring of 1847, to visit Behistun once more, with sufficient apparatus to overcome all difficulties, and obtain the *entire* inscription. He arrived at the rock in July, but found it impossible to set to work; the heat was overpowering, and a brief attempt to brave its irresistible might resulted in an attack of fever which prostrated the explorer for some weeks. He retreated to Hamadan—the ancient Ecbatana—where he found a delicious climate, an interesting neighbourhood, and more than one old Persian friend. Under these influences he made a good recovery; but it was not until September that he thought it prudent to return to the vicinity of the inscription and address himself once more to the task of a complete transcription. This time he had taken care to provide himself with ladders, planks, strong ropes, nails, hammers, and pegs—also with an *entourage* of muscular attendants, including small wiry boys, scarcely less sure-footed than goats. With these aids he attacked the mountain vigorously for the space of ten days, with a result that was wholly satisfactory. Having by means of ladders ascended to the narrow ledge of rock at the foot of the inscriptions, and verified his former readings, he then sent an active mountain lad up a cleft in the face of the mountain to a height considerably above that at which the Babylonian transcript was engraved. The lad carried a hammer, nails, strong pegs, and some stout pieces of rope, which had been tested to bear a weight much exceeding his own. He scrambled up, hammered in a strong peg, attached a rope to it, and attempted to swing himself across the inscription, but this attempt

failed, as the rock projected too much. He succeeded, however, in finding another place on the further side at a proper elevation, where he could drive in a second peg and attach a second rope. With the aid of these two ropes, to which he attached a small seat like a painter's cradle, the lad commanded the whole face of rock on which the inscription now especially wanted was engraved; and, being supplied with the soft moist paper used for taking 'squeezes,' he was able to make casts of the entire Babylonian transcript, and, when they had dried sufficiently, to bring them away with him.¹ A perfect copy of the inscription in its existing

¹ Major Rawlinson's own account of the mode in which he obtained the Babylonian transcript, contributed by him to the *Archæologia* in the year 1850, is as follows:—

'The Babylonian transcript at Behistun is still more difficult to reach than either the Scythic or the Persian tablets. The writing can be copied by the aid of a good telescope from below; but I long despaired of obtaining a cast of the inscription, for I found it quite beyond my power of climbing to reach the spot where it was engraved; and the cragsmen of the place, who were accustomed to track the mountain goats over the entire face of the mountain, declared the particular block inscribed with the Babylonian legend to be unapproachable. At length, however, a wild Kurdish boy, who had come from a distance, volunteered to make the attempt, and I promised him a considerable reward if he succeeded. The mass of rock in question is scarped, and it projects some feet over the Scythian recess, so that it cannot be approached by any of the ordinary means of climbing. The boy's first move was to squeeze himself up a cleft in the rock, a short distance to the left of the projecting mass. When he had ascended some distance above it, he drove a wooden peg firmly into the cleft, fastened a rope to this, and then endeavoured to swing himself across to another cleft at some distance on the other side; but in this he failed, owing to the projection of the rock. It then only remained for him to cross over to the cleft by hanging on with his toes and fingers to the slight inequalities on the bare face of the precipice; and in this he succeeded, passing over a distance of twenty feet of almost smooth perpendicular rock in a manner which to a looker-on appeared quite miraculous. When he had reached the second cleft the real difficulties were over. He had brought a rope with him attached to the first peg, and now, driving in a second, he was enabled to swing himself right over the projecting mass of rock. Here, with a short ladder, he formed a swinging seat, like a painter's cradle, and, fixed upon the seat, he took,

condition was thus procured; but, unfortunately, the existing condition left much to be desired. Between a third and a half of the original writing had gone to decay; and though to a large extent it might be supplied, still, it could only be supplied conjecturally. However, the imperfection of the transcript did not very greatly detract from its value. Enough was left to determine, with the help of the Persian geographic and personal names, the value of almost all the characters; and when these values were supplied, a moderate knowledge of Hebrew rendered the whole of the inscription intelligible.

Still, Major Rawlinson had a considerable work before him. He had to make use of the treasure he had just acquired, and also of the other Babylonian legends in his possession, to collate them with each other, and then to apply to their elucidation the knowledge which had been attained in the course of his many years of Persian cuneiform study. He had likewise to enter upon a more systematic study of Hebrew and Arabic than he had hitherto had time to pursue, and, for the sake of more rapid progress, to engage masters in these subjects, who would facilitate his acquisition of the two somewhat difficult tongues. I am informed by the Rev. P. H. S. Strong, of Ugedale Clehonger, Hereford, that he 'had the honour of giving Major Rawlinson instruction in Hebrew at Baghdad during the earlier part of the year 1849,' and that his teaching was continued until June in that year, when he was sent on a Missionary tour to Sulimaniyeh and other parts of Kurdistan by the London

under my direction, the paper cast of the Babylonian translation of the records of Darius which is now at the Royal Asiatic Society's rooms, and which is of almost equal value for the interpretation of the Assyrian inscriptions as was the Greek translation on the Rosetta Stone for the intelligence of the hieroglyphic texts of Egypt' (vol. xxxiv. pp. 73-75).

Missionary Society, and was thus obliged to forego an employment in which he had been greatly interested. I am not aware who was his teacher in Arabic, but his published works indicate sufficiently such a knowledge of these two leading Semitic tongues as qualified him for the investigation of their closely cognate dialects, the Assyrian and the Babylonian.

The investigation occupied almost the whole of the year 1848 and part of 1849. In September 1848, political affairs for a time claimed attention, and literary research had to retire into the background. The Persian monarch, Mohammed Shah, had died, and, as usual in the East, troubles at once broke out. The tribes in the vicinity of Kirmanshah assumed a warlike attitude, and the Pasha of Baghdad felt it necessary to make a counter-demonstration on his part. Half a dozen pretenders to the throne made their appearance, and intrigues were carried on in their behalf all over Persia and Turkish Arabia. The business of the British Agent in Turkish Arabia was to keep matters as quiet as he could, and not commit himself to any particular party or any pretender. At the same time he had to see that British interests did not suffer, nor Russian make any considerable advance during the crisis. The month of September 1848 was one of much anxiety to Major Rawlinson, who passed it at Baghdad, which was the main focus of all the principal intrigues. Peace, however, was fortunately maintained; and by degrees the civil contentions subsided, and Persia once more obtained the blessing of a comparatively settled and quiet government.

Under these circumstances Major Rawlinson applied, in the summer of 1849, for special leave to spend a year in England. He had left his native land in June 1827, and had thus, in August 1849, been absent from

it for above twenty-two years. His health had suffered considerably both from the effect of semi-tropical climates and from hard work, and the strain of special anxieties connected with particular occasions. His medical advisers strongly recommended a return to Europe, and a rest from the wear and tear of continual office work combined with political anxieties. He was also desirous of superintending the publication of his 'Second Memoir'—that on the Babylonian translation of the Great Persian Inscription at Behistun—which had been accepted by the Royal Asiatic Society, and was waiting his presence in England to be set up in type by the Society's printers. Works of the recondite character needed for placing Major Rawlinson's discoveries before the public, involving the employment of half a dozen previously unknown alphabets, are liable in an extraordinary degree to typographical error, and it was felt that the eye of the author would be of the greatest use and advantage, if it could be obtained, for the oversight of the proofs of the new 'Memoir.' The 'First Memoir' had suffered grievously by the absence of such superintendence, and it was hoped that the 'Second' would escape this source of imperfection. Unfortunately, this hope was only partially realised, Major Rawlinson being recalled to his post at Baghdad while the printing of the work was still in progress.

The leave applied for having been granted, and Mr. Kemball, the Vice-Consul, having been empowered to do the work of the 'British Agent' during his absence, Major Rawlinson left Baghdad on October 26, and, accompanied by a single servant, rode in three days to Mosul, where he spent a week as the guest of Mr. Layard, carefully examining the ruins. He then resumed his journey, still riding, and proceeded at the rate of about

100 miles a day, by Diabekr and Siwas, to Samsoun, which he reached on the twelfth day from quitting Mosul. From Samsoun the regular steamer conveyed him to Constantinople, where he made the acquaintance of Sir Stratford Canning, and stayed a short time at the Embassy. An Austrian Lloyd steamer took him through the *Ægean* and Adriatic to Trieste, whence he proceeded home by Vienna, Berlin, and Ostend to London, which he greeted after an absence of twenty-two years about the middle of December (December 18).

CHAPTER IX

RECEPTION IN ENGLAND—WORK IN LONDON—LECTURES BEFORE
LEARNED SOCIETIES—CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS—HONOURS
(1849–1851)

MAJOR RAWLINSON'S reception in England was such as might have been anticipated. Society received him with open arms. The learned bodies were anxious to secure him for their meetings, and invitations poured in upon him from all quarters. His first visits, however, were paid to members of his family. His mother was still living, and he hastened to gratify her natural longing to embrace a son from whom she had been separated for nearly a quarter of a century. They met at her residence, Hillside, near Westbury-on-Trim, Gloucestershire, early in the year 1850. I was staying in the house at the time, and witnessed the meeting, which was most touching. We were together for about a week; and, before my duties at Oxford called me away, at the earnest request of our mother, who was herself a good chess-player, we had an encounter in the noble game, which I think we, neither of us, ever forgot. Coming from the lands which had given birth to the game, and where it had flourished for centuries, if not for millennia, he was expected to be *passé maître* in the amusement, and to have all its arcana at his fingers' ends, so that a very one-sided contest was looked for. For my own part, though I knew that I was safe against

either 'fool's mate' or 'scholar's mate,' I fully expected a defeat before I had played twenty moves. But I was agreeably disappointed. My moves, which were taken from no book, seemed generally to surprise my brother, who more than once exclaimed—'You play *that*, you play *that*—well! I never saw *that* played before!' But I made no serious mistake; and the result was, that after a contest which had lasted above three hours, the game was pronounced drawn. The prolonged struggle had exhausted both of us, and we neither of us seemed to desire, and we certainly never engaged in, another encounter.

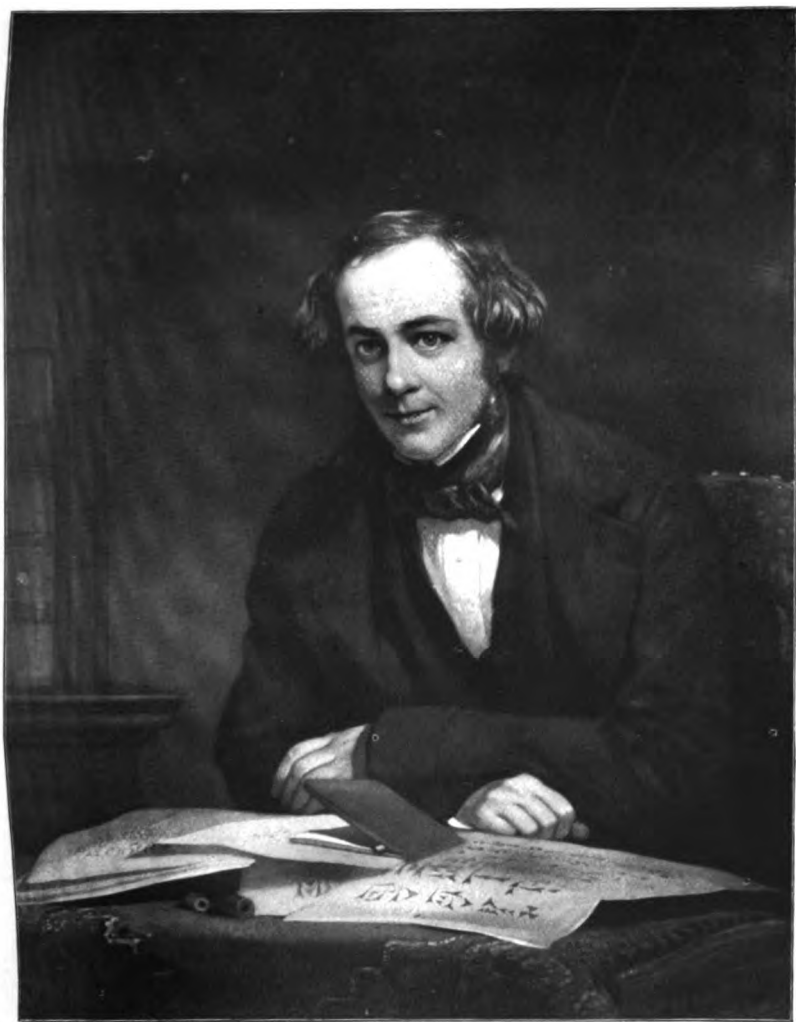
Major Rawlinson at once perceived that the only possible place for his residence, during the short term that his leave was to last, would be London. He would have to see his 'Babylonian Memoir,' so far as time permitted, through the press; he would have to attend the meetings of learned societies; he would have to make personal acquaintance with the lights of contemporary literature, whose common meeting-ground was the metropolis. He accordingly took rooms in St. James's Street, and afterwards in Cork Street, retaining them as a *pied-à-terre* while he made frequent visits to all parts of England and Scotland. Invitations poured in upon him on all sides from friends, and still more from strangers; all the leaders of fashion coveting the glory of exhibiting in their drawing-rooms the 'lion' of the season. Her Majesty invited him to dinner in Buckingham Palace, to meet a select party, and kept him nearly the whole evening in conversation. The Prince Consort expressed the greatest interest in his researches, and volunteered to take the chair at the first lecture which he gave in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society. Publishers made overtures to him for books, and learned

societies for papers to be read at their meetings. Among the most important results of these overtures was an engagement, into which he entered with Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, to contribute a series of notes and essays on Oriental Antiquities to a work upon Herodotus in four large octavo volumes, which I had undertaken to edit, and Mr. Murray to give to the public when completed. The fruits of this engagement did not appear till some years later, but preparations began to be made for it as early as 1851, when no inconsiderable part of the first volume was written. But the chief work in which Major Rawlinson engaged on taking up his residence in London late in the year 1849, was the putting forth, in a popular form, of the general results of his cuneiform researches up to that date. Absence from Europe, and the difficulty of communication, had greatly obscured his position as a discoverer and decipherer in respect of the *Persian* cuneiform character and the ancient *Persian* language, to which his chief attention had been given from 1835 to 1846. He was anxious now that no such obscurity or ambiguity should attach to his position with respect to *Babylonian* and *Assyrian* decipherment, in which he believed that his claims to priority of discovery, if the facts were fully known, would be indisputable. He, therefore, as the readiest means of putting himself *en évidence*, and obtaining external testimony to the early date at which he had reached his conclusions in the matter of the Babylonian and Assyrian records, within a few weeks of his coming home prepared and read before the Royal Asiatic Society two papers, embodying his views, philological, historical, and geographical, with respect to this second branch of cuneiform inquiry, and second revelation to the world of a mass of information, linguistic, historic, and geographic, which

had been hidden from it for above twenty-five centuries. These papers were read before large meetings of the Society on January 19 and February 16 of the year 1850; and, though not immediately published in the Society's 'Journal,' were re-cast, thrown together, and printed for circulation as early as March 1850, besides appearing in the 'Journal' as Article X. at the close of the year.¹

Another paper on cuneiform discovery was read by Major Rawlinson on March 7, before the Society of Antiquaries, and was published in the 'Archæologia' of the same year (vol. xxxiv., pp. 73-75); but this was concerned rather with the material aspects of the subject than with its literary or scientific bearings. Lectures were also delivered at the Royal Institution, at the Victoria Institute, at Bath, and in the University of Oxford, of a more popular and general character, which tended to the diffusion of something like exact knowledge on the subject, and cleared away many misconceptions. The Oxford lecture, which was delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair, to a numerous and distinguished audience, aroused an interest not only among the students of the University, but also among the tutors and professors, which secured the new study a consideration not often accorded by seminaries of antique learning to novelties. Professor Max Müller, the head of Oriental linguistic study in the University, gave his voice emphatically in favour of the serious character and real linguistic value

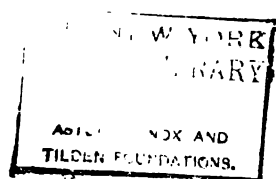
¹ See *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xii. pp. 401-488; and for the separate publication, see 'A Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, including Readings on the Nimrud Obelisk, and a brief notice of the Ancient Kings of Nineveh and Babylon, read before the Royal Asiatic Society,' by Major H. C. Rawlinson. London, John W. Parker, West Strand, 1850.



SIR HENRY C. RAWLINSON

AT THE AGE OF 40

After an Oil Painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A.



of the recent discoveries, and attributed to Major Rawlinson a very important share in them. 'Thanks mainly to your brother,' he said to me one day, 'we now have as complete a knowledge of the grammar, construction, and general character of the ancient Persian language as we have of Latin.' Dean Stanley, who, though not resident in the University at this time, was yet a frequent visitor, took a deep interest in the historical problems involved, and accepted the decipherment of the Persian, Babylonian, and Assyrian inscriptions as sufficiently authenticated.

Other contributions made about this time to learned periodicals were seven letters to the 'Athenæum,' dated respectively January 26, 1850, March 2, 1850, and March 15, April 26, August 23, September 6, and September 13, 1851; two communications to the 'Geographical Journal,' dated April 14 and April 16, 1851; a communication to the 'Literary Gazette,' dated February 23, 1850; and contributions to the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' or its 'Proceedings,' dated February 1, 1850, February 15, 1851, and March 15 of the same year. Though swept into the full vortex of fashionable gaiety, Major Rawlinson did not allow his studies to suffer serious interruption, but had some way of 'working double tides,' which enabled him to occupy two almost incompatible positions without showing himself a defaulter in either.

It was also at this time that he began that connection with the British Museum which continued to the day of his death, and which had such happy results. It had been his good fortune to acquire during the course of his Oriental travels a number of valuable antiquities—Babylonian, Sabæan, Sassanian—many of them quite unique, and all of extreme rarity. Having selected one

specimen as a present to the Prince of Wales, Major Rawlinson offered the rest of his collection to the Trustees of the British Museum for the sum of 300*l*. It consisted of twenty-three seal-cylinders, Assyrian and Babylonian, many of them being remarkably fine specimens; six smaller relics, chiefly inscribed stones; one large inscribed stone of black basalt; five marble figures of Babylonian deities; two small alabaster figures of the same; six terra-cotta figures; nine terra-cotta fragments, female heads, masks, &c.; eight nude Babylonian bronzes; four miscellaneous articles; a portion of an earthen sepulchral jar, inscribed with Sabæan characters; eight fragments of jars inscribed with cursive Babylonian legends of the first or second century B.C., in very good preservation; a brick from the ruins of Niffer, with the inscription complete—the only one ever brought to England; and sixteen Sassanian antiques, rings and seals in their original setting, gems, &c.—all of them with inscriptions.¹ The Trustees gladly accepted the offer made them, and concluded the purchase, but were not satisfied without the gem of the collection—the terra-cotta relic which Major Rawlinson had presented to the Prince of Wales. Accordingly, they made an application to the Prince, which resulted in the following letter being received by my brother on the morning of April 19, 1850:—

Buckingham Palace, April 18, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Prince has been informed that the British Museum are very anxious to possess the terra-cotta relic from Nineveh. His Royal Highness feels an inclination to meet the wishes of the authorities of the great National Establishment, but feels some

¹ From a list given in by Major Rawlinson to the Trustees in the year 1850.

scruples in parting with what you so kindly presented to him. It would require, therefore, the declaration of your concurrence in the change of its destination before this valuable antique could be given to the British Museum.

Sincerely yours,

C. B. PHIPPS.

Of course consent was given, and the terra-cotta relic was added to the National Collection.

Not long after this, Major Rawlinson, acting on the advice of friends, and having before him the prospect of an almost immediate return to his post of 'Political Agent in Turkish Arabia,' was induced to make an application to the Court of Directors of the East India Company for an augmentation of his local military rank while in the dominions of the Sultan, such as would place him on a par with the Turkish officers with whom his position brought him into contact. The following is the text of his application:—

London, July 6, 1850.

HONOURABLE SIRS,—I take the liberty of submitting the following observations for the consideration of your Honourable Board:—

A custom has prevailed for many years past of granting superior local rank to officers of her Majesty's and of the Honourable Company's army, employed in military or political duties in the Turkish and Persian Empires, the object of such promotion being to enable the officers in question, by the increased consideration which local rank may give them in the eyes of the natives of the country, more efficiently to discharge their duties to their own Government.

The rule which has been adopted in the allotment of such rank has been to grant two or more steps in advance; and the list of officers who have been thus locally promoted includes, I believe, all those that have

served in Turkey and Persia in connection with her Majesty's Government for the last thirty years. I am unable to quote this list in detail ; but among my own contemporaries, who, being regimental captains, have received local commissions as colonel or lieutenant-colonel whilst serving in Turkey or Persia, and several of whom are still employed with such local rank in those countries, I may mention the names of Chesney, Pasmore, Sheil, Shee, Rose, Williams, Wilbraham, Farrant, Cameron, and Woodfall.

In my own case, the local rank of major was conferred on me by her Majesty's Government in 1837, whilst serving as a lieutenant in Persia ; but although I have continued ever since to be employed out of India in situations of great responsibility, and although during that interval of thirteen years I have almost attained to a regimental majority, I have up to the present time received no additional local rank whatever.

Having thus shown, I trust, that, in conformity with precedent, and irrespectively of individual claims, I may fairly be considered entitled to promotion, I take the liberty of adding, that my present post of Political Agent in Turkish Arabia, and her Majesty's Consul at Baghdad, would seem to be one of all others in which the grant of superior local rank might be expected to be attended with advantage ; for the civil administration of Baghdad has been recently confided to an officer of high rank in the Ottoman army, and the strictly military tone which has been introduced in consequence into all the proceedings of the Government, renders the Political Agent dependent in a great measure upon the rank with which he may be honoured by his own Sovereign for maintaining among the Turkish officers the dignity and efficiency of his position.

Upon these united grounds, then, I respectfully solicit of the Honourable the Court of Directors that they will be pleased to recommend to her Majesty's Government to grant me the local rank of lieutenant-

colonel whilst serving in a double capacity, both under the Crown and under the Indian Government, in the dominions of his Majesty the Sultan.

I have the honour to be,

Honourable Sirs,

Your most obedient Servant,

H. C. RAWLINSON, Major,

Political Agent in Turkish Arabia, and
Her Majesty's Consul at Baghdad.

To the Honourable the Secret Committee of the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company,
East India House, London.

The request thus humbly preferred was granted, and when the Political Agent returned to his post at Baghdad in the autumn of 1851, it was as Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. How military honours are dispensed and distributed is a mystery to all excepting the initiated; but perhaps an outsider may be allowed to express his surprise, that in this case an application should have been needed.

Other honours came in, without any application, at and about the same time from various quarters. As early as 1838, Major Rawlinson had received a diploma as Member of the Société Asiatique of Paris. In 1841 he became an Honorary Member of the Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen. Three years later, in 1844, the great honour was conferred on him of a diploma from the Institut de France, and he became a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. In January 1850, on his first return to England, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In May of the same year, he received his diploma as Associate of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin; and in June he was elected a Member of the Royal Society of Literature of London. As the subject is one to which

it is not desirable to recur, the honours of the same class received in his later life may be here tabulated :—

1853, January 9 : nominated as Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Merit. March 10 : elected Member of the Ethnological Society of London. April 24 : received diploma of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde, Berlin. May 1 : received diploma as Corresponding Member of the Deutsche Morgenländische Gesellschaft of Leipsic and Halle. November 28 : received diploma as Ordinary Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Literature and Sciences of Munich.

1855, November 30 : elected Member of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society.

1856, November 6 : received diploma as Hon. Member of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York. November 26 : elected a Member of the Numismatic Society of London.

1857, July : received the diploma of Doctor of Law from the Academy of Dartmouth College, United States. October 14 : received the diploma of Hon. Member of the Imperial Geographical Society of Vienna.

1859, January 2 : received the diploma of the Magyar Indományos Academia of Buda-Pesth.

1868, February : received diploma as Hon. Member of the University of Upsal. December 9 : received diploma as Ordinary Member of the Archæological Institute of Rome and Berlin.

1869, June 30 : elected a Member of the Society of Arts, London.

1870, May 15 : received diploma from the Geographical Society of Italy at Florence. Became Hon. Associate.

1871, November 28 : received diploma as Hon. Member of the Deutsche Morgenländische Gesellschaft.

1872, December : received diploma as a Foreign Member of the Königliche Gesellschaft, Göttingen.

1873, April : received diploma of the Hungarian Academy (Magyar Földrajzi Tarsulat), Pesth.

1875, August 10 : nominated an Officier de l'Instruction Publique, des Cultes et des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

1876, February : received diploma as Hon. Member of the Geographical Society of Geneva.

1877, February : received diploma as Auxiliary Foreign Member of the R. Linx Academy of Rome. December 1 : received diploma as a Corresponding Member of the Belgian Geographical Society, Brussels.

1884, April : received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh.

Having obtained an extension of his leave, Colonel Rawlinson, as we must now call him, was able to prolong his stay in England until the autumn of 1851, but still found the time insufficient for the main purpose of his coming, which was to carry through the press his 'Memoir on the Babylonian Translation of the Great Persian Inscription at Behistun.' His superintendence ceased about the middle of 1851, while the work itself, much hindered in consequence of his absence, did not make its appearance until quite the close of the year, when it saw the light as a portion of the fourteenth volume of the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.' Considering the literary value of the publication, it seems much to be regretted that the authorities at the East India House could not have stretched a point, and allowed the interests of antiquarian and linguistic science to prevail over those of official etiquette and red-tapism. But the fiat went forth that Colonel Rawlinson must return to Baghdad or resign his post ; and in the autumn of 1851 he proceeded by way of Marseilles, Athens, Constantinople, Samsoun, and Mosul to the ancient city of the Caliphs, which he reached in December of that year.

CHAPTER X

SECOND RESIDENCE AT BAGHDAD (1851-1855)—TAKES OVER THE
NINEVEH EXPLORATIONS—WORK AS AN EXPLORER—POLITICAL
ANXIETIES—LETTER FROM LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE—
FRACTURE OF COLLAR-BONE—SECOND RETURN TO ENGLAND

IN entering upon his second residence at Baghdad, Colonel Rawlinson found himself burdened with increased responsibilities. To the labours of a diplomatist, and a decipherer and interpreter of extinct languages, he had now to add those of an explorer and excavator. Before he quitted England the Trustees of the British Museum entrusted him with a Commission to take charge of the excavations in Assyria, Babylonia, and Susiana, begun some years before under their auspices, and carried on with such remarkable success from 1845 to 1851 by Mr. Layard. He was given a credit amounting to some thousands of pounds, and authorised to employ such agents as he thought fit in excavating, exhuming, packing, and transporting such antiquities as he deemed worthy of transport to England, to be added to the National Collection. Money was also placed in his hands by private individuals, notably a sum of five hundred pounds by Lord John Russell, to be applied to the same object. His main energies were thus directed into a new field. From the year 1852 he took up the work previously conducted by Mr. Layard. His duties as Political Agent in

Turkish Arabia requiring him to reside mainly at Baghdad, it was impossible for him to give a large amount of personal superintendence to the labours of his subordinates; but such time as he had at his disposal was cheerfully devoted to actual inspection of the most interesting sites and ruins, while the whole of the works engaged in during nearly four years—from 1852 to 1855—were under the control and conduct of his directing mind. In the winter of 1851 and the spring of 1852 he passed two months among the ruins near Mosul, carefully examining them; in the same year and in the next he opened trenches in various parts of Chaldæa and Babylonia; in the spring of 1854 he made another long stay at Mosul, visiting also Nimrud and Kileh Sherghat,¹ while in the autumn of the same year he examined the ruins of Babylon, and personally excavated the great temple of Merodach, commonly known as the Birs Nimrud, and once identified with the Tower of Babel. The chief agents whom he employed were Mr. Hormazd Rassam, British Consul at Mosul, and Mr. W. K. Loftus, Geologist to Colonel Williams's 'Frontier Commission'; but, in addition to these, he gave employment also to Mr. John Taylor (British Consul at Bussorah), Mr. Hodder, Signor Antonetti, and others. Immediately after his arrival at Baghdad, in December 1851, he placed himself

¹ On his return from this expedition Colonel Rawlinson ran a very narrow risk of his life. He had obtained the usual Arab escort, and was descending the Tigris on a raft, when fire was opened upon him and his escort from the bank by some Arabs, who, it appeared, had revolted from the chief under whose protection he was travelling. The head-man of the escort was shot and died of his wound. He himself happened to be writing, and holding the ink-bottle in his left hand, when a bullet struck it from between his fingers. The firing did not cease till he caused the raft to draw to shore and landed with a few men, when the assailants took to their heels, and no more was seen or heard of them.

in communication with Mr. Loftus, and authorised his expenditure of the 500*l.* which he had received from Lord John Russell on excavations in Susiana, particularly requiring the ruins at Sus (the ancient Susa) to be submitted to a searching examination. The result was the discovery of the ancient palace of the Achæmenian kings, so closely resembling that of Darius at Persepolis, of which a full and interesting account is given in the work published by Mr. Loftus in 1853, entitled '*Chaldæa and Susiana.*' In announcing this discovery to the Trustees of the British Museum, Colonel Rawlinson observes:—

Mr. Loftus commenced operations at Susa about the middle of February, and my intelligence of his operations only extends to the end of March. He had discovered a palace of Artaxerxes Ochus in the Great Mound of Susa, and was busily employed in laying bare the walls, which seem in their construction and decoration to resemble the walls of the later palaces of Persepolis. A trilingual inscription which he has sent me is of much interest in confirming the historical account of the establishment by Artaxerxes [Ochus] of the worship of Anaitis at Susa. There are several Greek inscriptions also on the walls of the palace, showing that it was inhabited by the Macedonian officers under the successors of Alexander. An Egyptian cartouche of Artaxerxes has likewise been found at this spot, and many fragments of inscriptions belonging to the ancient Kings of Susiana anterior to the time of the Achæmenides.¹

In April 1852 the Susianian excavations were discontinued, no further antiquities of any importance having been exhumed; and Mr. Loftus, still acting as Colonel Rawlinson's subordinate, made an expedition into the region north of Susa, which, while it yielded

¹ MS. letter of April 21, 1852, to Sir Henry Ellis, Principal Librarian of the British Museum.

little or nothing in the way of ancient remains, resulted in a highly interesting geographical discovery. It was found that the river of Susa, now known as the Kerk-hah, had in former times bifurcated after leaving the mountains, and that, while the western branch had passed southward, leaving the city on the left, the eastern had flowed towards the south-east, having the city on its right. A geographical problem of considerable importance was thus solved, the western branch clearly representing the Choaspes, and the eastern the Eulæus of the Greeks (Ulai of Dan. viii. 2), on each of which, according to different authorities, Susa stood.

Meanwhile, the works at Nineveh and in its neighbourhood had been reopened, and a large number of antiquities of the highest value obtained. From the palace of the son of Esarhaddon, Asshur-bani-pal, probably the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, numerous 'tablets and fragments of cylinders had been procured, containing in many instances royal edicts and records extending over the entire period of the lower Assyrian dynasty.'¹ At Sherif Khan a palace erected by Esarhaddon for this same son, and a temple dedicated by Sennacherib to the god Nergal had been exhumed, and a considerable number of most interesting relics discovered. Among these were a very ancient royal cylinder of the King of Sidikan, grandson of a Shalmaneser contemporary with Asshur-izir-pal, in red cornelian, which Colonel Rawlinson regarded as 'the most perfect and beautiful specimen of Assyrian art' that had been recovered up to that time;² two ivory ornaments richly carved, which must have belonged to a mace or sceptre; fragments of

¹ MS. letter of April 21, 1852, to Sir Henry Ellis, Principal Librarian of the British Museum.

² *Ibid.*

a slate vase richly ornamented and inscribed; shells which must have been brought to Assyria from the Red Sea; and a great number of smaller objects. At Nimrud, in a room adjoining the kitchen of Sardanapalus, which Mr. Layard had excavated, a very beautiful alabaster vase had been found quite uninjured, and—strange to say—‘some dried conserves inside the vase were almost in the same state as when they were served at the supper table of Sardanapalus nearly 3,000 years ago.’¹

A pause in the work of excavation during the later summer of 1852 was followed by an active resumption of it in the autumn under changed superintendence. Mr. Loftus returned to England in November, to bring out his book; and the Trustees of the Museum sent out Mr. Hormazd Rassam to the assistance of Col. Rawlinson, as chief practical excavator in his place. Mr. Rassam had graduated under Mr. Layard, and was thoroughly competent to the task. He ‘entered upon his duties with zeal and prudence,’² and required very little direction beyond an indication of the special localities to which it was desired that his main attention should be directed. Under him was accomplished the extremely difficult work of detaching from the walls of Sennacherib’s palace at Koyunjik the interesting series of marbles representing his siege and conquest of Lakitsa—perhaps Lachish—which are now to be seen in the central compartment of the basement chamber in the British Museum collection. These sculptures were in a most critical condition, and it required the greatest care and no small skill to remove them without their crumbling to

¹ MS. letter of April 21, 1852, to Sir Henry Ellis, Principal Librarian of the British Museum.

² See MS. letter of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir Henry Ellis, dated November 5, 1852.

pieces. This was, however, effected ; and our National Collection thus owes some of its most valuable and important treasures to the joint efforts of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr. Hormazd Rassam.

To the former belonged especially the recovery and preservation of every exhumed inscription. 'I secured,' he says in a letter to Sir Henry Ellis, 'very careful casts of the whole of the Sennacherib inscriptions ; and I have now the entire series of the annals restored, written out and literally translated, and ready for publication.'¹ And again, with respect to one particular inscription :— 'I have taken double casts of the whole, and by a careful analysis and comparison with numerous fragments of the same inscription, I have succeeded in putting all the parts together, so as to form a complete and continuous narrative of all the leading events of the monarch's reign. This inscription is of great importance, and will, I trust, be published by the Museum *in extenso*, with the literal translation and geographical explanations that I am preparing.'² Historical inscriptions were, in Colonel Rawlinson's opinion, of infinitely greater value than sculptured slabs, or other works of art, and he early recognised, and impressed upon the authorities in England, the fact that further discoveries, of the character of those made by M. Botta and Mr. Layard, were not to be expected, but that 'a day of small things' was certain to follow on the rich yield of the earlier labours, and that the effect on the public mind would probably be a distinct feeling of disappointment. 'As the end of the year is now approaching,' he says, in a further letter to Sir Henry Ellis, 'it will be for the consideration of the Trustees, whether our prospects are sufficiently encouraging to justify them in applying to Government

¹ MS. letter of July 2, 1852.

² *Ibid.*

for the continuance of the grant for another year. I myself consider the historical importance of every new fragment of an inscription that we obtain to be so great, that I could not reconcile it with my conscience to recommend a discontinuance or interruption of our labours; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that there is no chance of our lighting on any new sculptured palaces or temples like those at Nimrud and Koyunjik, and that the proceeds of the excavations will not therefore be such as to secure popular applause, or even to satisfy the utilitarian party. New inscriptions and small objects of art are all that I expect to obtain from continual excavations either in Assyria or Babylonia; and it will be accordingly for the Trustees to decide, whether on these grounds they will ask for a renewal of the grant.'¹

The task of an excavator in an Oriental country is not without its difficulties. The excavator is sure to have his rivals, in most cases of a different nationality, with whom he cannot always avoid dispute and contention. He is also confused with his rivals in the minds of the native authorities, and regarded as more or less implicated in their doings. Colonel Rawlinson suffered annoyance from both these causes. During the time that he had under his charge the British excavations in Assyria and Babylonia, France also was maintaining 'commissions' for similar purposes in both countries. The French Ninevite Commission under M. Place and M. Fresnel, though generally well disposed towards their British confrères, and liberal in their communication of new discoveries and new documents, on one occasion, in 1852, put forth preposterous claims, and had to be met with a firmness and decision which threatened to lead

¹ Letter of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir Henry Ellis, dated March 4, 1853.

to an open quarrel. The mound of Kileh Sherghat, first taken as the scene of his operations by Mr. Layard in 1847, was visited by the French in 1851 or 1852, and had a few experimental trenches driven into it. No success attending this venture, in a very few months it was abandoned, the workmen were withdrawn, and nothing but a single overseer maintained on the spot, to see that the few trenches opened were not interfered with. When therefore, in 1853, Colonel Rawlinson directed the resumption of Mr. Layard's excavations on this site, and sent Mr. Hormazd Rassam with a party of Jebour Arabs to recommence work on the mound, he was greatly surprised at receiving a remonstrance from M. Place, who complained of Mr. Rassam's proceedings as an invasion of French rights, and claimed a monopoly of excavation on the entire site. It was impossible to admit this claim, since the British priority of occupation was unquestionable, and left the French no standing ground. But to press the matter, to use force, or to make complaint to the Turkish authorities would have been to risk the entire withdrawal of the firmans and complete stoppage of all the excavations. Colonel Rawlinson was content, therefore, to make a distinct and categorical assertion of the British claims, to secure the adhesion to British interests of the Arabs on the spot, and to maintain a small body of workmen in examining various portions of the ruins, and thus holding possession of the disputed locality. The difficulty with the French Ninevite Commission was thus tided over, and matters shortly returned to their former amicable condition.

In Babylonia there was a further alarm and still greater difficulty.¹ A member of the French Babylonian

¹ Speaking generally, the French Babylonian Commission under M. Jules Oppert maintained the most friendly relations with Colonel

Commission, in the autumn of 1852, excited by some discoveries which he supposed himself to have made, completely lost possession of his senses, and in this condition shot the Sheikh of the village of Hillah, whom he imagined to have a design upon his life. This unfortunate circumstance produced a general feeling of alarm. The natives, who had always regarded it as a species of insanity, that Europeans should spend their time and money in digging up and carrying off old stones and bricks, were confirmed in their impression by what had happened, and making but little distinction between one set of Europeans and another, became disinclined to take service as excavators, or to have any dealings that could be avoided with the mad foreigners. The feeling in course of time passed off; but for awhile, during the autumn and winter of 1852, the work of excavation was almost at a standstill.

However, in the spring of 1853, work having been resumed in the upper country, the labours of the excavators were rewarded by a most important discovery. From the ruins of a temple at Kileh Sherghat, where

Rawlinson and his staff of excavators, as appears both from private letters and from the public acknowledgments of the French savant. In his great work published in 1868, the *Expédition Scientifique en Mésopotamie*, Mons. Oppert says: 'Du reste, ce qui pouvait faire croire que les craintes étaient en partie fondées, c'était l'opinion du colonel Rawlinson, qui connaissait le pays. Dans une visite que le consul général d'Angleterre nous fit le 20 avril 1852, le savant britannique nous donna des renseignements précieux sur Neffer, Warkah, Senkerah, mais il déclara ces endroits moins accessibles que Hillah dans le moment actuel, et nous conseilla d'aller visiter les anciens débris médiques de Schehrizour et de Yazintépeh.' And in a letter dated October 15, 1858, he writes: 'Colonel, I should not like to let set off the caravan leaving Hillah to-day without repeating once more my most sincere thanks for the hospitality you accorded me during my sojourning at Baghdad. I dare say that without your kindness, and the mighty attraction of the precious informations you afforded me, I should have left Baghdad much sooner.'

researches were still being pursued, was exhumed a clay cylinder which 'turned out to be a most valuable relic.'¹ It contained the annals of the first Tiglath-Pileser, a document of great length, belonging to a monarch anterior to the time of David in Israel, and by far the oldest historical inscription which had, up to that time, been discovered in the country. The cylinder reached Colonel Rawlinson in a very bad state, broken into fragments and in some parts pulverised. Colonel Rawlinson, however, succeeded in uniting the fragments with a composition of gum-water and powdered chalk, and obtained a copy of the entire inscription (with the exception of a few passages), above 800 lines in length—a copy afterwards verified by duplicate cylinders, procured from the same mound, and in an almost perfect state of preservation. It was this inscription which afterwards played so important a part in the general verification of cuneiform interpretations, being simultaneously submitted for translation to the four chief experts, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. E. Hincks, Dr. Jules Oppert, and Mr. Fox Talbot, who severally, without any communication, produced renderings which were substantially identical.²

Another discovery of extraordinary interest was made at about the same period. Colonel Rawlinson, having found time to examine carefully the large mass of clay tablets exhumed from the ruins of Koyunjik subsequently to Mr. Layard's retirement, found that they contained 'a perfect cyclopædia of Assyrian science'—almost all subjects being treated at greater or less length in them

¹ MS. letter of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir Henry Ellis, dated April 15, 1858.

² See the *Inscription of Tiglath-Pileser I., King of Assyria, B.C. 1150.* as translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Fox Talbot, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert. London: J. W. Parker, 1857, 8vo.

—as ‘the system of Assyrian writing, the distinction between phonetic and ideographic signs, explanations of the latter, the grammar of the language, classification and explanation of technical terms, dissection of the Pantheon, notation, astronomical and astrological formulæ, tables of weights and measures, divisions of time, proof of an Assyrian cycle of ten years, history, chronology, geography, geology, metallurgy, and botany.’¹ ‘The treatises,’ it is added, ‘are sufficiently bare and elementary; but there is no doubt at all but that these tablets composed the library of the Assyrian kings, and a thorough examination of all the fragments would lead [probably] to the most curious results.’²

As valuable materials accumulated in the hands of the excavators, the subject of transport became one requiring more and more attention. By the end of July 1853 the number of cases containing marbles and other objects of interest which had been floated down the Tigris from Koyunjik, Nimrud, and other sites, and had found a temporary resting-place at Baghdad, under the protection of Colonel Rawlinson, was 120. These were made up of two classes of packages. One consisted of the heavier materials, as obelisks, stone slabs, statues, altars, and the like; the other comprised lighter and more delicate objects, such as cylinders, tablets, glass bottles, and nicknacks of all sorts. Both classes required considerable care, the lighter kind especially; but even the heavier included such tender and friable matters as fragments of inscriptions sawn off from alabaster slabs, to be pieced together when they reached England, which might easily be damaged irrecoverably if roughly treated. Colonel Rawlinson had seen while

¹ MS. letter of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir Henry Ellis, dated April 15, 1853.

² *Ibid.*

in England how much the marbles previously sent home by Mr. Layard had suffered on the home voyage, and dreaded the chance of injury to his own collection from similar causes, which he held to be 'ten-fold greater.' 'He looked with dismay' on the prospect of these cases 'being pitched into the hold of a small merchant-vessel, and left to find their way home round the Cape of Good Hope like any ordinary cargo.'¹ He therefore devoted much consideration to the best methods of packing and transporting the valuables under his charge; and as many as eight or ten of his letters to Sir Henry Ellis in the years 1853 and 1854 are occupied with proposals and arrangements of an elaborate kind for the safe conveyance to England of the archæological treasures. The heavier goods had necessarily to descend the Tigris on rafts to Baghdad, there to be transhipped on board small steamers to Bussorah in the Persian Gulf; at Bussorah to be placed on board steamers of a larger size for conveyance to Bombay; and finally at Bombay to undergo another transshipment before starting on their last voyage, and proceeding either by the Cape of Good Hope route, or by way of Aden and Suez, to England. The provision of suitable ships and suitable superintendence for these various voyages and removals was a most anxious matter, and taxed the ingenuity and resource of the Agent to the uttermost. Ultimately, however, some 280 cases were safely conveyed to England in the year 1853, and some eighty or ninety in the year 1854, and the Assyrian Collection in the British Museum was in this way about doubled both in size and value.

A further trouble and difficulty connected with his duties as excavator, which occupied much of Colonel

¹ MS. letter to Sir Henry Ellis, bearing date July 26, 1853.

Rawlinson's attention during these years, was connected with the formation of an 'Assyrian Excavation Society,' entirely independent of the British Museum, which sent its agents into Mesopotamia in 1853, and assumed to take a part in the work of exploration, but on its own lines and at its own discretion. As the Resident remarked to Sir H. Ellis, on first hearing of the matter—'The institution of an Assyrian Society with independent funds, independent powers, and perhaps with independent views, must be expected, more or less, to embarrass the operations which I am now conducting on behalf of the Museum. In common courtesy to the Trustees, who have hitherto exclusively carried on the work of excavation for the benefit of the Nation, the Assyrian Society should have been constituted as merely supplementary to the present system. Mr. Loftus might have been instructed without any impropriety to take charge of the excavations when the Museum funds were exhausted and I had retired from the field; but really, to appear as a competitor, whilst our works are still in full activity, seems to me not only indelicate, but prejudicial to the interests both of our own party and of the other.'¹ The evil results here anticipated were, it is true, obviated for a time by the good understanding which at first prevailed between Colonel Rawlinson and the rival who had so long acted as his subordinate, as well as by the tact and judgment which the former brought to bear on relations in themselves most awkward and difficult of being worked satisfactorily. But, within less than a year, the inherent evils of a false position manifested themselves, and a condition of things was brought about which was most unpleasant to all parties concerned,

¹ MS. letter of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir H. Ellis, bearing date September 26, 1858.

and was even not without its dangers. In anticipation of the exhaustion of the Parliamentary grant, of the withdrawal on the part of the Museum from the further prosecution of their Mesopotamian researches, and of his own departure from the country, Colonel Rawlinson, in February 1854, consented to Mr. Loftus taking the charge of the works at Koyunjik *temporarily*, pending the decision of the Trustees as to the course which they should adopt. In May, Mr. Loftus accordingly proceeded thither and began excavating for the Assyrian Society. Soon afterwards, however, the Trustees of the Museum, having obtained a further Parliamentary grant, and resolved to continue their researches for at least another year, Colonel Rawlinson thought it desirable to resume the Koyunjik 'diggings' on the Museum's account. He was at once met with opposition by Mr. Loftus.¹ Mr. Loftus claimed that the site had been definitely made over to him, and that not only was the sole right of excavating now his, but that even the property in the sculptures exhumed at the Museum's expense, but remaining on the site—a property of the value of several thousand pounds—had passed from the Trustees of the Museum to the Assyrian Society. Colonel Rawlinson had to meet these preposterous claims, first by an official repudiation of them, and secondly by a letter of remonstrance addressed to Mr. Loftus, in which, by a careful enumeration of all the facts of the case, he completely cut the ground from beneath that gentleman's feet.²

¹ See MS. letters of Colonel Rawlinson to Sir H. Ellis, bearing date July 18, and September 18, 1854.

² The subjoined extract gives the most important portion of this letter:—

'When I proposed to you in February to accept of the inheritance I was prepared to bequeath to you, it was palpably and distinctly in connection with my own intended return to England. Had that intention been carried out, there would evidently have been no alternative but to

As Mr. Loftus, however, continued recalcitrant, it was not long before certain practical difficulties occurred.

leave Nineveh in the hands of the French and Americans, or to make it over to you; and on national grounds I thought it my duty to support the latter course. I can nowhere see, however, in your letters that you accepted the legacy, as you now say you did. You sent off Boucher, it is true, to sketch the marbles, as they were liable to injury from continued exposure; but you yourself remained in Babylonia, and distinctly wrote over and over again that you should await the Museum answer to my letter of February 16 before you determined to occupy the ground at Nimrud and Koyunjik. When you arrived in Baghdad in May, driven out of Chaldæa by the heat and the floods, and not merely *en route* to Mosul, the Trustees' answer had not arrived, and I advised you to wait for it; for I could not help seeing that my compulsory detention in the country would probably have no small influence on their deliberations. After the arrival of our mail of May 20, still without any answer from the Trustees, I certainly did not urge you to go to Mosul, as you now say. I merely *consented* to your going for your own convenience, and with a special reservation of the rights of the Trustees. I wrote distinctly to Mr. Phillips, that "I had taken upon myself the responsibility of permitting you to go, as the summer heats were now rapidly approaching, and if we waited longer for the Trustees' answer, the chances were you would be unable to perform the journey"; but I added, "it was on a clear understanding that if the Trustees decided on continuing the excavations, I was at liberty to resume occupation of the ground now *temporarily* abandoned." I wrote the same to the Trustees, to Mr. Boucher, to both the Rassams, and held the same language to yourself, always putting forward the principle that your deputation was to save time and for your own convenience, and that the Museum's rights were clearly understood to be reserved. Had I supposed there could be any doubt on this latter point, I should certainly have embodied it in an official memorandum. But how could there be any doubt? Pray consider the different positions which the Museum and the Society (and their respective agents) occupy in this country. The Museum alone, as Trustees for the British Nation, has a special grant from the Porte to excavate in Assyria and Babylonia. The Society has no such grant, and Lord Stratford anticipated difficulty in obtaining a vizieral letter for you if he had made the application. I enabled you to excavate in Chaldæa by producing the Museum authority, and you are now working at Mosul on the understanding by the Turkish authorities that you are the Museum agent, and on that understanding only. You have the Museum workmen, the Museum tools, and are located in the Museum trenches; it does not seem to me that there can be a possible question as to superiority of right. I admit that my anxiety to save time and avoid exposing you to the hardship of a summer journey, may have led me into error in permitting you to go up to Mosul before the Museum answer reached;

‘At Koyunjik,’ says Colonel Rawlinson in a letter to Sir Henry Ellis, bearing date Sept. 13, 1854, ‘the inconvenience which I always anticipated from Mr. Loftus pursuing excavations in the immediate vicinity of the northern palace, while the Museum workmen were in possession of the palace itself, is becoming daily more apparent. Mr. Loftus has recently discovered sculptures at a lower level than those disinterred by Mr. H. Rassam, but evidently from the style of art belonging to the same building; and in following up his discovery, he is continually encroaching on the *terrain* reserved for the Museum operations, and *risking collisions between the rival workmen*. I am thus very anxious to ascertain the view which is taken in England of the right which he claims for the Assyrian Society over the Nineveh mounds.’ Fortunately, it was not long before a decision was taken in England which placed matters on a satisfactory footing, and not only put a stop to all danger of ‘collision,’ but precluded further awkwardness or inconvenience. The Assyrian Society transferred what remained of its funds to the British Museum, withdrew its workmen, and arranged that its staff of *employés* should be merged in that of the Museum. Mr. Loftus accepted service under the Trustees, and the supreme control of the entire establishment maintained by the Museum in Mesopotamia being once more distinctly en-

but my precipitancy in this respect in no ways invalidates the rights of the Trustees. It would be clearly within their competence to send out an express agent to supersede both you and myself, and to assert and carry out their rights. I am not sure that they might not legally obtain a Chancery interdict against the publication by Dickinson of Boucher’s sketches without their consent, the marbles so sketched being their property. You will understand from all this, that I cannot for a moment waive the question of right, and that as the matter may possibly come before Parliament, it is desirable that the principle involved in it should be put on record without delay.’

trusted to Colonel Rawlinson, Mr. Loftus became for a second time a subordinate under the Resident, and acted in that capacity without further friction until the return of the Resident to Europe.

It is often said that 'it is an ill wind which blows nobody good,' and there was one happy result of the misunderstanding between the two officials with which we have been dealing for so many pages. It turned Colonel Rawlinson's attention to a new quarter, and enabled him to employ the energies, which no longer found a free field for their exercise in Assyria proper, at Nimrud and Koyunjik, in a (comparatively speaking) virgin field, and one of extraordinary interest. This was the ruin, or rather group of ruins, commonly known as the Birs-i-Nimrud, situated in central Babylonia, about six miles east of Hillah, and for centuries regarded by travellers as the Biblical 'Tower of Babel,' if not also as the 'Great Temple of Belus.' Colonel Rawlinson had long had his eye upon this group, but had been prevented from attempting an examination of it partly from an unwillingness to excite the jealousy of the French Babylonian Commission, and still more from the greater attraction offered by the principal Assyrian sites. Now (in 1854) that the French Commission was confining itself to some desultory and rather feeble efforts on the site of the ancient Babylon, and that he himself was precluded by delicacy, and to some extent by prudence, from carrying on any extensive operations in Assyria, the Birs again presented its allurements, and for some months engaged his main attention. The excavations, which began in August, were at first entrusted to M. Joseph Tonietti, an intelligent Italian settled at Baghdad, who was directed to open trenches, and ascertain, as far as possible, the general features of the building, and

direction of the walls. This young man worked with considerable success for somewhat more than two months, laying bare several portions of the outer walls of the original edifice, and driving trenches into the mound which sufficiently exposed the general character of the interior brickwork. He had been directed by Colonel Rawlinson to choose a position about half way up the slope of the mound, inasmuch as the exterior surfaces of the upper stages, whereof the building was assumed to consist, might be reasonably supposed to have been destroyed, or at any rate to have suffered extensive abrasion from their exposed position, while the accumulation of *débris* towards the base would render it a work of immense labour to lay bare the face of the lower platforms. 'M. Tonietti carried out these instructions with care and judgment. About half way up the mound he came upon a line of wall almost immediately, and, by tracing it outwards, he soon arrived at the perpendicular face. This face he opened to a depth of twenty-six feet, when he reached the platform at its base; and, after a month's labour, he succeeded in uncovering the wall along its entire length from its southern to its eastern angle. Having obtained these indications of level and extent, he had no difficulty, assuming the platform to be square, in discovering the northern and western angles at equidistant points, although, as several feet of *débris* were here accumulated on the surface, but for the guide afforded by measurement, there would have been no more reason for sinking shafts at these points than at any others in the immense mound.'¹

Such was the condition of the works at the Birs-i-Nimrud when, in the month of November 1854, Colonel

¹ Colonel Rawlinson in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xviii. pp. 4, 5.

Rawlinson passed from a careful examination of the ruins of Babylon to the personal inspection and direct superintendence of the Birs excavations hitherto carried on under his orders.

Crossing the Euphrates at the village of Anana, a ride of three hours and a quarter brought our small party, he says, consisting of Dr. Hyslop, the Rev. Mr. Leacroft, and myself, to the spot in question. We found our tents already pitched at the camp, or village, which our labourers had formed a short distance to the north of the mound, but without alighting we proceeded at once to inspect the excavations. That day was consumed in making a careful inspection of the various works in progress, and in endeavouring to realise and restore a general plan of the original building from a comparison of the various sections of exterior wall, and interior strata of brickwork, which had been laid bare by the vertical and horizontal trenches now seaming the mound. Having satisfied myself from this examination that at several points the outer walls of the primitive edifice had been reached, and that one face (the south-eastern) of the third stage was completely uncovered, so as to leave the angles exposed, I proceeded on the next morning, with a couple of gangs of workmen, to turn to account the experience obtained from the excavations of Kileh-Sherghat and Mugheir in searching for commemorative cylinders. On reaching the ruins, I placed a gang at work on each of the exposed angles of the third stage, directing them to remove the bricks forming the corner carefully, one after the other, and when they had reached a certain level to pause, until I came to inspect the further demolition of the wall. In the meantime, I proceeded with flag-staffs, compass, and measuring tape to do what I could in taking sections and elevations. After half an hour I was summoned to the southern corner, where the workmen had reached the tenth layer of brick above the plinth at the base, which was the limit

I had marked out for their preliminary work. The bricks had been easily displaced, being laid in a mere bed of red earth of no tenacity whatever. The workmen now eyed my proceedings with some curiosity, but, as they had been already digging for above two months at various points of the mound without finding anything, and as the demolition of a solid wall seemed to the last degree unpromising, and had at its commencement yielded no results, they were evidently dispirited and incredulous.

On reaching the spot I was at first occupied for a few minutes in adjusting a prismatic compass on the lowest brick now remaining of the original angle, which fortunately projected a little, so as to afford a good point for obtaining the exact magnetic bearing of the two sides, and I then ordered the work to be resumed. No sooner had the next layer of bricks been removed than the workmen called out, there was a *khazeneh*, or 'treasure-hole,' in the corner, at the distance of two bricks from the exterior surface, *i.e.*, there was a vacant space in the wall, half filled up with loose reddish sand. 'Clear away the sand,' I said, 'and bring out the cylinder'; and, as I spoke the words, the Arab, groping with his hand among the *débris* in the hole, seized and held up in triumph a fine cylinder of baked clay, in as perfect a condition as when it was deposited in the artificial cavity about twenty-four centuries previously. The workmen were perfectly bewildered. They could be heard whispering to each other that it was *sihr*, or 'magic,' while the grey-beard of the party significantly observed to his companion that the compass, which, as I have mentioned, I had just before been using, and had accidentally placed immediately above the cylinder, was certainly '*a wonderful instrument.*'

I sat down for a few minutes on the ruins of the wall to run over the inscription on the cylinder, devouring its contents with that deep delight which antiquaries only know—such, I presume, as German scholars have sometimes felt when a palimpsest yields up its

treasures, and the historic doubts of ages are resolved in each succeeding line—and I then moved my station to the other angle of the stage, that is, to the eastern corner, in order to direct the search for a second cylinder. Here the discovery was not accomplished with the same certainty and celerity as in the first instance; the immediate angle of the wall was gradually demolished to the very base, and, though I fully expected, as each layer of bricks was removed, that the cavity containing the cylinder would appear, I was doomed to disappointment. I then directed the bricks to be removed to a certain distance from the corner on each face, but the search was still unsuccessful; and I had just observed to my fellow-travellers that I feared the masons had served Nebuchadnezzar as the Russian architects were in the habit of serving Nicholas—that there had been foul play in carrying out his Majesty's orders—when a shout of joy arose from the workmen, and another fine cylinder came out from its hiding-place in the wall. As I knew the inscription would prove to be a mere duplicate of the other, I did not peruse it with the same absorbing interest; but still it was very satisfactory to have at least a double copy of the primitive autographic record.

I now moved the workmen to the two remaining angles of the stage, that is, to the northern and western corners, but with very little prospect of further success; for it was evident, from a rough estimate of the level, that the greater portion of the wall at these angles had been already broken away, and that, if any cylinders had been deposited within, they must thus have rolled down with the other *débris* to the foot of the mound. The workmen, however, were employed for two days in clearing the wall at these points to its base, and subsequently in removing the bricks for a certain distance on each side of the corner; and although nothing resulted from the search, the rule was by no means impugned that, wherever the stage of an Assyrian or Babylonian temple can be laid bare, historical or com-

memorative cylinders will be found deposited in a cavity of the wall at the four corners, at the height of from one-third to one-half of the stage, and at one or two feet from the outside surface. At the northern and western corners the angles were only perfect near the base; at the height where the cylinders should have been found, the wall was already ruined to a distance of six feet on each side from the corners.

It now only remained for me to complete my measurements, and, carrying off the cylinders as trophies, to return to the camp which had been left standing at Babylon.

The 'measurements' here casually alluded to, and passed over as of little moment, resulted actually in the complete establishment of the entire plan and design of the building examined, which proved to be one of the most remarkable of the edifices erected by Nebuchadnezzar, and the only Babylonian ruin in such a state of preservation that its plan and design are capable of being made out with accuracy. It was a species of pyramidal tower, built in stages, each stage being an exact square, and each receding considerably behind its predecessor. The first stage measured 272 feet each way, and was probably twenty-six feet in perpendicular height. Upon this was emplaced the second stage, a square also twenty-six feet high, but in length and breadth only 230 feet. The other stages were diminished proportionally, the third being a square of 188 feet, the fourth one of 146, the fifth of 104, the sixth of 62, and the seventh of 20 feet. The upper stages were of less height than the lower ones, the change of elevation occurring when the fourth stage was reached, and the change consisting in the substitution of fifteen for twenty-six feet. Another irregularity, like this change in the height of the stages, distinctly contemplated by

the builder, consisted in the emplacement of the stages one upon another. The squares had not a common centre. Each was retracted towards the south-west a distance of eighteen feet, the platforms on the north-eastern side, which must be considered the front of the building, being, each of them, thirty feet in breadth, while those on the south-western side had a breadth of no more than twelve feet. The entire retrocession was thus one of 108 feet, and the pyramidal form, which lay at the basis of the builder's ideal, was considerably departed from.

The Inscription on the cylinders was thus translated by their discoverer:—‘I am Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the established Governor, he who pays homage to Merodach, adorer of the gods, glorifier of Nebo, the supreme chief, he who cultivates worship in honour of the Great gods, the subduer of the disobedient man, repairer of the temples of Bit-Shaggath and Bit-Tsida, the eldest son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon. Behold now, Merodach, my great Lord, has established me in strength, and has urged me to repair his buildings: Nebo, the guardian over the heavens and the earth, has committed to my hands the sceptre of royalty; (therefore) Bit-Shaggath, the palace of the heavens and the earth for Merodach the supreme chief of the gods, and Bit-Kua, the shrine of his divinity, with shining gold have I appointed and adorned. Bit-Tsida also I have firmly built; with silver and gold, and a facing of stone, with wood of fir, and plane, and pine I have completed it. The building named “the Planisphere,” which is the wonder of Babylon, I have made and finished. With bricks enriched with lapis lazuli I have exalted its head.

‘Behold now, the building named “the Stages of the Seven Spheres,” which is the wonder of Borsippa, had been built by a former King. He had completed forty-two cubits (of the height), but he did not finish its

head; from the lapse of time it had become ruined; they had not taken care of the exits of the waters, so the rain and damp had penetrated into the brick-work; the casing of burnt bricks had bulged out, and the terraces of crude brick lay scattered in heaps—(then) Merodach, my great Lord, inclined my heart to repair this building. I did not change its site, nor did I destroy its foundation platform; but in a fortunate month, and upon an auspicious day, I undertook the rebuilding of the crude brick terraces and the burnt brick casing (of the temple). I strengthened its foundation; and I placed a titular record in the part that I had rebuilt. I set my hand to build it up and to finish its summit. As it had been in ancient times, so I built up its structure; as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head. Nebo, the strengthener of his children, he who ministers to the gods, and Merodach, the supporter of sovereignty, may they cause this my work to be established for ever; may it last through the seven ages; may the stability of my throne, and the antiquity of my empire, secure against strangers and triumphant over many foes, continue to the end of time.

‘Under the guardianship of the Regent, who presides over the spheres of the heavens and the earth, may the length of my days pass on in due course. I invoke Merodach, the King of the heavens and the earth, that this my work may be preserved for me under thy care, in honour and respect. May Nebuchadnezzar, the royal architect, remain under thy protection!’¹

As early as the winter of 1853–4, Colonel Rawlinson began to feel that he had tried his constitution almost as much as it would bear, and that his health, which had hitherto been wonderfully good, was beginning to

¹ See an article by Sir Henry Rawlinson ‘On the Birs Nimrud, or the Great Temple of Borsippa,’ published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1861, but read before the Society on January 18, 1855, pp. 29–82.

fail him. He applied, therefore, to the Indian authorities for leave of absence from his post, and early in 1854 made every preparation for quitting Baghdad and returning to England upon a long furlough. Hence arose the misunderstanding with Mr. Loftus, who regarded as positive and conclusive the arrangements which, in Colonel Rawlinson's mind, were only hypothetical and contingent on circumstances. These turned out of such a nature as, for a considerable time, to delay his departure, and to render it almost impossible for him to withdraw from the East. In the first place, his obligations to the Trustees of the British Museum seemed to require that, so long as they continued to maintain their work of Mesopotamian excavation, he should not, unless in a case of absolute necessity, desert them; and secondly, there were political considerations and anxieties which made continuance at his post during the year 1854, and into 1855, almost compulsory. The Crimean War, it is to be remembered, was in progress, and the relations between Turkey and Persia were of the most strained and unsatisfactory character. It was quite possible that at any moment war might break out between them, and Baghdad become the scene of threatened or even actual hostilities on the part of the Shah. When Colonel Rawlinson, in weighing the matter of his proposed absence, wrote to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe for advice and information (January 25, 1854), he received from him the following reply:—

Constantinople, Feb. 22, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received only yesterday your private letter of the 25th ultimo, and I learn from it with much regret that you intend to avail yourself without delay of the leave of absence which you have

obtained from the East Indian authorities. So far from any pacific settlement being in prospect, diplomatic relations are suspended between Russia and the two Maritime Powers; peace hangs on a single thread; and the extreme probability is that war will shortly be declared at London and Paris against the Emperor Nicholas. But perhaps your 'prospect of a pacific settlement' refers to the differences between Persia and Turkey. It is quite true that the Court of Teheran, after giving a most favourable reception to the overtures from St. Petersburg, veered suddenly round, and gave assurances of a friendly character to the Porte as well as to its ambassador at Teheran. It is also true that the admonitions addressed to the Shah by her Majesty's Government are well calculated to confirm the improvement in the language and sentiments of Persia. But it is not easy to put implicit trust either in the assurances or in the discretion of the Shah and his ministers. Their habitual animosity against Turkey, the means of temptation possessed by Russia, and the chances of war may easily concur to overthrow their better policy, and to plunge them again into plans of a dangerous character. So vivid is my apprehension of another change in this sense, that I am still endeavouring to obtain such concessions from the Porte in favour of Persia as justice requires and a sound policy appears to prescribe. With respect to the frontier complaints, the pilgrims, and the indemnity due on account of Kerbelah, my efforts have not been fruitless, and I am anxious to complete the good work by obtaining some reasonable satisfaction for Persia on the subject of Kotoor.

Under these circumstances I only do justice to your distinguished quality by deeply regretting the prospect of your absence from Baghdad. Events may easily occur to make your neighbourhood the scene of interesting and important operations. We cannot support the Turks in their perilous struggle with Russia, and not be exposed to the necessity of becoming principals in the war, and of making every sacrifice for the sake

of attaining a successful issue. I cannot for a moment doubt that active measures would be adopted against Persia, if the Shah were to employ his frontier army in the interest of Russia, and that a British force detached from India would give ample evidence of our determination not to be trifled with in such a case.

It is not very likely that my letter will reach Baghdad or even Mosul before your departure; but I should be sorry to neglect the chances offered by this opportunity, and I should esteem myself fortunate if it not only reached you in time, but induced you to reconsider the question of your leave, and inclined you to postpone awhile the execution of your travelling intentions.

* * * * *

Sincerely yours,
STRATFORD DE R.

So strong a dissuasive could not but have very considerable weight. Colonel Rawlinson's departure was delayed, mainly in consequence of it, through the whole of the year 1854; and his thoughts were turned to schemes for the promotion of British interests in Western Asia, supposing the flames of war to penetrate into the neighbourhood of Baghdad, and Turkish Arabia to be involved in the conflagration. The pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office contain, it is probable, more than one such scheme, elaborated by the Baghdad Resident during the years 1853-5, and submitted to the judgment of his superiors. Rough drafts of some of them remain among his papers, by which it appears that he contemplated the occupation of Mesopotamia from Diarbekr and Mardin to the Persian Gulf by a detachment of the Indian Army, the conversion of Persia into a subject-ally, and the assumption of a menacing attitude on the Russian south-east frontier for the effectual support of the Turkish power in

Armenia and Kurdistan. The rapid collapse of Russia in the Crimea, and the early conclusion of a peace, brought these schemes to an untimely end.

Colonel Rawlinson would perhaps have lingered still longer at Baghdad but for an unfortunate accident. Early in 1855 he was indulging in the recreation of wild boar hunting on the eastern side of the Tigris, when he had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his collar-bone. The bone had been broken before, and this complicated the injury, inducing much suffering, and rendering the cure long and tedious. It was not till the third week in February that he was able to move about with any comfort, and even then he could not mount his horse, or walk any considerable distance. Thus incapacitated from his usual active employments, he resolved on taking the furlough so long looked forward to, and going by sea to Bombay, and thence, chiefly by sea, to England. At Bombay Lord Elphinstone, the Governor, entertained him hospitably for three weeks, at the end of which time he was sufficiently recovered to proceed home by way of Aden, Suez, Trieste, and Vienna, arriving in London early in May, as the London 'season' was commencing.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE IN ENGLAND FROM 1855 TO 1859—RESIGNATION OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE—REFUSAL OF AN OFFER OF KNIGHTHOOD—BECOMES A K.C.B.—NOMINATED A CROWN DIRECTOR OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY—ELECTED M.P. FOR REIGATE—BECOMES MEMBER OF THE FIRST INDIAN COUNCIL, AND RESIGNS HIS SEAT IN PARLIAMENT

COLONEL RAWLINSON'S intention in returning to England in 1855 was to bring his Asiatic career to a close, and devote the remainder of his life to working out in England the various literary problems for which his Asiatic researches had furnished him with such abundant material. The resignation of the appointments which he held under the Hon. the East India Company, and of one appointment which he held under the Crown, was a necessary preliminary to the change which he contemplated, and which the condition of his health seemed to him to render imperative. Accordingly, in December 1854, he opened communications on the subject with the authorities at the India House, and, having ascertained that he was entitled to retire on full pay in October 1855,¹ he sent in his resignation not only of

¹ Colonel Rawlinson's Indian service had commenced on October 25, 1827, when he first set foot in India. His twenty-eighth year of service being completed on October 24, 1855, and his absence on furlough having been nine months less than the absence which the regulations allowed, he was entitled to retire at the latter date on the full pension of a lieutenant-colonel, viz. 865*l.* per annum. (See a MS. letter from the India House, signed by James C. Melvill, Secretary, and dated January 25, 1855.)

the appointment, which he had held for twelve years, of Political Agent in Turkish Arabia, but of the service altogether, whereto he had belonged for twenty-eight years. To the Foreign Office he notified his retirement from the post of Consul-General in Turkish Arabia, and, having thus become a free man, absolute master of his own actions, he commenced a residence in London which, with only occasional breaks, was continuous for forty years—from 1855 to 1895.

It was not long after his arrival in England that he received the following note from Lord Clarendon :—

Grosvenor Crescent, July 4, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in informing you that the Queen has graciously expressed a desire to mark her sense of your services, and her Majesty would confer on you the honour of knighthood if it would be agreeable to you to receive it.

Very faithfully yours,
CLARENDON.

The subjoined was Colonel Rawlinson's reply :—

21 Savile Row, July 5, 1855.

MY LORD,—I have received this afternoon your Lordship's note of yesterday's date, and hasten to express the feelings of profound gratitude with which I have learnt that the Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her approval of my services.

In respect, however, of your Lordship's suggestion as to the mark of her Majesty's favour to be conferred on me, I would beg to explain, with all respect and deference to your Lordship's judgment, that, having been honoured by her Majesty above twelve years ago with the Companionship of the Bath for services in the field, it would be more agreeable to me at the present time not to receive the separate honour of knighthood.

I remain, yours most faithfully,
H. C. RAWLINSON.

The declining of Court favours is usually understood to be a somewhat risky proceeding, more especially when the individual who declines them looks for other favours to the same quarter. In this instance, however, no offence seems to have been given, since within seven months of the date of the above correspondence, the appointment of Civil K.C.B. was conferred upon Colonel Rawlinson by the Crown to his great satisfaction (February 4, 1856).

Two months later (April 10, 1856), Sir Henry Rawlinson, as he must now be called, received a further appointment, which was not merely an honour but a substantial reward—he was nominated a Crown Director of the East India Company,¹ and took a place at the Board under which he had so long served. A crisis had been reached about this time in East Indian affairs, and the government of the great dependency was being reformed and re-modelled. Both political parties were agreed as to the necessity of some considerable change, and both presented 'India Bills' to Parliament, which were the subjects of warm discussion. Sir Henry worked for a time as Crown Director under the Right Hon. Vernon Smith, who held the office of President of

¹ There seems to have been some little hesitation as to whether he should receive his appointment from the Crown or from the Board of Directors, and just a possibility of his 'falling between two stools.' In a short note, dated July 12, 1855, the Right Honourable Vernon Smith (afterwards Lord Lyveden), President of the Board of Control, thus expresses himself upon this point:—

'Dear Colonel Rawlinson,—I return you the notes which you left with me. I have spoken to the Chairman, and hope we may contrive that you should not fall between two stools, having earned reputation upon both.—Yours very truly,

'R. VERNON SMITH.'

The result was, that the 'fall' was averted, and that Colonel Rawlinson received the appointment which, on the whole, he preferred.

the Board of Control of the years 1855 and 1856. He attended steadily at Leadenhall Street, and easily mastered the details of official business, becoming in the course of a few months one of the most active, and one of the most trusted, members of the Board. His ambition, however, at this time, took a loftier flight, and could be content with nothing less than a seat in Parliament and a share in the direction of the affairs of the entire British Empire. In 1856, on the rumour of the retirement of Mr. Dunlop from the representation of Greenock, he paid a visit to Scotland, intending to offer himself to the constituency as a candidate for the seat. He found, however, that the report which had reached him was at any rate premature, and that the honourable member had certainly no immediate intention of creating a vacancy. It was, therefore, necessary for him to direct his attention to some other quarter, and a general election occurring in April 1857, he determined to stand for the small borough of Reigate, where he happened to have a little interest. The venture was unsuccessful. He was beaten by a local magnate, Mr. William Hackblock, whose brother was the owner of Brockham Warren, Betchworth, Surrey, a fine place in the neighbourhood of Reigate, by the very substantial majority of 98, the numbers being—for Mr. Hackblock, 233; for Sir Henry Rawlinson, 135. His ambition, however, was not seriously damped by this defeat. The death of Mr. Hackblock occurring in January 1858, Sir Henry again came forward as a candidate at the bye-election in February of that year, and won an easy victory, being returned by a considerable majority. He took his seat immediately, and on February 13 rose in his place to support the India Bill of Lord Palmerston, which was at that

time before the House. His speech is thus reported ¹ in the 'Annual Register':—

Sir Henry Rawlinson observed that the change of the government of India [proposed by the Bill] was twofold: in England by the abolition of the double government, and in India by the proclamation of the Queen's name. To show the complex and dilatory machinery of the double government at home, he described what he termed 'the gestation of an Indian despatch'; and he asked whether there could be a more obstructive and unbusiness-like system. The sooner the double government, therefore, was done away with, in his opinion, the better. With respect to the change in India, he believed that, with the exception of a very small section of the covenanted civil servants, the European community and the officers of the Indian army would prefer the government of the Crown to that of the Company. In considering the effect of the change on the natives of India, he observed that among the great mass of the population, owing to their docility and susceptibility, individual character and influence had more effect than any abstract question of government. But among the educated classes it was different; he believed that they understood the distinction between the Crown and the Company as well as we did, and he [had] never heard a doubt of their preferring the government of the former. With regard to the most important question—that of the time—it was his honest opinion that it was favourable for the change, and that the proclamation of the Queen's name would produce good effects. By approving the principle of the Bill, and deprecating delay, however, he did not commit himself to an approval of its details, there being parts to which he could not assent.

The qualified support thus lent by Sir Henry to Lord Palmerston's India Bill was not destined to have any practical result, the Bill being suspended by the

¹ *Annual Register* for 1858, p. 25.

downfall of Lord Palmerston's Ministry towards the end of February on the French (Conspiracy) question, and a fresh Bill being brought forward by Mr. D'Israeli, which was in its turn superseded by one based on Resolutions, and skilfully piloted through the House by Lord Stanley. Sir Henry gave this Bill also his approval, but took no great part in the discussions upon it, being in a somewhat delicate position as an interested party. Both sides were anxious for his support, and had offered him positions in the new Indian Government, which for some time he declined ; finally, however, on the passage of Lord Stanley's Bill by something like a unanimous vote, he made up his mind to accept the offer of a seat in the new Council, although his acceptance of it brought for the time his Parliamentary career to an end. After a good deal of debate, it had been ruled that the Members of Council should be ineligible for seats in Parliament, chiefly on the ground that otherwise unseemly collision might take place in the House between the Indian Secretary and his subordinates. Sir Henry himself took a different view, being of opinion that the advantages which would result from the presence in the House of Commons of a certain number of Members of Council would more than counterbalance this disadvantage. He acquiesced, however, in what proved to be the general sentiment of the House, and, subordinating his personal ambition to his desire of usefulness, accepted the offer made him, and became a Member of the first 'India Council,' his appointment bearing date September 1, 1858.

Work at the Council was, speaking broadly, almost the same thing as work on the Board of Directors, and presented, therefore, no features of novelty or difficulty

to Sir Henry, who had served on the Directorate for two years. He threw himself into it with his accustomed energy, and won golden opinions both from Lord Stanley, the President, and from the majority of his colleagues. He was not, however, suffered to continue very long in this subordinate, albeit honourable, position. Early in the year 1859, Lord Stanley, having to recommend a fitting person to the Queen for appointment to the Persian Envoyship, vacant by the retirement of Sir Charles Murray, on looking round among qualified persons, could find no one who seemed to him so well fitted for the post as Sir Henry Rawlinson, to whom, therefore, after consultation with his father, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, he offered the appointment. Sir Henry's antecedents, no doubt, pointed to him as a specially qualified person; but his close association with Lord Stanley in the India Office, and the impression which his work in the office had made upon its president, had probably considerable weight in causing his selection.

CHAPTER XII

ACCEPTS THE EMBASSY TO PERSIA—INTERVIEW WITH A REIGATE
CONSTITUENT, AUGUST 1859 — JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO
TEHERAN—RECEPTION BY THE SHAH—LIFE AT TEHERAN FROM
NOVEMBER 1859 TO MAY 1860—RESIGNATION OF THE EMBASSY
—REASONS AND RUMOURS

AMONG the positions which had for many years presented themselves to Sir Henry Rawlinson as within the range of his ambition, and as more or less desirable, was the Embassy to the Court of Teheran, with which he had become thoroughly familiar during the years 1833–9. He observes in a notebook intended to furnish materials for his biography, under the entry for the year 1855—‘In the beginning of this year, Charles Murray and his mission reached Baghdad, on their way to Teheran, which was rather a disappointment to me, as I had hoped to have been nominated to this post myself’; and in his private letters to relations the position is often spoken of as one which he coveted, and to which he considered that he might reasonably aspire. The offer of it came, however, in 1859, somewhat unexpectedly. It was made, as already stated, by Lord Stanley, Secretary for India under his father Lord Derby’s Ministry, with the consent and, I believe, at the suggestion of his father. Sir Henry was at the time deeply immersed in the business of the India Council, and was quite content with the position which he held in that body, of which he was one of the most influen-

tial members. But the offer made him was one not lightly to be slighted. It came from the political party on which he had the least claim, and with which he was least closely connected. It clearly involved promotion and advancement, and a refusal might have seemed ungracious. It was the fulfilment of an old day-dream, though of one which had almost faded away. On the whole, after some hesitation, Sir Henry thought it best to accept the appointment, and set about making preparations for his departure, which naturally occupied some considerable time, and put him to considerable expense. The status of an ambassador in the East necessitates the maintenance of a large and brilliant establishment, and the newly appointed Envoy was anxious to produce a good impression by having all things about him arranged on the most liberal scale. Having received his appointment in April, he had, however, towards the middle of June, completed the necessary arrangements, and was about to take his departure, when suddenly a further delay became necessary through the change of Ministry consequent upon the defeat of Lord Derby's Government on the motion of Lord Hartington at about that date. It then became incumbent upon him to wait for fresh instructions from the new Indian Minister, whoever he might be; and Sir Charles Wood (afterwards Lord Halifax) having taken Lord Stanley's place, it was from him that Sir Henry received his final instructions before quitting London and starting for Persia on August 18, 1859.

A diary kept at this period contains the following entry :—

August 18, 1859.—Made my first move from London . . . and disagreeable enough it was to change from

the comforts of Langham Place to the cramped accommodation of an hotel, although that hotel was the Pavilion at Folkestone—the model establishment of England. Lawrence Oliphant, deep in China and Japan, and the Scudamore Stanhopes were my travelling companions; and our talk was of the Yang-tsi-Kiang, of Yedo, Dr. Smethurst, haunted houses, and ladies' hats. Having sent my servant back to town immediately on arrival, I had a fight about a missing carpet-bag, and set the telegraph at work; but I now begin to suspect that the article was never sent, but is still reposing in my rooms. Persecuted in the reading-room by one of my old Reigate constituents, a radical Quaker coal-dealer, eaten up with vanity, Mr. T. D., from whom the Lord deliver me. He was bad enough at Reigate, where he had three or four votes at his disposal. Here, with no votes, his wheezy voice, collier manners, and self-conceit, he is simply unbearable.

Paris was reached on Thursday, September 8, and, after a stay of a few days with Lord and Lady Cowley at Chantilly, and some long and interesting discussions with Hussein Ali Khan Gervooos, a Persian statesman resident in the French metropolis, was quitted on the 16th for Lyons. Hussein Ali was consulted on the state of affairs in Persia, and the best course to pursue in order to re-establish British influence at the Court of Teheran. The pith of his information seems to have been, that under existing circumstances 'the Shah was everything in Persia, no one else in the country worth considering. He (the Shah) had been greatly exasperated against the English, and was in fact still out of humour with us, and indisposed to any friendly action.' The Khan's advice was simply this—'to use the Russians as a bugbear, and frighten the Shah well, before attempting to gain his confidence. Above all,' he said, 'do not be deterred by a single failure. Keep

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your temper, and persevere; and matters will come straight.'¹

After a night at Lyons, and a two days' stay at Marseilles, Sir Henry embarked on board a French steamer bound for Valetta, which made the passage in 62 hours, leaving Marseilles at sunrise on September 19, and casting anchor in Valetta harbour at 8 P.M. on September 21. 'The French captain and officers,' says the note-book, 'were pretty civil, but evidently hated the English. In fact, I have remarked on this trip, much more than on any previous occasion, the intense jealousy with which everything English is regarded. . . . Malta is certainly not a pleasant residence—climate hot—glare and dust everywhere—and all the bickerings, gossip, &c., of a little Pedlington—civil, military, and naval services all jealous of each other, and all hating and snubbing the Maltese.'

At Malta, Sir Henry obtained passage to Constantinople in a Queen's ship, the *Caradoc*, which was to stop a day at Athens on its way. He left Valetta harbour on September 24, reached Athens on the 27th, stayed there the 28th, and arrived in the Bosphorus on October 3. Athens, which he had never previously visited, delighted him. Sir Thomas Wyse, the British Minister, was politeness itself, and gave himself up to his guest's entertainment. 'He served us,' says the diary, 'as a most accomplished cicerone, showing us over the Temple of Jupiter, the Arch of Trajan, the Theatre of Bacchus and Herodes Atticus (a most interesting site), the Acropolis throughout, including the Temple of Victory, and the beautiful torsos lately found,'²

¹ MS. Diary kept by Sir H. Rawlinson on his journey from London to Teheran in the year 1859.

² 'These three draped figures of Victory,' Sir Henry adds in a note,

the Propylæum, the Parthenon, the Temple of Minerva Polias, the Erechtheum, Cimon's tomb, the Pnyx and Agora. The Theseum and Temple of Æolus we did by ourselves. We afterwards dined with Sir Thomas Wyse, and met General Church and the Austrian Minister. . . . Sir Thomas mentioned a remark of one of the Greek Ministers on the Ionian proposal of annexation to Greece: "The table is very small, and the company is already numerous, where shall we find room for more guests?" In fact, Wyse says positively, that the Greek Government gives no encouragement whatever to the Ionian movement, and is averse to the whole scheme of annexation. If this be true, it is very strange that the Ionians should thus be running after a shadow.'

At Constantinople Sir Henry Rawlinson was received with every civility by the British Minister, Sir Henry Bulwer, and was introduced to the principal Turkish statesmen and presented to the Sultan. The following is his own account of the presentation:—

We went on afterwards to the famous Dolma Baghche Palace, where we were received in the outer building, and had to wait at least an hour, as the Sultan had just received the Report of the Commission on the subject of the [recent] conspiracy, and was occupied with considering it. At length we were summoned, and, preceded by a single chamberlain, crossed the garden to the great Palace. Passing through some corridors, we ascended the great staircase with the crystal barricade, surmounted by the ruby skylight, the effect of which was quite magnificent. Immediately above the staircase was a single man in plain Turkish dress, walking leisurely about the room. Approaching

'though all more or less mutilated, I look upon as the most beautiful specimens of Greek sculpture I have ever seen.'

him we bowed twice, while he remained perfectly still. He wore a very sad expression of countenance and said not a word. Pisani, in a very low tone of voice, made the ordinary announcement, that, as her Britannic Majesty's Minister proceeding to Persia, I was anxious to pay my homage in person to his Majesty in passing through Constantinople. I added, 'especially as I had already served my Government for twelve years in his Majesty's dominions!' He then gave the first sign of animation, asking, 'Where?' I replied, 'At Baghdad.' The conversation was afterwards of the usual stamp. He asked after the Queen, and of the whereabouts of Prince Alfred, seeming rather curious to know if H.R.H. was coming to Stamboul. I took advantage of this to express the extreme solicitude her Britannic Majesty took in the prosperity of the Sultan's Government. He replied, that 'Inglaterra had always been the best friend to Turkey.' The interview lasted from five to ten minutes, when his Majesty asked if I would not like to see the palace, and ordered a chamberlain to show me over it. The saloon south of the staircase is very fine, but the grand domed hall below is the great wonder. It is probably the finest room in Europe, though (as I heard afterwards remarked) a little too theatrical. The Sultan did not seem to be dissipated and prematurely aged, as I expected to find him, but rather mournful and thoughtful, and very rarely lighting up.¹

Having seen the sights, and had some important interviews with Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Ambassador, the Persian Envoy left Constantinople on the morning of Monday, October 10, by steamer, passed Sinopé the next day, and anchored at Trebizonde on the morning of Wednesday, October 12. Here he spent a couple of days, proceeding on his way to Poti at the mouth of the river Rhion in the night of October 13,

¹ MS. Diary kept by Sir H. Rawlinson on his journey from London to Teheran in the year 1859.

and anchoring in the roads there at daylight on the morning of October 14. As the regions on which he now entered are still comparatively little traversed by Europeans, and at the time were almost virgin soil, some further extracts from the diary will, it is thought, possess an interest.

Reached Poti, *Friday, October 14*. Weather beautiful. Light wind from the east, sky clear, sun still hot, and sea perfectly smooth. River steamer employed for some time in discharging the cargo of the large Russian steamer from Trebizonde, but came alongside about 1 P.M. and took us into the river beautifully. Not a ripple to be seen on the bar—seven feet of water on it at the time—and steamer, being deeply loaded, drew six feet or upwards. Landed at the Poti Custom-house, and took up our quarters at the commandant's residence. Everyone most civil. Weather being fine, the place looked very nice and cheerful, but must be miserable in the wet and rain.

Saturday, October 15.—Started early in the steamer up the Rhion, and found the navigation difficult enough. We were two hours and more in one place, getting across a flat. The vessel draws three feet, and at two points between Poti and Meran that is the average depth of the river, so that there is nothing for it but to lay out anchors and haul on them. Our vessel is badly provided with anchors and boats, and under-manned. The lower part of the country is a mere swampy forest; higher up, alluvial banks rise a little, but forest continues. At the second bad place, about twelve miles in a straight line from Meran, we pulled up for the night, the captain being afraid to venture on in the dark. N.B.—The river is full of the most ugly-looking *snags* . . . Two engineers are on board, come out to survey the country from Poti to Baku for a railway. They say from Poti to Meran would be easy enough, as a couple of deep ditches on each side would leave the railway itself dry.

Sunday, October 16.—We were three hours working over the bad place, but steamed on afterwards without impediment to Meran. Country very picturesque when you reach the hills some miles from Meran. Splendid forests, bold jutting crags, and richly cultivated slopes here and there. Mingrelian women seen along the banks of the river, very handsome. Meran, a large straggling place, suffered much from Omar Pasha's troops. Commandant an old Russian officer with a Georgian wife, and two very fine daughters, the eldest a perfect beauty. They received us well, but we went on as soon as we could obtain conveyances. These were very bad—a *tarantass* for myself and the officer sent from Kotaïs to meet me, a sort of car or Roman chariot for three gentlemen, and *teleqis* without springs for the remainder. Started at 5 P.M. and reached Kotaïs at 1 A.M., the greater part of the way being through deep mud or water. The country indeed is perfectly inundated owing to a fortnight's rain, and I should think no railway could stand such continued floods. The road follows up the Hun river (Hippopotamus river the Russian officer called it) for some way, and we also crossed another large stream about half-way by a most rickety bridge, where we were obliged to take out the horses and drag the carriages over by hand. Reached Kotaïs at one, thoroughly tired. Estimated distance from Poti to Meran, following the windings of the river, fifty miles, and on to Kotaïs perhaps thirty miles. Kotaïs is an open town, clean looking, with many new houses. Took up our quarters in the Club house.

Kotaïs contains about 15,000 inhabitants, Jews, Russians, and Mingrelians. It is a wretched place altogether—a mere bad Eastern town, with a few European buildings dotted here and there about it, which only seem to make the mass of the hovels around them look still more miserable. . . . The Mingrelians are a wonderfully handsome race, both men and women, and much superior in this respect to the

Georgians. Kotaïs, however, is (I believe) in Imeretia. They declare here that the dialects of Imeretia and Gurjel hardly differ from Georgian, but that Mingrelian and Lazi have little or no connection with it; at any rate a Georgian cannot understand a Mingrelian, and *vice versa*. In round numbers, the army of the Caucasus is (on paper) 250,000 men, 100,000 of these being distributed between the mountains and the Persian frontier.

Tuesday, October 18.—Made three days from Kotaïs to Bidafori (?), the 'White Mountain.' A good deal of mud, and no made road except near Kotaïs. The country very beautiful, especially at this season—low hills richly wooded, with valleys between them, forming the belt between the spur which here runs south from the Caucasus to Akhaltzik and the low country of the sea-coast. By-the-by, in Akhaltzik we have probably the very name of Colchis. . . . The passage of the mountains from Meliti to Suram took us six hours. We were allowed, as a great favour, to pass by the new road, not yet opened to the public, and thus avoided the mud and sharp ascents and descents of the ordinary route; but I doubt whether we gained in time, as the new road must be double the length of the other, and being covered as it was with newly broken stones, the horses could never go out of a walk. This new road, when completed, will really be a great work, not quite equal to the famous railroad over the Semerang, but in something of the same character. The rock, however, is soft throughout, chiefly sandstone, with some harder material imbedded in it, pudding fashion. The scenery was quite magnificent. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the forest foliage, the wild vines and creepers giving patches of a bright red colour in addition to the ordinary autumn tints.

Thursday, October 20.—Made two short stages from Suram to Gori. Could not go further, as there was no decent station to stop at. Moreover, it came on to rain heavily, and then I had a smartish attack of fever,

brought on by biliary derangement. We were magnificently lodged at Gori, in the private house of a Georgian noble, the chief landed proprietor of the district. The boudoir assigned to me was decorated with German, Parisian, and English prints, the prevailing taste here being evidently for the *décolté* school. Among the pictures were prints of Pascal, Bacon, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Pope, and some others which I did not recognize. Gori is a considerable place. The garrison is of two regiments, but one of them is now detached to Suram.

Friday, October 21.—Made five stages from Gori to Tiflis. Road good and horses everywhere ready, so that, including all delays, we were only ten hours on the road, and got in before dark. . . . Gori is on the Kur, called here always Kura. We took up our quarters at an hotel hired for us by the Prince.

Saturday, October 22.—Was visited early by Messrs. Kensenstern and Cady, the two chief civil officers of the Government, and then accompanied the former to pay my respects to Prince Bariatinski. Found his Excellency in his bedroom, seated in an easy chair, with his feet swathed in cloths, in a dressing-gown, but with the St. George's Cross (II. Class) round his neck. He is a fine, tall, military figure, the *beau idéal* of a Russian general, but now completely put *hors de combat* by the gout. I sat with him nearly an hour, and he gave me the most interesting account possible of his capture of Shamil. The campaign only lasted forty-two days. He had 30,000 men in the field. His first serious affair was at the crossing of the river and entering the range in occupation of the enemy. There the Russians lost four or five hundred men; and for that victory, which in fact decided the campaign, as it gave him the command of the mountains, he received the St. George's Cross. There were several other skirmishes before he succeeded in investing Gounib, which he described as an isolated mountain, fifty versts in circuit, and scarped on all sides, the only practicable approach being strongly fortified.

On the summit was a broken table-land, containing a large village with five mosques and some thousand inhabitants, besides Shamil and his 400 warriors. When the whole mountain was fairly invested, the Prince sent a 'pour-parler' to Shamil, pointing out that he must inevitably surrender, but offering him, to save the effusion of blood, very honourable terms, viz.—That he should surrender to the Prince, and should then be permitted to retire to Mecca or Constantinople, or wherever he wished. These terms Shamil agreed to at first, but afterwards he evaded them, claiming to be allowed to go away without making his personal submission. It consequently became necessary to storm the heights, or at any rate to carry the approaches. This was done with considerable loss, and supported by a heavy cannonade. The Prince said that the stream, which fell from the heights in a series of cascades, was perfectly red with the blood of the slain. No great effect, however, could have been produced by merely carrying the approaches, as the strongest positions were the village, and especially the large fortified post within it, had not a Georgian general, Prince Melikoff, at the head of some thousands of soldiers, succeeded in scaling the scarp in the rear, and thus appearing on the crest of the precipice behind the village, while the main body of the Russians was preparing to attack in front. This was on the third day. The Prince now again sent to warn all non-belligerents to quit the village, and offered Shamil his life, and his life only, if he would surrender before the assault was sounded. The whole of the day was spent in parleys, while the women for the most part quitted the village. Shamil tried hard for the same terms which he might have had before about retiring to Mecca, &c., but the Prince would promise him nothing beyond his life, all else to remain with the Emperor. Shamil threatened several times to kill his wives, and then with his 400 picked warriors die fighting sword in hand, as his retreat was entirely cut off. He came out once to give himself up, but was alarmed at the appearance of the Russians

on all sides, and again retired to the mosque. The Prince could now hardly restrain the troops, who were most anxious to assault; but he swore that any man should be shot who moved from the ranks, his great object being, as it would seem, to obtain Shamil *alive*; and this for a very good reason, since, so long as Shamil lives, no other Mushid can be chosen by the *Murids* in his stead. At length, when the Prince's patience was well nigh exhausted, a general shout arose from the soldiers on the heights over the village, and he (the Prince) made sure that his men had broken their ranks and made a rush upon the village. But no, his staff assured him that not a single soldier had stirred, and, the next minute, the roar of triumph was explained by the issuing from the village of forty white-turbaned figures with Shamil at their head. The troops had seen them as they issued from the mosque, and were not sorry to be spared the heavy loss of an assault. Shamil, the Prince admitted, had quite lost his presence of mind when he gave himself up. Shame, in the first place, at having broken faith on the previous occasion, perhaps also at not having committed suicide, consternation at the infuriated looks of the soldiers on all sides of him, horror at what might possibly be the fate of the females left in the mosque—all this combined to blanch his cheek and make his lips quiver; but the Prince was quite indignant at the imputation of cowardice that had been cast on him from his pitiable appearance at this supreme moment of his career: 'We are all men,' he said, 'and who could have maintained an unmoved aspect under such circumstances?' Shamil's followers were at once disarmed, and the Russian officers wished to do the same to the chief himself, but the Prince would not permit it. He bade him retain his arms, told him again that his life was safe, placed him on a horse by his side, and took him to the tents which were pitched not very far off on the plateau. The 'Murids' in the mosque were not interfered with further than being assured of pardon, and offered terms of service,

which they gratefully accepted; they were now [the Prince said] Russia's most devoted soldiers. Shamil was also allowed to communicate with his wives, and assure them of his safety. While the Prince was writing his despatch that evening to the Emperor, he heard the order passed from Shamil's tent, which was close by, to his *maître d'hôtel*—‘A cup of tea for Shamil.’ ‘Bravo,’ said the Prince, ‘he is coming to himself.’ Presently there was a call for another cup of tea for Shamil. ‘So,’ said the Prince, ‘he seems thirsty after his day's work.’ He then sent the *maître d'hôtel* to know if there was anything else the prisoner wished for; and the gratifying assurance came back that Shamil was voraciously hungry, and would be only too glad for a plate of pilau, let it be cooked by whoever would; and accordingly in another half hour, the holy man having put all punctilio aside once and for ever, was up to his elbows in a steaming infidel pilau!

The Prince, as might be naturally expected, was not a little proud of his exploit, and wished much to know what was thought of it in Europe. I told him it was compared to the capture of Abdul Kader; but he hardly seemed to think this a compliment, saying that Shamil was a much greater man than the Arab chief, as the Caucasus was a more difficult country than Algeria, and this capture was far more important to Russian interests in Asia than the other chief's to French interests in Africa. But, when I wished to draw him out as to what interests he alluded to, he fell back on the old topics of internal improvements, civilisation, commerce, &c.

Thursday, October 27.—Left Tiflis after a very agreeable sojourn. Baron Finot, the French Consul-General, furnished me with much valuable information; and I had also some most interesting conversations with Khannitoff (?), the result of which will be embodied in despatches to the Government. Made a short stage the first day, having to send back a carriage I bought at Tiflis, which turned out a complete ‘sell,’ the springs having broken during the first stage, and the whole

affair threatening to crumble to pieces. It cost me about 130*l.*, and will probably fetch about half the sum if sold at Tiflis. From the commencement of the district of Kazakh, where we leave the Kur and turn to the mountains, the population becomes almost exclusively Mohammedan. Here, too, the road turns off down the Kur to Baku.

Saturday, October 30.—Crossed the Dilligan Pass, steep but not very difficult. Scenery very beautiful, but not so fine as at Suram. At the top, a village of Sectaries. Here the Gokcha Lake appears in full view, and forms a most striking feature of the landscape. Count Simonich, a son of my old Persian friend, and aide-de-camp to the Governor of Erivan, met me here, being deputed to escort me to the frontier. Halted at another flourishing village of Sectaries on the lake, close to the point where the Erivan river issues from it. Were regaled with a splendid dish of salmon-trout, which the Sectaries caught for us—they netted thirty at a single haul. There are four sorts of trout in the lake, and I should take it to be the finest spot for fly-fishing in the world. The water is quite sweet. There is one charming little island in it, with a monastery, a most picturesque object; but no boats, or, at any rate, only a few crazy fishing craft, belonging to the Sectaries, which never venture very far out. The length of the lake is about forty-five miles, but the breadth is only five or six. General Khannitoff is now trying to bring a canal from the lake along the line of the river, but at a higher level, to water the gardens of Erivan, the Zengui river flowing in a deep bed, and being of no use for irrigation.

Sunday, October 31.—Got into Erivan in good time, a continual descent from the top of the Dilligan Pass, and were received in General Kulubiakine's house—at least I was, and the rest of the party were put up in the Club house close by. Nothing could equal the kindness and attention of the General, who, though somewhat rough and severe, is thoroughly honest and energetic, and an exceedingly well-read and accom-

plished gentleman altogether. His library astonished me, and he was perfectly *au courant* as to everything passing in the world at large, whether political, literary, or scientific.

The remainder of Sir Henry's journey—from Erivan to Tabriz and thence to Teheran—is not to be found in his papers, perhaps was never written. It is among the chief difficulties of his biographer that the papers which he has left behind him are so disconnected and fragmentary, presenting large and frequent gaps, and seldom continuous for above a fortnight or three weeks. There is now before me what purports to be a diary kept during his Teheran residence, from January 1, 1860, to May 18, when he finally quitted the Persian capital. But it contains one omission of twenty-six days (January 26 to February 20), two of fourteen days each (February 22 to March 7, and March 18 to March 31), and several of shorter duration. Also, it breaks off suddenly in the middle of a sentence, on May 6, twelve days before the actual termination of the residence. It is amid such a series of *hiatus valde deflendi* that the writer of a Memoir of Sir Henry Rawlinson has to work his way.

Sir Henry reached Teheran towards the close of 1859, and was given a grand reception by the Shah, who remembered his former residence in the country. The following is the account published of the reception by the 'Journal de Constantinople'¹ :—

His Excellency was shown all the marks of respect due to his quality as Ambassador of the Queen of England. He was met at a village several miles distant from Teheran by several members of the Government, having at their head the General of Division, Mehemet

¹ See the *Journal* of January 16, 1860.

Khan Envir Toman, a very distinguished personage, whose breast was literally covered with decorations. The representatives of the European Powers likewise awaited Sir Henry Rawlinson's coming on the same spot. Most of the European residents of Teheran were there besides. A large tent, covered with rich ornaments, was erected, and in it his Excellency rested himself for a while, and partook of some of the delicacies of Persian confectionery. After taking refreshment in this tent, he proceeded to the city escorted by a numerous following, and attended by a body of irregular cavalry, a squadron of regular troops, and by the grooms of the Shah, leading twelve blood horses, which his Majesty had presented to the British Ambassador. His Excellency, on arriving at the residence of the British Embassy, received complimentary visits from all the great officers of State, and on the Saturday following all the members of the Mission were received by the Shah. His Majesty deigned to accord to the Ambassador a most friendly reception. Sir Henry responded by a speech in the Persian language which produced a great impression on all who heard it ; after which he offered for his Majesty's acceptance some magnificent presents from her Majesty the Queen of England. In a word, the arrival of Sir Henry Rawlinson was the occasion of a general *fête* in the capital of Persia, and his reception was of the most flattering kind.

The new Minister could not but be gratified by a reception of so warm and friendly a character. He had himself a most kindly feeling towards the Persian people, whose merits he estimated more highly, and whose defects he viewed more leniently, than most Europeans. Any satisfaction, however, arising from this quarter was quickly damped by news which reached him early in the New Year from his political friends in London, of a most disquieting and disagree-

able nature. There had for some time been a diversity of opinion among English statesmen as to the exact position which Persian affairs ought to hold in connection with the Home Government and its several departments. On the one side it was argued that our interest in Persia depended mainly on her and our relations with Russia and the Russian autocrat, and that therefore Persian affairs ought to be regarded as one branch of foreign affairs, and as consequently falling properly under the control of the Foreign Office. On the other, it was urged that we were really interested in Persia, far more on account of her connection with India, than of any relations in which she stood towards Russia, and that the Indian Minister was therefore the proper person to have charge of such Persian affairs as came naturally under the consideration of the British Government. It was well known that this latter view was that of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and that it had no stronger or more zealous advocate. If he had not made it a condition of his acceptance of the office of Persian Envoy, that the Embassy should continue under the control of the Indian Minister, he had at any rate accepted his office while such was the arrangement ; he was known to be greatly in favour of it, and naturally his friends, so soon as it was mooted that a change was contemplated, wrote to warn him of what was probably coming. The intelligence reached him on January 8, 1860, and was most disagreeable. Here had he just, at a considerable expense, and with great risk to health, made a journey of above 4,000 miles, in inclement weather, under certain quite legitimate expectations, and, within a fortnight of his arrival at his post, he finds the most important of these expectations threatened with disappointment—his journey of 4,000 miles

taken for no purpose, to no end, except that it might be almost immediately retraced at the hottest period of the year, and under circumstances which would raise in many minds a suspicion of failure and disgrace, for he had no doubt in his own mind as to what course it behoved him to pursue should the threatened change be made. He must at once resign his post. Not that he would be precipitate. His resignation should not be sent in until the rumoured transfer was a *fait accompli*. But he would at once manifest his own determination. On the very day of his receiving the intelligence, he sat down and wrote an official letter of resignation, which he enclosed in a cover to a private friend, who was instructed to keep it by him until the transfer had been effected, and then to send it in without delay. The following is a copy of this letter of resignation :—

Teheran, February 20th, 1860.

MY LORD,—When I accepted the appointment of H.M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Persia, in the spring of last year, I had no personal object to serve, either of advancement or emolument. I took office simply as a matter of public duty, in connection with my immediate line of employment.

As I had been for more than twenty-eight years in the Indian service, and for four years in the Indian Department of the Government at home, it seemed to me to be in harmony with my previous career that I should take on myself the duties of the Teheran Mission under the direction of the India Office; and I also thought that as the conduct of our relations with the Court of Persia would, under the control of the India Office, be naturally placed on the same liberal footing, in regard to presents and contingent expenditure, which, in deference to Oriental usage, is sanctioned

for all other diplomatic establishments in the East, I might be able to recover for the British Mission at Teheran that influential position which it formerly occupied, and thus do good service to my country. These views, however, have been entirely altered by the re-transfer of the Persian Mission to the Foreign Office, and the instructions consequent on that re-transfer, which are communicated to me in your Lordship's despatches, No. 1 and No. 4, of the 1st and 12th ultimo respectively. In the first place, I find myself taken out of the line to which I belong, and attached to a department on which I have no claim, and with the regulations and traditions of which I am comparatively unacquainted; and secondly, I am required to observe certain principles of action as established for the general guidance of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service, which I conscientiously believe to be inapplicable to Persia, and to be incompatible with the acquisition or retention of influence at this Court.

As the conditions under which I took office have been thus essentially altered by circumstances beyond my control, and as I can no longer indulge a hope of being able to serve in this country either with credit to myself or with advantage to the Government, I take this first opportunity, after being officially informed of the re-transfer of our relations with Persia to the Foreign Office, respectfully to tender my resignation of the post of H.M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Shah.

It will rest with H.M.'s Government to decide on the exact period of my retirement from the charge of the Persian Mission. If your Lordship should be pleased to dispense with my services at once, I shall be glad to move from Teheran before the hot weather sets in. If, on the other hand, there should be any matter of urgency which may require my presence, or your Lordship should think it desirable on general grounds that I should wait to be relieved by the Minister who may be appointed to succeed me, then I shall be pre-

pared to remain the summer at Teheran, and under any circumstances I shall, of course, consider myself bound to follow out, with the utmost exactitude, your Lordship's instructions with regard to presents and economy of expenditure during my remaining brief tenure of office.

I have the honour to be your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

(Signed) H. C. RAWLINSON,
Envoy and Minister.

Meantime he waited. The plan for the transfer of Persian affairs to the Foreign Office at first 'hung fire'—the Indian Council objecting to continue the payment of 12,000*l.* a year for the expenses of the Persian Mission if the control of it was to be taken out of their hands. But after a time this difficulty was overcome, and the transfer was made.¹ Sir Henry's letter of resignation

¹ Sir Henry received information of the transfer in the subjoined letter from Sir Charles Wood, the Secretary of State for India, dated December 8, 1859:—

'DEAR SIR HENRY,—I desired either Sir G. Clerk or Mr. Haye to write to you by the last mail to apprise you that we had determined to re-transfer the Persian Mission to the Foreign Office. This was done on account of the constant communications with the French, Russian, and Turkish Ministers which you must have, and the probable necessity (which had indeed arisen in one or two matters) of communicating with the Courts of those countries, or with their Ministers in London.

'I am sorry that our official intercourse has been of so short a duration, but I hope that you will write to me on all matters connected with India and Afghanistan; because though the Foreign Minister is to be the organ of communication, I am strongly of opinion that the Indian Minister must have the principal *say* in the direction of affairs.

'I have just seen the Persian Envoy, who seems to be a very friendly, good sort of man. He speaks very fair, assures me that they have given up all notion of Herat, and hopes that we shall keep the Russians out. I assured him that you were Persia's best friend, and that all we desired or wished was to be on good terms with her, and that our interests were the same, and that as long as we agreed we had nothing to fear.

'Yours truly,
'C. Wood.'

was at once delivered to the Foreign Minister, Lord John Russell. A faint effort was made to induce him to reconsider it, but at the same time he was informed that, if he declined to do so, his letter would be laid before the Queen, and his successor appointed. No hope was held out that the Ministerial policy would undergo any alteration, and as Sir Henry highly disapproved of it, he felt it imperative on him to throw up his post.

The reasons for his disapproval were two-fold. In the first place, he regarded the transfer as practically sure to be followed by an entire change in the character of the officials to whom the administration of Persian affairs, so far as they fell under British control, would be henceforth committed. Hitherto, Indian officers or civilians had been entrusted with almost all such appointments, and the result had been on the whole most satisfactory. Under the Foreign Office, members of the diplomatic service, who had passed their lives at European Courts, and in the study and practice of European methods, would, he believed, take the place of these Indian officials, and their ignorance of Oriental manners and ideas must, he thought, lead to continual misunderstandings and difficulties. Secondly, it had been the established practice in Persia during the twenty-five years that he had known the country, and for a long time previously, to look for valuable presents from all the foreign embassies permitted to reside in Persian territory, and to allow the relations with the countries represented to be largely influenced by the number and character of these presents. Now the Foreign Office did not permit the giving of any presents, and it seemed to Sir Henry Rawlinson, that a sudden and complete change in this respect would seriously injure the friendly relations

between Persia and England which he had been so largely instrumental in establishing.¹ So strongly did he feel on this subject, that, in spite of the veto of the Foreign Office, to which he was now responsible, he, on March 17, according to custom, sent presents of the usual character to the principal Persian Ministers—gold watches to the Foreign Minister and Mustafa et Mamalik, and to Sipah Salar his last rifle, and ‘a first-class hunting glove.’²

Meanwhile, as etiquette required, Sir Henry continued to discharge the manifold duties of his office, without allowing a whisper to escape as to the insecure tenure on which he now held it; and it was not until May 5 that this reserve was laid aside, and Sir Henry’s resignation, together with the appointment of his successor, was made known both at the Court and at the Embassy. At the Court, the effect produced was extraordinary.

‘The news fell on Teheran,’ says Sir Henry, ‘like a thunderbolt, being totally unexpected by any one. I sent to Ferrukh Khan in the morning, but could not see him, as he had just been summoned by the Shah. In the afternoon we had our meeting, and I found he had just received an autograph note from the Shah, which I read. His Majesty said:—“The Minister for Foreign Affairs has just told me that Rawlinson Sahib is recalled. What is the meaning of this? I am dreadfully vexed. By Allah, I have been in such a state ever since hearing this news as I never was in before. See Rawlinson at once, and ascertain particulars, and let me know the

¹ Also, if England was the only power that gave no presents, her position, in comparison with that of other nations, would necessarily deteriorate in the eyes of the Persians.

² See Sir H. Rawlinson’s *Teheran Diary* for the first five months of 1860, p. 82.

result." I explained the affair to Ferrukh Khan as well as I could, but could not expect that he would be reconciled to the change as a mere departmental arrangement. Here everything is personal, and the Persians cannot help thinking that my being recalled, or permitted to leave, indicates a change of policy. Ferrukh Khan's suspicion evidently was, that the Government thought me too much in the Persian interests, and wished to have a sterner representative. It was arranged that I should ask for an audience of the Shah to-morrow, and endeavour to pacify his Majesty by assuring him that I could better push his interests in England than in Persia, and also by suggesting that, if anything serious occurred, I might be sent out again to set matters straight.'

There is a later entry to the following effect :—

Sunday, May 6.—To-day I saw the King in private. He was in a great state of annoyance and consternation; but, after a few explanations, he went into the discussion of political matters with his usual frankness and earnestness.

The fears and suspicions of the Shah were by these means quieted, and, though it is impossible to say that the relations between Great Britain and Persia continued as cordial under the new arrangements as they had been under the old, yet it must be granted that the difference was not very great or very perceptible. Persia is attracted to England by her hopes, driven towards Russia by her fears, and must always, while she retains a shadow of independence, waver between them. Her policy, like that of most countries, is purely selfish; and, though personal considerations may have a certain amount of weight in determining her course at any given period,

they will never deflect it far from the line of greatest self-advantage.

The following fuller account of the intercourse between the Shah and Sir Henry at this period is contained in a despatch addressed by the latter to Lord John Russell on May 23, 1860, five days after leaving Teheran :—

Casveen, May 23, 1860.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to report that I left Teheran upon the 18th instant for the purpose of meeting Mr. Alison at Tabriz.

Before taking my departure from the capital I had three different audiences of H.M. the Shah. At the first audience, which was strictly private, and to which I was specially invited by the Shah, I took occasion to disabuse his Majesty of the view, which, as I was informed, his advisers of the Russian party had been labouring to impress on him, that a change of Ministers indicated an entire change of policy on the part of the British Government towards Persia. I told the Shah I had every reason to believe that the conduct upon my part which had gained his Majesty's confidence, and placed the relations between the two States upon the most intimate footing, had been approved of by her Majesty's Government, and would be pursued in the same honest and earnest spirit by my successor; and I added, that personal feelings and conduct were, after all, of very little real consequence, as a Foreign Minister necessarily gave his first and best attention to the interests of the Government which he represented, and regulated his language and demeanour by the instructions which he received from it. Unfortunately in Persia, where private considerations are paramount in every walk of life, it is impossible to divest a Minister's character altogether of personal attributes, and his Majesty was thus pleased to express greater disappointment at my retirement than it would be becoming in me to repeat; but he admitted the justice of my observations as to the superior importance of State policy to

all other matters of a private or individual nature, and having made up his mind, he said, if he met with any encouragement, to stand or fall by the English alliance, he sincerely hoped that the seed which had been sown during the last few months would, under Mr. Alison's administration, ripen into an abundant harvest.

At the next audience, which occurred two or three days subsequently, and at which his Majesty invited Ferrukh Khan and the Minister for Foreign Affairs to be present, in order to give to his observations more of an official character, he brought out a paper of memoranda which he had drawn up with his own hand, and which referred to various matters that he was most anxious I should present to her Majesty's Government, and should explain in full detail. The several matters contained in the paper were then argued at considerable length by his Majesty and his two chief Ministers with a view to my becoming fully acquainted with their policy in all its bearings, and the next day the memoranda were sent to me—somewhat modified, although not sufficiently, according to suggestions offered by myself—for presentation to your Lordship on my arrival in England. As I have thought it desirable, however, that no time should be lost in putting your Lordship in possession of the views of the Persian Government thus confidentially communicated, I now venture to send a translation of the memoranda as an enclosure to the present despatch, and I further take the liberty of appending such explanatory remarks in half margin as may supersede the necessity of an immediate personal reference to myself. His Majesty directed Ferrukh Khan further to inform me that the topics embodied in this paper of memoranda would be discussed with your Lordship by the Mushir ed Dowleh on his arrival in England, but that he wished me to pave the way to negotiation by the full and detailed explanations which it would be in my power to afford.

Finally, on the day preceding my departure I was admitted to my official audience of him, accompanied

by all the officers of her Majesty's Legation, and I then presented to his Majesty Captain Lewis Pelly, as the officer who would remain at Teheran to conduct the current duties of the Mission pending Mr. Alison's arrival, and Mr. Ronald Thomson as about to accompany me on leave of absence to England. I subsequently presented Captain Pelly to Ferrukh Khan, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and my European colleagues, and I am now travelling to Tabriz by the regular stages, pursuant to the arrangements repeated in my despatch of the 10th instant. If I should reach Tabriz before Mr. Alison, I shall endeavour to arrange so that our meeting may take place upon the frontiers, but I shall not quit the Persian soil until I have duly made over charge of her Majesty's Mission to my successor, and given him all the information in my power with regard to the duties on which he is about to enter.

H. C. RAWLINSON.

Twelve days after the receipt of the despatch which informed him of the acceptance of his resignation and the nomination of his successor, Sir Henry Rawlinson quitted Teheran, and set out upon his return journey. There was fortunately, among the *employés* of the Embassy, a young relative of his, Captain (afterwards Sir Lewis) Pelly, who, having time at his disposal, was able to take much business off his hands, and so render him important services at this conjuncture. Sir Henry bade a last adieu to the Persian capital on the morning of May 18, and, accompanied by a large escort, rode off from the city gates into the open country. All the dependents of the British Embassy, all the Russian, French, and Prussian *attachés*, and a considerable number of the other European residents, anxious to do him honour, swelled the crowd which followed him, and made his departure from the city almost as magnificent as his entrance into it had been. A *callioon* was smoked

at the race-course, and then the foreign portion of the *cortège* withdrew ; but the staff still rode on for another half hour. Then came the final leave-taking. It was 'with real regret' that Sir Henry shook hands with the members of his staff,¹ more especially with Captain Pelly and with Sultan Khan, towards whom he felt a warm attachment.

The Persian Embassy was now a thing of the past ; but it remained to be seen what opinion would be generally formed as to Sir Henry's conduct of it, and especially as to his conduct in suddenly throwing it up. His intimate friends regarded him as fully justified. One wrote under the date of April 24, 1860 :—

I found here your letter of March. I do not wonder at your throwing it up. H—— has indisposed most of the service, and has made absurd regulations, limiting Secretaries and Paid Attachés to two months' leave a year. Beyond that, they lose half their too small salaries. . . . Last Sunday I had a long talk about you with Lord Wensleydale and Mrs. Lowther. She goes back to Berlin in a fortnight. I forget whether I wrote to you that I had had long talks with the Eltchys from two Central Asian States, and from that think the progress of the Russians much exaggerated, and that much might be done (if in the proper way) to ward and fend them off. But prejudices are very strong here ; and people like H——, who think they know all about everything, don't want to hear other people's ideas ; so I shall keep them to myself. As I told the Eltchys, nobody in England but you and me knew where their residences were, or cared a d——n about them.

Private opinions like this were not, however, enough: Sir Henry's political career could but be considerably affected by the views that should generally prevail on

¹ MS. Journal kept on the journey back from Teheran to London.

these important points ; and it soon became evident to him that for his own reputation and future usefulness he must insist on publicity being given to the circumstances under which he had acted, and to the judgments which had been passed upon his conduct in high quarters.

Before quitting Persia, he had received the following letter from Lord John Russell :—

Foreign Office, April 24, 1860.

SIR,—I stated to you in my despatch, No. 30, of the 5th instant, that I would acquaint you as soon as possible with the arrangement which might be made for supplying your place as her Majesty's Representative at the Court of Persia, and with the time at which you would be at liberty to quit Teheran.

You will probably have received information on both of these points from Sir Henry Bulwer, and I have therefore only now to instruct you to announce to the Persian Government that the Queen has been pleased to appoint Mr. Alison to be her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Shah, and to express her Majesty's hope that this appointment will prove agreeable to his Persian Majesty.

Mr. Alison will probably reach Teheran very shortly after you receive this despatch ; and as soon afterwards as you have taken leave of the Shah, you may quit Teheran on your return to England.

You will make over to Mr. Alison the archives, ciphers, and other public property.

As your functions will cease on the arrival of Mr. Alison, I reserve for my correspondence with him such observations and instructions as are called for by your various despatches from No. 15 to No. 37 of the general series, and from No. 4 to No. 9 of the secret and confidential series, but I have the satisfaction to acquaint you generally that the Queen entirely approves your proceedings as reported in these despatches, and your

conduct in the execution of your duties as her Majesty's Representative at the Court of Persia.

For myself personally, I take leave to express my regret that our official intercourse should thus early have been brought to an end. Your knowledge and abilities would have induced me to place the utmost reliance on your information and advice.

I am, with great truth and regard,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. RUSSELL.

Had official etiquette permitted of the publication of this document, nothing further would have been necessary, or perhaps even desirable. But official etiquette sternly forbade any such publication. In default of it, Rumour was free to suggest any such explanation of what had occurred as seemed good to her; and it was not long before Sir Henry was informed by his correspondents in England of various versions of the story which were afloat in English society. The form most prevalent was, that the Envoy had made some important diplomatic blunder, on account of which he had been recalled and superseded, so that he was coming home in disgrace, and could not look for any further political employment, whatever party should be in power. The exact nature of the blunder remained a mystery, with respect to which everyone was free to make any conjecture that he pleased, and various conjectures were ventured on. Sir Henry, in reply to his correspondents, at once suggested that a question, or questions, should be asked in the House of Commons on the subject, and a Ministerial explanation required. He felt confident, that though his action with respect to his colleagues might incur some blame, yet the public success of his Mission could not but be fully recognised. The question

was accordingly asked by Mr. H. D. Seymour, the member for Poole, on the evening of June 1, 1860, and elicited from Lord John Russell the following very satisfactory reply :—

The first question relating to Persia was put to me by my hon. friend, the member for Poole, and is connected with another, which was asked by my hon. friend the member for Liskeard. In the first place I should say that the story which my friend, the member for Poole, has heard—that there were differences of opinion between her Majesty's Government and Sir H. Rawlinson as to the policy to be pursued in Persia, and that in consequence Sir H. Rawlinson has been recalled—is altogether fabulous. Sir H. Rawlinson is a very able man, and exceedingly well acquainted with the East. The influence which he exercised in Persia was very considerable; his policy was entirely approved by her Majesty's Government, and I was in hopes that he would have continued to discharge the functions of her Majesty's Minister in Persia. The cause of his return is that to which my hon. friend, the member for Liskeard, alluded. My noble friend at the head of the Government (Lord Palmerston), on finding that the affairs of Persia had been committed to the Secretary of State for India, inquired of my right hon. friend, Sir C. Wood, and myself, what we thought of such an arrangement. We both said that we were ready to abide by his judgment, and either to continue the arrangement as it stood when he took office, or change it. My noble friend, after taking some time for consideration, said he thought the chief part of the business in Persia, though there is other business, no doubt, connected with India, was to settle and carry on the relations between Persia and this country and Russia. That certainly is the case so far as my experience goes. If there is a question between Persia and Russia, the English Minister is asked his opinion upon it, and whenever there is a question between Persia and England, the Russian Minister is consulted.

My noble friend, therefore, came to the decision that it was better that the Persian Mission should again be placed under the Foreign Office. I accepted that responsibility; and I was then certainly in hopes that Sir H. Rawlinson would have remained in charge of that Mission. Not long after the intelligence that the change was about to be made, however, had reached Persia, a gentleman in the Foreign Office informed me that he had received a private letter from Sir H. Rawlinson, telling him that as soon as the change was officially announced—and the official announcement had at that time gone out—he should resign his office and come home. I do not know that I should fairly represent his objections if I attempted to do so, but I believe that they turned chiefly upon the difference between the mode of conducting business in the India and in the Foreign Offices, and one of them certainly referred to the giving of presents, which had never been permitted by the Foreign Office. After a time, Sir H. Rawlinson informed me by a private letter that he had sent in his resignation, and at the same time I received the formal resignation of his office. I did not think it was desirable that he should remain in Persia after it was known that he was about to resign, and I therefore immediately advised her Majesty to accept the resignation of Sir H. Rawlinson, and to appoint in his place a gentleman whom I have never had the good fortune to see, and with whom I have no acquaintance whatever, but a gentleman who has been long in the diplomatic service in the East, whose despatches (when he has been in charge of the Embassy at Constantinople) and reports I have often had occasion to receive, and whose intelligence I have admired—Mr. Alison. The hon. gentleman will therefore see that Sir Henry Rawlinson has not been recalled—that he sent in his own resignation, and that for reasons which, although satisfactory to his own mind, I cannot but regret, he no longer serves the Queen in Persia.¹

¹ See the *Times* of June 2, 1860.

Before this 'plain unvarnished tale,' the idle rumours with respect to a 'scrape,' or 'diplomatic blunder,' into which the Envoy was supposed to have fallen, faded away; and his political career suffered no serious damage from the circumstances under which he quitted the Queen's service in 1860.

CHAPTER XIII

RETURN TO ENGLAND—RESUMPTION OF CUNEIFORM STUDIES—
 COMMENCEMENT OF REGULAR WORK AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM—
 RELATIONS WITH MR. GEORGE SMITH—ENGAGEMENT TO EDIT THE
 'CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS OF WESTERN ASIA'—PUBLICATION
 OF VOL. I., 1861—OTHER CUNEIFORM PUBLICATIONS—MARRIAGE
 —WEDDING TOUR—RETURN TO LONDON AND LIFE THERE
 (1861-1864)

THE retired Envoy reached England on his return from Teheran towards the end of July 1860, after an absence of not quite twelve months. At first it seemed to him that his occupation was gone. 'This abrupt change,' he says in a slight outline of his life now before me, 'threw me out of all public employment for the time'; and public employment had been his almost continuous occupation for above thirty-two years. But the active brain and busy hands which for this long space of time had worked almost without intermission on public affairs, were not to be satisfied without finding themselves a sphere in which they might continue their exercise, and a sphere almost as engrossing as that which seemed now closed to them. Literature, and especially the branch of it which he had made his own—cuneiform investigation—hitherto pursued at intervals as an amusement and a distraction, presented itself to the public 'servant out of place' as a worthy field in which to exercise his powers, and find for them full and satisfactory occupation. On reaching London, and

establishing himself there, in the summer of 1860 he came to this conclusion, and proceeded to make such arrangements with the authorities of the British Museum as should give him constant employment on the cuneiform documents, a convenient place to work in, and an intelligent assistant, for as long a time as might seem to him desirable. It was understood that his chief work was to be the editing and publishing of 'The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia' in the original languages and characters, with a brief notice in English of the general nature and bearing of each document so published. The main responsibility for the publication was to rest with Sir Henry Rawlinson himself; but he was to be assisted by Mr. Edward Norris, of the Foreign Office, in portions of the work, and further, he was to have the constant help of a working subordinate, who was to attend at the Museum daily, and to take his orders from Sir Henry. The great need of this official arose from the nature and condition of the documents, which, consisting in the main of clay cylinders and tablets of a friable character, had been broken into pieces, and the pieces often mixed together, during their transport from Mesopotamia, either round the Cape of Good Hope or by way of the Suez Canal, to England. For the decipherment of the documents it was necessary, in the first place, that they should be rightly pieced together, and this was a work requiring vast care, great delicacy of hand, and much knowledge. Sir Henry's assistant, Mr. George Smith, was employed to sort the fragments, and tentatively to piece together such as seemed to him to belong to each other, leaving it for Sir Henry to determine, by his knowledge of the character and the language, whether the tentative conjunctions were correct or no. Mr. Smith acquired gradually, by

long practice, a very remarkable skill in the execution of the task assigned to him, and ultimately, by taking advantage of his opportunities, gained such a knowledge of the different cuneiform characters and languages, as entitled him to assume the position of an independent decipherer and translator. Unfortunately he was early lost to science, having succumbed to the fatigues and dangers of Oriental travel, when sent out to superintend the Mesopotamian 'diggings' in the year 1876.

During the years 1861-4, Sir Henry Rawlinson continued to be a diligent attendant at the British Museum, and a diligent student of the cuneiform documents, often poring for hours over the fragments,¹ and in cases of difficulty having frequent consultations with Mr. E. Norris. The publication of 'The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia' progressed steadily under his superintendence, vol. i. making its appearance in 1861, vol. ii. in 1866, vol. iii. in 1870, vol. iv. in 1875, vol. v. part i. in 1880, and vol. v. part ii. in 1884. At the same time he was constantly addressing communications to the scientific journals—the 'Asiatic,' the 'Geographical,' the 'Literary Gazette,' the 'Monthly Review,' the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' and, above all, the 'Athenæum,' to which most of his more important discoveries were in the first instance communicated. A list of twenty-three contributions to scientific journals during these years has been compiled by a German Orientalist, Mr. Paul Haupt; and even this is far from complete. The work was extremely laborious, and by degrees became almost

¹ 'I have been employed,' he says in a letter to the *Athenæum*, 'at least twenty days during the present year, turning over crumbling fragments at the Museum, with the view of ascertaining if they belong to historical or chronological tablets' (*Athenæum* of July 15, 1862).

intolerably irksome.¹ Many of the tablets were inscribed in a character so minute as to be indecipherable without a strong magnifier, the employment of which for several hours day after day was a severe strain upon the eyes of the decipherer. Important discoveries came in but slowly, since the great harvest had been by this time reaped, and it was only left for those who still laboured in the field to glean occasionally a few handfuls. Still, from time to time unexpected treasures revealed themselves, and the tired explorer was rewarded for weeks or months of barren toil by some more or less valuable discovery. Such, for instance, was the discovery of the 'Assyrian Eponym Canon,' which Sir Henry made in the course of the years 1861-2, and communicated fully to the 'Athenæum' in May of the latter year.² Interest was widely awakened in a document which seemed likely to place Asiatic chronology on a firm and solid basis from nearly the close of the Assyrian Empire almost to the time of Solomon; and controversy, which naturally follows upon interest, was keenly stirred. Such scholars as Hincks, Oppert, Bosanquet, Vaux, G. Smith, were roused to take part in a discussion felt to be of first-rate historic importance, and for a time the attention of the literary world was riveted on the remarkable 'find.' Less important, but still of considerable interest, was the discovery, made in 1864, of a number of 'Bilingual Readings, Cuneiform and Phœnician,' found by Sir Henry upon other tablets in the Museum, and given to the world through the columns of the 'Asiatic Society's Journal' early in the ensuing year.

¹ 'I am very desirous of doing something definite with regard to Cuneiforms, but find the work sadly irksome' (MS. Diary of 1862).

² See the *Athenæum* of May 31, 1862, and July 19 of the same year.

Sir Henry had now exceeded the term of middle life, and felt that, if he were not content to pass a solitary old age, the time was come when he must change his condition, and take upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony. On September 2, 1862, he was married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Louisa Caroline Harcourt Seymour, youngest daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Knoyle, Wilts, and 39 Upper Grosvenor Street, W., who was a member of the Duke of Somerset's family. Her brothers, Henry Danby and Alfred, were respectively members for Poole and Totnes, while her two elder sisters were married respectively to Ashford Sandford, Esq., of Nynhead, Taunton, and Philip Pleydell Bouverie, Esq., of Brymore, Bridgwater, and 32 Hill Street, W. The ceremony was performed by the writer of the present Memoir.

A short tour followed the wedding. The newly married couple visited Venice, Florence, Milan, Rome, and Naples, returning to London towards the close of the year, and taking up their abode at No. 1 Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

From his tour, Sir Henry Rawlinson returned to his cuneiform studies, on most days passing several hours in his workroom at the British Museum, superintending Mr. George Smith's tentative endeavours, and confirming or rejecting his conjectures. After a morning of hard work, he would allow himself to be swept into the whirl of London society. I see by his diaries that he dined out, on an average, five or six times a week, and not infrequently attended afterwards one or even two evening parties. But he mostly complains that it was dull work. What lent a certain amount of interest to it, however, was the contact into which it brought him with persons eminent in all the various walks of life—with statesmen,

such as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. D'Israeli, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Argyll; with authors and artists, such as Dean Milman, Dean Stanley, Lord Houghton, Bishop Wilberforce, Millais, Leighton, Watts, Herkomer, Froude, Yule, Reeve, &c.; with judges, such as Sir R. Collier and Lord Wensleydale; with diplomats, such as Lord Dufferin, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, M. de Stael, and Count Schouvaloff; and last, not least, with practical men of the world, such as Mr. John Walter, Mr. Delane, Baron Rothschild, Lord Cork, and Lord Sherbrooke. London society, whatever may be its drawbacks, has at any rate the advantage that it draws within its vortex the most gifted minds of all classes, and by the action and reaction of mind upon mind, develops the powers of each to a point otherwise probably unattainable.

CHAPTER XIV

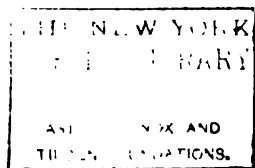
NEGOTIATIONS WITH A VIEW TO RE-ENTERING PARLIAMENT—
 STANDS FOR FROME AT THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1865—
 ELECTED—ACTION IN PARLIAMENT—A SPECIMEN SPEECH—
 'RUSSIAN SCARE'—TAKES UP THE ALARMIST SIDE, AND
 WRITES FIRST ARTICLE IN 'QUARTERLY' (OCTOBER 1865)—
 BUSY WITH PARLIAMENTARY DUTIES FROM 1866 TO 1868—
 RE-APPOINTED TO THE INDIA COUNCIL AS LIFE MEMBER

OCCUPIED, and seemingly engrossed as he was with his cuneiform and other linguistic researches from 1860 to the close of 1864, Sir Henry Rawlinson had been far from content during that space with the position in which he had found himself, and the ends to which it had appeared that his life must henceforth be devoted. He was essentially a man of action. From the age of seventeen to that of fifty he had been actively engaged in practical matters, soldiering, drilling troops, governing unruly subjects, mapping out districts, reporting on the condition of provinces, diplomatising, discussing affairs with men of all classes and of almost all nations and languages, and continually moving from place to place, passing his time chiefly out of doors: now, this life was exchanged for that of the study and the workshop, for laboriously poring over defaced and often almost indecipherable documents, fitting into each other, as it were, the fragments of a puzzle map, filling up the frequent hiatus with more or less reasonable conjectures, cudgelling the brain to supply the exact word suitable

to the context, and at the same time of the right size for the place—and all this in a solitude, or a quasi-solitude, with almost no help from others, no collision of mind with mind, of wit with wit, of memory with memory. It is scarcely surprising that so complete a change of life and of occupation, after a while, became ‘irksome,’ or that a longing arose for a return to the sort of active employment which was at once more habitual, and by nature more congenial. As early as 1862 I find active employment of the old kind openly desiderated, and a return to the India Council, or to the Persian Envoyship, or an appointment to an Indian Governorship suggested. Any one of these three would probably have been accepted at any time between January 1860 and December 1864; but none was offered, probably owing to the offence given by the resignation of the Persian Mission. The candidate for active employment had consequently to turn his thoughts elsewhere, and, as he had already once been in Parliament, it was not unnatural that, on the approach of a general election, he should cast them in the direction of St. Stephen’s, and should begin a series of inquiries as to the chances of success in constituencies with which he had more or less connection. Among those most strongly recommended to his notice was that of Frome, in Somersetshire, where his wife’s family had some influence, and his friend, Lord Cork, possessed property. Early in 1865 he made up his mind to contest this constituency, and very shortly afterwards commenced his canvass. Success attended his efforts, and, after a sharp struggle, he was elected in July of that year M.P. for the ancient borough of Frome by a satisfactory majority. After some vague threats of a petition, which came to nothing, he took his seat for a second time on



SIR HENRY C. RAWLINSON
AT THE AGE OF 55
From a Drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A.



the benches of St. Stephen's in February 1866, at the opening of the Session. As on the former occasion, he sat and voted as a Liberal—a moderate Liberal—a follower of Lord Palmerston and Lord Stanley, rather than of Mr. Gladstone or Lord John Russell. His special interest was naturally on matters more or less connected with India. In debates upon other subjects he took very little part; but, whenever an Indian topic came to the front and occupied the attention of the House, Sir Henry was sure to rise before the debate closed, and deliver what all felt to be a weighty opinion on the matter under discussion. He jealously watched the movements of Russia in Central Asia, and raised a warning note against her encroachments on more than one occasion.¹ He had an open ear for the complaints of Native Princes against the British authorities, and did not shrink from strongly vindicating their cause when it appeared to him that they had suffered wrong² at our hands. He had a keen eye for abuses, and was relentless in his exposure of them.³ He guarded Indian interests, not only in India itself, but in other connected countries, as in Egypt and Abyssinia. It was to a great extent his interest in India which caused him to throw himself with so much energy into the agitation for an Abyssinian expedition in the year 1867, and drew from him the best speech which he ever delivered in the House of Commons. This speech, which was delivered in a full House on July 26, seems to deserve a place in this Memoir as a specimen of his oratorical style. It is thus reported by Hansard⁴:—

¹ Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. clxxxii. p. 421; vol. cxcii. p. 955.

² *Ibid.* vol. clxxxv. pp. 827-882; vol. clxxxvii. pp. 1044-9.

³ *Ibid.* vol. cxci. pp. 427-9.

⁴ *Ibid.* vol. clxxxix. p. 287, *et seq.*

In rising to second the motion of the hon. member for Poole ('That an humble Address be presented to her Majesty, praying her Majesty that proper steps may be taken to procure the release of H.M.'s Consul and other subjects of her Majesty at present held prisoners by the King of Abyssinia, if necessary, by force of arms'), I desire to say in the first place that I cordially agree with my hon. friend as to the inexpediency of entering upon the past history of the Abyssinian difficulty. A retrospect of past events would be merely 'a ripping up of old sores,' and could answer no useful purpose; it would at any rate be quite irrelevant to the question before the House. That question, which demands our immediate consideration, and on which the House is now invited to express an opinion, is simply what may be the best means of extricating ourselves from the painful, the humiliating—I may say the intolerable—position which we now occupy in regard to King Theodore of Abyssinia. In explaining this position I will not pretend to follow my hon. friend into a detail of all our grievances. I will merely state in broad and general terms the one great wrong of which we complain. Two *employés* of the Crown, then—one an officer in H.M.'s Consular service, and the other an Envoy, accredited on a special mission to the Court of Abyssinia—are now languishing in chains in a dungeon at Magdala, associated with felons, exposed to every possible indignity, and even torture, and in daily—I might almost say hourly—risk of their lives; and they have been brought into this dreadful state of degradation and suffering, not by any fault of their own, not by any indiscretion or shortcoming of which they may have been guilty, but simply because they have done their duty, loyally and conscientiously, and have carried out to the best of their ability the instructions with which they have been intrusted by the Government they serve. On this plain showing of the case, without any colouring or exaggeration, or any appeal to sentiment, I ask if there can be a difference of

opinion as to the obligation, the imperative duty, which devolves on us, of interfering to rescue our officers, and to vindicate the national honour. What, sir, then, can have been the causes that have led to all this hesitation upon our part, that lead us still to hesitate—we, whose boast it has ever been hitherto, that an Englishman, like the old *civis Romanus*, could roam through the world covered by the national ægis, and secured by it against injury or wrong? I have heard, sir, three arguments, and three arguments only, used against sending an expedition to Abyssinia, and endeavouring to rescue our officers by force of arms. I will briefly state these arguments, and then proceed to answer them. Firstly, it is said that by sending an army we endanger the lives of the captives—who, as I am assured, men, women, and children included, amount now to almost fifty in number—since the tyrant, if defeated in the field, or even severely pressed, might execute his captives before finally taking flight and seeking safety in the interior of the country. Secondly, the hazards and difficulties of the expedition are duly weighed, as it is very proper they should be; and the risks attending the despatch of an armed force into the interior of Abyssinia are thought too serious to be encountered; in fact, it is apprehended that, bad as our position now is, it may be rendered still worse by failure; and it is suggested, therefore, that our best policy may be, after all, to remain passive under our present monstrous indignity. And thirdly, in regard to expense, which is also, of course, a very essential consideration, it is maintained by many, as a conclusive argument against war, that, whatever loss we may sustain from the effects of failing to redress our wrongs, such loss cannot be nearly commensurate to the heavy sacrifice both of life and treasure we should incur from engaging in actual hostilities with King Theodore. I will now, sir, proceed to answer these objections. Firstly, in regard to the lives of the captives, it must always be remembered that this proposed appeal to

arms is a last resource. We have done everything we could to obtain the release of the prisoners by fair means and we have failed. If we abandon any further effort, and our present inactivity is prolonged, that the prisoners will, one and all, in due course sink under their sufferings is almost a matter of certainty. The question, therefore, resolves itself into a choice of evils. In one case the death of the captives is almost certain; in the other, there is a chance—I might say, a fair chance—of saving them; for, if we look on the favourable side of the picture, it is quite possible—nay, probable—that the prisoners may be surrendered by King Theodore on a mere demonstration being made against him; or at any rate on the first application of real pressure; or, on the other hand, they may be withdrawn from the power of Theodore by some rival chief, who will send them in, as we advance, in order to make his own terms with us. In fact, in the only two parallel cases on record, or at any rate in the only two cases which at present occur to me, I mean the examples of the prisoners in China and the prisoners at Cabul—as our troops advanced into the country, the captives were better rather than worse treated, and in both instances they were ultimately delivered up to us unscathed, as the natural result of our success. Besides, in the case that we are now considering, as far as this question of life is concerned, the parties most interested are undoubtedly the prisoners themselves; and they are, I understand, unanimous in desiring to encounter the risk of our advance, rather than die by inches, as they are now doing in their dungeon at Magdala. I will now, sir, reply to the second objection. With regard to the hazards and difficulties of the undertaking, I do not by any means underrate them. I have taken some pains to acquaint myself, from the best authorities, with the nature of the country to be traversed between the sea coast and Magdala, and I have also collected information with regard to the climate and resources of Abyssinia, and the facilities which exist for obtaining

carriage and supplies, and the other requisites for the advance of an army into the interior, and I am obliged to confess, as the result of all my inquiries—I cannot indeed conceal it from myself—that the invasion of Abyssinia from the sea coast would be a most arduous undertaking. But because the undertaking may be arduous, that is no reason that we should shrink from our duty. In thinking over the matter, indeed, from this point of view, I am reminded of the noble and eloquent words which were used by my old commander General Nott, under very similar circumstances, when the difficulties of an onward march were urged against a renewed attempt to relieve Candahar—

‘I am obliged to you,’ wrote General Nott to his correspondent in the South, ‘for pointing out the many difficulties attending our position; but you are aware that it is our first and only duty to overcome difficulties when the national honour and our military reputation are so nearly concerned. Nothing can be done without effort and perseverance.’

Sir, I think it would be premature and impolitic to review at present the possible difficulties of an Abyssinian campaign; I think it is at all times undesirable to discuss in the House of Commons details of military organisation which properly belong to the Executive, and which can only be conveniently arranged and decided on the spot. By whatever route we advance, we shall no doubt meet with difficulties in ascending the table-land of Abyssinia; but I cannot believe that such difficulties are insuperable to the troops who scaled the mountain peaks and passes in the recent Sitana campaign. Besides, the word ‘impossible’ should be as foreign to our vocabulary as it is said to be to that of the French. Relying, indeed, on the unrivalled efficiency of our Indian Commissariat, and remembering that we should have our base on the sea, from whence unlimited supplies could be thrown into the country, I should feel little doubt but that an energetic and experienced commander, at the head of

a force numbering from 5,000 to 10,000 picked men of all arms, European and native, which would be ample for advance columns, supports, and reserves—I should feel little doubt, I say, but that a good general at the head of such a force would march triumphantly from the sea coast to Magdala, and fully achieve the objects of the expedition. I have now, sir, to refer to the third objection, which concerns the cost of the expedition, and which declares such cost to be out of all proportion to the benefit to be derived from it. This objection is chiefly urged by gentlemen who disregard, or, at any rate, undervalue, the advantages of ‘prestige,’ and with whom therefore it is somewhat difficult to contend, as we have no common ground of argument. I hope, however, I may be permitted to state my own views on this question of ‘prestige,’ and I would further ask leave, in support of those views, to say that, having been employed officially in the East for nearly thirty years, and having passed by far the greater portion of that service in immediate connection with Native Courts, my opinions with regard to ‘prestige’ are not derived from theory or from books, but are the result of personal experience and observation. I would say, then, that I look on ‘prestige’ in politics very much as I look on credit in finance. It is a power which enables us to achieve very great results with very small means at our immediate disposal. ‘Prestige’ may not be of paramount importance in Europe, but in the East, sir, our whole position depends upon it. It is a perfect fallacy to suppose that we hold India by the sword. The foundation of our tenure, the talisman—so to speak—which enables 100,000 Englishmen to hold 150,000,000 of natives in subjection, is the belief in our unassailable power, in our inexhaustible resources; and any circumstance, therefore, which impairs that belief, which leads the nations of the East to mistrust our superiority, and to regard us as more nearly on an equality with themselves, inflicts a grievous shock on our political position. It is im-

possible, sir, in such matters to trace cause and effect with mathematical precision, much must depend upon opinion; but in illustration of what I have said, I will give it as my opinion, derived from a very careful scrutiny of passing events, that the Sepoy outbreak in 1857 was mainly—I will not say wholly—attributable to the loss of ‘prestige’ we had incurred from our exhibition of weakness in the Affghan War. Since we had allowed our Envoys, Colonels Stoddart and Conolly, to be murdered at Bokhara without making any effort to avenge their fate, and since, by retiring from Affghanistan, we had confessed our inability to hold the country, it was evident that we were human, and might succumb to pressure; and hence, I believe, arose the germ of that confidence of the Sepoys in their own power which led them to try conclusions with us. And if, sir, a Nemesis thus overtook us in 1857, the same Nemesis may overtake us now, if we exhibit to the East such a miserable example of moral cowardice and military weakness as to allow our Envoys to perish in an Abyssinian dungeon, and show even no desire to wipe such a stain from the escutcheon of England. I have one more remark to make on the economical question. I cannot subscribe to the doctrine, now so prevalent, of weighing the honour of England against gold and silver. I cannot calculate in pounds, shillings, and pence the exact loss we may sustain owing to this Abyssinian disgrace; but this I do feel, that the despatch of an expedition for the release of the captives would, in all probability, be a measure of real economy in the end, as much as a necessary national duty. I mean it, sir, in this wise, that if by remaining inactive we allow the fatal seed of a mistrust of our power to be sown in India, it will germinate in the dark, and will then crop up some day when least expected, bringing in its train a harvest of disaster that will far more than counterbalance any saving we may now effect by refusing to send an expedition. And now, sir, I will only venture on two further ob-

servations. One relates to the object of the motion now before the House; the other to the source from whence the expenses of an expedition to Abyssinia might be defrayed. The object of the motion brought forward by my hon. friend is, as I understand it, not to invite discussion on details, but merely to induce the House to express an opinion on the general question—on the desirability, in fact, or otherwise, of sending an expedition to Abyssinia, either to recover our captive officers, or to exact retribution for their fate. There are, of course, a multitude of collateral considerations of much importance connected both with the conduct of the expedition and with the policy which should shape its course; but I cannot think that these are fit matters for discussion in the House of Commons; they must be left to the discretion and decision of the Government, who is alone responsible for them. There are two points only upon which, if an expedition were decided on, I should like to have an assurance beforehand. The first is, that we should engage in the affair single-handed and free from any foreign co-operation, although, as Abyssinia can only be approached through an Egyptian port, a certain friendly understanding with the Viceroy of Egypt would seem to be indispensable. The second point of importance is, that we should keep clear of any future engagements with the country. Our objects, it seems to me, are immediate and direct. We should endeavour to release the prisoners and to punish King Theodore, but it would be most inconvenient to find ourselves committed to the support of any other claimant to the throne, or, in fact, to be entangled in any way with future Abyssinian politics. The other observation that I would desire to make refers to the expenses of the expedition. It is rumoured out of doors that there has already been much discussion between the different departments of the State as to whether the cost of any expedition that might be undertaken should be borne by the Indian or the Imperial Treasury; and if we remember the

discussions on the same subject which took place on the occasions of the China and Persian wars, the present rumour would seem far from improbable. On this subject, then, sir, I would desire to say that, although the quarrel with Abyssinia is strictly an Imperial quarrel, although the officers imprisoned by King Theodore were accredited from the Foreign Office, and the conduct of the negotiations with that potentate has been hitherto entirely under that department, yet, inasmuch as the evils from which we seek to be relieved by the despatch of an expedition would, if no such expedition were sent, fall almost exclusively upon India, I do think that India is bound to contribute something towards the cost of relieving her from the threatened danger. I mean, sir, that, as our loss of 'prestige' would hardly be felt in Europe, but would be felt severely in Asia, being in fact circulated in the first instance through the concourse of Mohammedan pilgrims in the neighbouring city of Mecca; and as the ill effects of that loss of 'prestige' would thus mainly fall on our Indian possessions, it would seem only fair that India should pay a moiety of the expenses of the war—as she did in the case of the China and Persian wars—as the price of the political benefit she would derive from the expedition. Sir, I have nothing more to say on the general question. I do appeal to the House to support my hon. friend the member for Poole in his motion praying that steps may be taken to obtain the release of the Abyssinian captives, if necessary, by force of arms. It is almost surprising to me that there can be two opinions on the subject. Is there any other of the great nations of Europe, let me ask, that would hesitate in such a matter? Should we hesitate ourselves if our antagonist were in a more accessible position? Are we prepared, then, to admit that a barbarian prince like King Theodore, living within 250 miles of the sea coast, can set us, the greatest maritime power in the world, at defiance? And are we prepared, let

me add, to abdicate our place among the nations of the earth, for such must be the inevitable consequence if we sit down quietly in our shame, exposed to the scorn and pity of the East? No, sir; I cannot believe in such pusillanimity, in such, I must call it, suicidal cowardice. It seems to me, sir, that in justice to our officers, whom we are bound to protect, in justice to ourselves, in the name of humanity, of civilisation, and of national honour, we have no alternative but to send a force into Abyssinia, and that too without a day's unnecessary delay. There are times, sir, when too much prudence amounts almost to a betrayal of the national honour, and I do feel, sir, that those who can recommend our submitting without further effort to the intolerable disgrace which now oppresses us, incur a most awful responsibility; and that if their advice be followed, and those troubles should supervene, which there is every reason to anticipate, they will hereafter be called to a most severe account.

The appeal thus made had a success which does not often attend on a motion brought forward by a couple of private members—it at once determined the action of the Executive. Mr. Layard having given a hearty support to Sir Henry's main arguments, Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for India, as the mouthpiece of the Government, rose and said that he was quite unable to resist the appeal of his hon. friends, and would therefore state at once that the Government gave way upon the point, and would adopt the policy recommended. An expedition would be sent out as soon as the necessary inquiries had been completed. The result was the glorious Abyssinian campaign of 1867–8, so ably conducted by Lord Napier of Magdala, the vindication of British honour, and the rescue of the entire body of prisoners.

Another Parliamentary matter which greatly inte-

rested Sir Henry about this period was the Bill for amending the 'Government of India Act,' brought in by the Ministry, and successfully carried through in the Session of 1868. In the debates on this measure he took frequent part,¹ and must be regarded as having had an important share in giving to the Act its final shape.

The Central Asian question engrossed also no inconsiderable share of his attention. As far back as the year 1837, when he was with the British detachment in Persia, he had been deeply impressed with the aggressive attitude of Russia in the Central Asian region, and had become suspicious of the ends and aims which she proposed to herself. The insight which he obtained into Russian practices and methods during his employment in the Great Affghan War had intensified his suspicions, and the subsequent course of events in Turkestan and the adjacent regions, seemed to him to show that the only fault which could justly be imputed to him was that he had not been suspicious enough. About the year 1865 he set himself the task of arousing the British public to the gravity of the situation in the East, and bringing home to them what he believed to be the real designs and intentions of Russia with respect to Persia, Afghanistan, and India. He had already, many years previously, called attention to the subject in the pages of the 'Calcutta Review'; but the Anglo-Indian public, which alone reads the 'Calcutta Review,' is too narrow and restricted in its influence to greatly move public opinion in England, and his warnings had remained almost a dead letter. Now he obtained access to a more powerful organ. The

¹ *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xcii., pp. 860, 1878, 1889, &c.

'Quarterly Review' threw open its pages to him, and in October 1865, he published in this periodical the first of a series of articles intended to unmask Russia and arouse England to her danger. This work made a certain impression, which was intensified when the first article was followed up (in October 1866) by a second, under the title of 'Central Asia,' remarkable for its wide range, alike of political and of geographical knowledge. Soon after this a party began to gather about the author in the House of Commons (the most conspicuous member of it being Mr. Henry Danby Seymour, Member for Poole, his brother-in-law), to whom their enemies attached the condemnatory epithet of 'Russophobists,' while their friends regarded them as the most sagacious of patriots. In the year 1868 the party applied to Sir H. Rawlinson to bring on the Central Asian question in Parliament, and, agreeably to their wishes, he gave notice of a motion on the subject, and prepared an elaborate speech, which, however, he was accidentally prevented from delivering. Under these circumstances, he recast his speech, giving it the form of a Memorandum,¹ and formally presented it to

¹ Lord Roberts, in his recently published work, *Forty-one Years in India*, ascribes to the publication of this 'Memorandum' consequences of the most important character. 'The change of policy,' he says, 'which [in 1869] induced the Government of India to assist a struggling Ameer with money, after its repeated and emphatic declaration that interference was impossible, was undoubtedly brought about by an able and elaborate Memorandum written by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson on July 28, 1868. In this paper Rawlinson pointed out that, notwithstanding promises to the contrary, Russia was steadily advancing towards Afghanistan. He referred to the increased facilities of communication which would be the result of the recent proposal to bring Turkestan into direct communication, *vid* the Caspian, with the Caucasus and St. Petersburg. He dwelt at length upon the effect which the advanced position of Russia in Central Asia would have upon Afghanistan and India. He explained that by the occupation of Bokhara Russia would gain a pretext for interference in Afghan politics, and that "if

Sir Stafford Northcote, Secretary of State for India at the time, to be laid up in the archives of the India Office. Later, he embodied it in the collection of

Russia once assumes a position which, in virtue either of an imposing military force on the Oxus, or of a dominant political influence in Afghanistan, entitles her, in native estimation, to challenge our Asiatic supremacy, the disquieting effect will be prodigious."

"With this prospect before us," Sir Henry asked, "are we justified in maintaining what has been sarcastically, though perhaps unfairly, called Sir John Lawrence's policy of 'masterly inaction'? Are we justified in allowing Russia to work her way to Cabul unopposed, and there to establish herself as a friendly power prepared to protect the Affghans against the English?" He argued that it was contrary to our interests to permit anarchy to reign in Afghanistan; that Lord Auckland's famous doctrine of "establishing a strong and friendly power on our North-West Frontier" was the right policy for India; that Dost Mohamed's successful management of his country was in a great measure due to our aid, and that if we had helped the son as we had helped the father, Shir Ali would have summarily suppressed the opposition of his brothers and nephews. Rawlinson then added: "Another opportunity now presents itself. The fortunes of Shir Ali are again in the ascendant; he should be secured in our interests without delay."

'Rawlinson's suggestions were not at the time supposed to commend themselves to the Government of India. In the despatch in which it was answered (dated 4th January, 1869), the Viceroy and his Councillors stated that they still objected to any active interference in the affairs of Afghanistan; they foresaw no limits to the expenditure which such a move would entail, and they believed that the objects that they had at heart might be attained by an attitude of readiness and firmness on the frontier. It is worthy of note, however, that after Sir Henry Rawlinson's Memorandum had been received by the Indian Government, and notwithstanding these protests, the sum of 60,000*l.* was sent to Shir Ali, that Sir John Lawrence invited him to "come to some place in British territory for a personal meeting in order to discuss the best manner in which a limited support might be accorded," and that five days from the time of writing the above-mentioned despatch, John Lawrence sent a farewell letter to Shir Ali, expressing the earnest hope of the British Government that his Highness's authority would be established on a solid and permanent basis, and informing him that a further sum of 60,000*l.* would be supplied to him during the next few months, and that future Viceroys would consider, from time to time, what amount of practical assistance in the shape of money or war materials should periodically be made over to him as a testimony of their friendly feeling, and to the furtherance of his legitimate authority and influence.' (Vol. ii., pp. 45-48.)

papers upon the political and geographical condition of Central Asia, which he published in 1874 under the title of 'England and Russia in the East,' which was the only complete work that he ever gave to the general public in the shape of a volume.

The Parliamentary career of Sir Henry Rawlinson was now verging towards its close. He had not the political connections, nor had he received the training, which could entitle him to expect that any amount of labour or of careful attention to his duties would enable him to work his way into the foremost ranks of official life; and less would not have satisfied him. Moreover, he was scarcely possessed of sufficient private fortune to sustain the position of a Member of Parliament permanently, especially if its expenses were to be combined with those of educating and placing out a family. He had married in 1862; by 1868 he had already two sons. He was himself one of a large family, six of whom were boys. Prudence seemed to require either a contraction of expenses, or an enlargement of income, or both, if both could be compassed. It happened that, in the autumn of 1868, the opportunity of making a change arose. Three vacancies in the India Council, the last that would be 'life appointments,' were to be filled up in September of that year, two by co-optation, and one by the nomination of the Crown. The Crown nomination was offered to Sir Henry Rawlinson. His acceptance of it involved exclusion for the future from Parliament. He had to consider whether he would be really content to forfeit membership in the 'best club in London,' or (according to some) in the 'only club worth belonging to,' such forfeiture involving exclusion from all voice in the general government of the Empire, and to accept in exchange a much

more powerful voice in the government of 250,000,000 of British subjects, together with a considerable alleviation of expenses, and an augmentation of income to the extent of 1,500*l.* a year. Undoubtedly the pecuniary considerations to a considerable extent affected his decision; but the interest which he took in India, and a consciousness of peculiar fitness for the position of an Indian ruler, together with the permanency of the post, were also influential, and helped much to determine the line of his later life. From henceforth the work of the India Council became his main work; cuneiform and other scientific studies sank into a secondary position.

Still, it must not be supposed that these studies were ever wholly relinquished, or even for any considerable space suspended. Four volumes of cuneiform inscriptions—selections from the historical inscriptions of Chaldæa, Assyria, and Babylonia—were published by the authorities of the British Museum between the years 1870 and 1884, under his auspices; his contributions to the ‘*Athenæum*,’ the ‘*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*,’ and the ‘*Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*,’ were continued; he wrote a long series of articles, partly geographical, partly historical, for the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*,’ and he made occasional contributions to the ‘*Nineteenth Century*,’ the ‘*Literary Gazette*,’ the ‘*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*,’ and other serials of a scientific character. The literary work thus accomplished was such, both in amount and character, as would have sufficiently taxed the energies of most literary men, without other occupation or employment. It was accomplished by Sir Henry in the short intervals of leisure which were allowed him by the demands of a laborious and engrossing office.

CHAPTER XV

WORK AS MEMBER OF INDIA COUNCIL (1868-70)—INCREASING CALLS ON HIS TIME MADE BY THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—ELECTION AS PRESIDENT (1871)—ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN 1872, 1873, 1875, AND 1876—ATTENDANCE ON THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN 1873—PUBLICATION OF 'ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST'—CONSEQUENT POLITICAL STIR

THE position of a Member of the India Council, though in a certain sense public, inasmuch as it is concerned wholly with the public service of the country, is yet, in a deeper and more vital sense, essentially private, or rather secret, since the doings of the Council are known only to the Members of the Council itself, and to the Secretary for India, and since for a member to divulge its proceedings would be regarded as a breach of confidence. However excellent the work done by individual members, however disproportionate the share of work done by this member or that, nothing is known on the subject by the outer world, which is apt somewhat cynically to doubt whether much really valuable work is accomplished within offices to which it is debarred from access, or whether, in point of fact, they are not rather so many comfortable sinecures. None but the India Secretaries under whom Sir Henry Rawlinson served, and the colleagues with whom he laboured, can really know what the amount of work which he did as India Councillor was, or what its value, or what the effort that it cost him. And the

mouths of such persons are sealed by official reserve. Still, in official circles general estimates are necessarily formed, and the characters of all public servants who have been long in office, for industry and assiduity, as well as for sagacity and usefulness, become in course of time established and fixed. It is believed that, during the twenty-seven years of his official life as Member of the Council of India, there was no public servant who enjoyed a higher reputation than Sir Henry Rawlinson for the constancy of his attendance at the Office, for readiness to undertake hard tasks, or for the value of the suggestions which he made, and the advice which he tendered, whether orally or in writing. As an indication of the confidence placed in him within the Council itself, it may be mentioned, that after some years he was appointed (1882) Chairman of the Political Committee, being already one of the Vice-Presidents, and that, although more than once offering to resign the post to a younger man, he was induced by the remonstrances and entreaties of his colleagues to retain it until his death.

Office work became, then, from the year 1868, Sir Henry's main and most constant employment. He usually drove down to the India Office at about eleven o'clock, and stayed till four or five. He attended punctually the meetings of the various Committees on which he was placed, and was scarcely ever known to miss a Board day. The only still more indefatigable attendant at the Office than himself was Lord Stanley, who, when Secretary of State for India, was desirous of continuing the sittings through the whole of the summer and autumn, and was only brought to a better mind by something approaching a 'strike'; the Members of Council agreeing together about the middle of

August that on a certain day, for which they were summoned, they would all be absent from their places. The India Secretaries under whom Sir Henry served were Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh) from October 1868 to December 10 of the same year; the Duke of Argyll from December 10, 1868, to February 22, 1874; the Marquis of Salisbury from February 22, 1874, to April 10, 1878; Viscount Cranbrook from April 10, 1878, to April 28, 1880; the Marquis of Hartington (Duke of Devonshire) from April 28, 1880, to December 16, 1882; the Earl of Kimberley from December 16, 1882, to June 24, 1885; Lord Randolph Churchill from June 24, 1885, to February 6, 1886; Lord Kimberley again from February 6, 1886, to August 3 of the same year; Viscount Cross from August 3, 1886, to August 18, 1892; Lord Kimberley for the third time from August 18, 1892, to March 3, 1894; and Sir H. H. Fowler from March 3, 1894, to his death. The affairs in which he was most deeply interested were the Affghan War of 1878-9, the Pendjeh incident of 1884-5, and the Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission. These, however, belong to a time later than that which we are now considering, and the discussion of them in this place would be premature.

While official work in connection with the India Council was thus occupying a large portion of Sir Henry's time and attention, he was also allowing himself to be drawn into a position with respect to the Geographical Society which involved a considerable increase of labour in that direction. Sir Roderick Murchison, the actual President, was becoming year by year more infirm, and therefore less able to discharge the full duties of his office. Under these circumstances, a large portion of what was properly Sir

Roderick Murchison's work was passed on to Sir Henry Rawlinson, as one of the most prominent, if not actually *the* most prominent, of the Vice-Presidents. The year 1870 saw him President of the Society in all but in name, and the following year witnessed his formal election and installation in the office. It became his duty, not only to preside at the meetings held during the session, but also to deliver, and afterwards publish, the annual address at the Anniversary Meeting in May, a work which usually runs to from 80 to 100 pages. Sir Henry delivered four such addresses—those of the years 1872, 1873, 1875, and 1876, forming when put together a volume of 357 pages. All this could not be done without considerable effort. Sir Henry Rawlinson said himself, on laying down his office in 1873: 'After three years' experience, I found the demands upon my time and attention, which the conduct of your affairs imposed upon me, to be so excessive as to interfere seriously with my other necessary occupations; and I have judged it absolutely indispensable to solicit an interval of relaxation.'¹ He enjoyed such an interval from May 1873 to May 1874, when he was again induced to accept the too laborious office, on the resignation of Sir Bartle Frere, and to hold it for a further biennial term, from May 1874 to May 1876. His final resignation was given in on May 22 of that year, when he took his leave of the Society in the subjoined touching terms:—

GENTLEMEN,—The time is now come when I have to take a formal, and probably a final leave of you. I have been for thirty-two years a member of this Society; for twenty years, with very few breaks, I have

¹ Sir H. Rawlinson's *Address to the Royal Geographical Society of London* on May 26, 1873, pp. 84, 85.

served upon your Council, and I have now presided five times at your Anniversary Meetings. The greater part of my spare time since I returned from the East has thus been devoted to your service, and I am proud to state that my most agreeable memories are associated with the growing prosperity, and what I may now call the assured success, of the Geographical Society. But time steals on. I am not as active in mind or body as I was; and, as I find the continued direction of your affairs to be hardly compatible with the discharge of other duties connected with my public office, I am obliged to tender my resignation of the post of President. And I have the less hesitation in now asking for my release, that I am able to transfer my functions into the hands of a gentleman who to great experience in the East, and a good practical acquaintance with its geography, unites the qualification of a perfect man of business, a scholar, and a diplomatist. In electing Sir Rutherford Alcock to be your President, and in surrounding him with the thoroughly efficient Council whose names appear on the balloting list which has just received your approval, you have obtained the best possible guarantee for the successful management of your affairs during the ensuing year. I shall always be glad myself to give any advice or assistance that may be required, and I trust that the whole body of Fellows, in our common interest, will accord to the Council as at present constituted their fullest confidence and support.¹

In the year 1873, his Majesty the Shah of Persia having resolved on paying a visit to Europe, which should extend to England, the Government of the day thought it necessary to appoint an official of high rank, and one well acquainted with the Persian language, to attend upon his Majesty during his stay in the country, and accompany him from place to place. Persons

¹ Sir H. Rawlinson's *Address to the Royal Geographical Society of London* on May 22, 1876, p. 74.

fitted for the post, and who would be willing to accept it, were not likely to be very numerous, so that it must have seemed to the Foreign Minister a happy chance by which he was able to lay his hand at once on so eligible a public servant as Sir Henry Rawlinson, and to find him willing to accept the responsibility, and put himself to the inconvenience of leading a wandering life, at the beck of another, for three or four weeks consecutively. Sir Henry Rawlinson's peculiar fitness for the post was evident. There may have been one or two other persons in England who understood and spoke Persian as well; but there was certainly no one else who had been for months on familiar terms with the Shah,¹ and was known to be a *persona grata* to him. 'Larenson,' as the Shah calls him in his diary,² met his Majesty at Brussels, and there renewed the acquaintance of thirteen years earlier, when as British Envoy he had been in almost daily communication with him at Teheran. He accompanied him from Brussels to Ostend, and from Ostend to England, 'conducting the presentations,' as the Shah says, 'and doing the honours.' Fortunately for all concerned, the passage was exceedingly smooth, and neither his Majesty, nor any of his suite, were inconvenienced. The spectacle, as the fleet approached Dover, was striking. The Shah and his suite, with Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir A. Kemball in attendance, were conveyed across the Channel in a British man-of-war, the *Vigilant*, with, as escort, two ordinary cruisers and two battle-ships, one of them a turret-ship of large dimensions. All were dressed with flags and bunting, so as to present a most gay appearance. The sea for some distance out-

¹ See above, chap. xii. pp. 222-231.

² *Diary of H.M. the Shah of Persia during his Tour through Europe in A.D. 1873*, pp. 28, 29.

side the harbour was covered with steamers, merchant-ships, yachts, and pleasure boats, adorned similarly. Salutes were fired by the men-of-war, bands played, the crowds which occupied the piers and the decks of the steamers cheered, the weather was perfect, and all was gaiety and good humour.

The subjoined account of the occasion and proceedings, written by the Shah himself, though not free from slight errors, will, it is thought, be found of some interest:—

From Ostend to Dover—the first of English soil—is a distance of five hours, and the Straits of Dover are famous for stormy and boisterous seas. But, thank God, the sea was very calm, like the palm of one's hand, so that no one suffered. It was like a trip on a river.

Behind us, in our wake, three ships convoyed us; while two large ironclads, men-of-war, kept their stations as a guard of honour, the one on our right, the other on our left. Now and then they fired a gun. After we had advanced a certain distance, another ship came with two turrets and two guns in each turret. These turrets turned round in every direction as desired. This vessel, too, is an ironclad, and has a steam-power of 5,000 horses. Her sides are not so lofty. They said the shots of the guns of this ship knock the other ships to pieces. They fired two or three rounds with her guns, which made a great noise. Many merchant-ships and others came and went on their voyages; and at length we neared the English coasts, the hills of the shore becoming visible. Many men-of-war came to meet us. They all fired a salute. The surface of the sea was covered with ships and boats and large steamers, in which the merchants and nobles of England had come to witness the spectacle. The hills of the coast are not so very high; the rocks thereof are white, like a lime-quarry.

At length we reached the port of Dover. They

have built a long stone pier here to protect the ships in the harbour from the waves and tempests. It extends far into the sea. Upon it were numbers of men and women, ladies and gentlemen, troops of infantry and horsemen. Here we stood. The sons of her Majesty the Queen of England, with Lord Granville (the Secretary for Foreign Affairs), and the magnates and notables of London had all come ; the second son of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the third, Prince Arthur. We stood up in the ship—the Queen's sons, the Foreign Secretary, the Lord Chamberlain of the Queen, who is a personage of consideration, and also First Officer of the Household, came. We went into the ship ; we sat down in the cabin and conversed until the luggage was landed. . . .

At length we rose and went on to the pier, where there was a great concourse and crowd. We entered a train. I, the Queen's sons, the Grand Vazir, the Foreign Secretary, and the Lord Chamberlain occupied one carriage. The carriages were very beautiful ; no such carriages had been seen [by us before]. We went on slowly a few feet, and then alighted at a building where they had prepared food.¹ I went into a small room, and there gave audience to the Hakimu-'l-Mamalik, who had been here some time. I was informed that the magistrate (? Mayor) of Dover had prepared a speech, which he must recite. I went to a hall and stood at the top of a high flight of steps. The English princes and magnates, [with] the princes and officers of my suite, were present. The magistrate recited the address at full length. It contained much in our praise and glorification. We made a reply, which 'Larenson' explained in English. The people clapped hands. We then returned to breakfast ; all my suite were there. They brought hot dishes, fruits, &c., of which we partook. Then we arose and returned to the carriage, and proceeded on our journey, with the same personages accompanying us.²

¹ The Lord Warden Hotel.

² See the Shah's *Diary*, pp. 80-82.

Sir Henry's attendance upon the Shah lasted for nearly three weeks—from June 16, when they met at Brussels, to July 5, when they parted in the harbour of Portsmouth. It was nearly, though not quite, continuous, and is described by Sir Henry himself as 'a hard three weeks' work.'¹ Sir Henry escorted his illustrious charge not only to Windsor Castle, Trent-ham Hall, Greenwich, the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, and the other principal sights in and near the metropolis, but also to the more distant localities of Portsmouth, Manchester, Crewe, and Liverpool, everywhere interpreting to and for him, and explaining everything in which his Majesty seemed to be specially interested. The Shah showed very considerable intelligence; and it was physical, rather than mental, weariness of which his attendant complained, when, at the end of twenty days, he found himself freed from his honourable but onerous engagement. At the subsequent visit of the Shah, in 1889, Sir Henry's age was considered to entitle him to exemption from the strain of a second attendance, and—much to his satisfaction—the duty was imposed upon another.

In the year which followed the Shah's first visit to Europe, Sir Henry took advantage of the unusual amount of interest in Oriental affairs which the visit had excited among the British public, to draw renewed attention to what he had so long regarded as the great danger threatening England from that quarter, by the publication of a volume, in which he collected together his previous deliverances upon the subject, adding to them a certain amount of fresh matter well calculated to arouse general alarm. This volume, which he entitled 'England and Russia in the East,' is allowed, even

¹ *Rough Summary of Life*, p. 27.

by those who do not admit the full force of its reasonings, to be 'a remarkable work,' and one 'which will always be quoted as a text-book on the subject.'¹ It exhibited an extraordinarily extensive acquaintance with the history, geography, and actual condition of the countries between the Caspian and India, somewhat loosely termed 'Central Asia' by modern writers, and showed in a most striking way the advances made by Russia in those regions during the last half century. It depicted, in colours which were perhaps over strong, the never-hasting, never-resting aggressive policy of the Czars, the shiftiness of their diplomacy, and the impossibility of placing any firm reliance on the pledges which Russian Ministers are always willing to give. Naturally, its statements made a great impression upon the public, and caused emotions which were not always pleasurable among statesmen. The leaders of the Liberal Party, which was mainly responsible for allowing the Russian advance, and maintaining the policy of 'masterly inaction,' were exceedingly angry at what they regarded as a blow from the hand of a friend. Lord Northbrook, Viceroy of India, was especially displeased. On the other hand, the Conservative statesmen, who came into power just as the book was published, were inclined to look favourably upon the views of its author, and leant towards his policy. Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for India from February 22, 1874, to April 10, 1878, expressed a warm approval of the work, and to some extent corrected the proofs of the second edition,² which made its appearance in 1875. The Government policy towards Central Asia and Afghanistan was considerably affected by it; and when the secret despatches and correspondence of this period

¹ See the *Times* newspaper of March 6, 1895, page 8, col. 2.

² *Rough Summary of Life*, p. 28.

see the light, it will probably appear that the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India in 1876, and the policy pursued by him during his tenure of the office (from April 12, 1876, to June 8, 1880), were not altogether unconnected with the 'remarkable work' in question. It is well known that Lord Lytton, during the interval between his appointment and his departure for India, was in frequent communication with Sir Henry Rawlinson on Indian affairs, and it is a tolerably 'open secret' that the intercourse did not cease with his removal from London to Calcutta. A school of politicians still exists which sees in the second Affghan War the *dénouement* of what it calls 'the Rawlinsonian Asiatic Policy,' and regards as the outcome of 'England and Russia in the East' the whole series of events from the first opening of negotiations between Lord Lytton and the Amir Shir Ali to the handing over of Southern Affghanistan by the British Government to Abdul Rahman. It is too early as yet to express a decided opinion as to whether Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his long series of warnings against the designs of Russia, and in his determined opposition to her Eastern policy, was or was not a prudent and sagacious statesman; the verdict of posterity must decide this question; but it is as impossible to doubt the warmth of his patriotism and the honesty of his convictions, as to deny the ability with which they were set forth and the courage with which they were advocated. It should also be borne in mind that, even if the struggle between England and Russia for the possession of India, which he so greatly feared, should never take place, it will not necessarily follow that he was an alarmist, since it is quite possible that his warnings, and the steps taken by England in consequence of them, may have been among the most potent factors in averting the threatened collision.

CHAPTER XVI

ATTENDS THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE IN 1876—INVITED TO DISCUSS THE SUBJECT OF ENGLAND'S POLICY IN THE EAST WITH LORD LYTTON ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS VICEBOY—CONTINUES IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIM, 1877-79—WRITES ARTICLES IN THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY' IN SUPPORT OF LORD LYTTON'S POLICY, 1878-80—HIS VIEWS ON THE GENERAL AFGHAN QUESTION

In September 1876, Sir Henry Rawlinson, with a number of other eminent geographers, was invited by the King of the Belgians to attend a conference on the subject of African Exploration, which his Majesty proposed to gather together at Brussels for the discussion of various points of greater or less interest connected with 'the Dark Continent.' The Royal Palace was thrown open to the *savants* collected, who became for the time his Majesty's guests, and were entertained by him in right regal fashion for several consecutive days, receiving, each of them, at their departure a three-quarters length portrait of their royal host, as a memorial of the occasion. In the same year he was also invited to a conference, or rather a series of conferences, with another even more powerful potentate, the prospective ruler over two hundred and fifty millions of subjects—Lord Lytton, Viceroy-Designate of India. He had thus, after many years of effort, an opportunity of influencing the course of events in the East, and of seeing the line of policy which he had so long and so warmly advocated,

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to a certain extent at any rate, put to the proof. Lord Lytton took office at a time when matters in the East had reached a crisis. Encouraged by Russia, Shir Ali, the Amir of Afghanistan, had offered to the Government of India a series of affronts, with which it was barely possible to put up, and these affronts culminated, in 1878, in his favourable reception and entertainment at his Court of a Russian Mission, sent by the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan, simultaneously with his repulse and rejection of an Anglo-Indian Mission, sent to him after due notice by Lord Lytton. Russia was under engagements, five times repeated, to ourselves, to 'regard Afghanistan as wholly beyond the sphere of her influence,' and the Amir was bound by treaty to consult us in all matters where his foreign relations were concerned; but in the summer of 1878, without previously giving us any notice or information whatever, he both received a Russian Mission under General Stolietoff into his capital,¹ and also himself despatched a return embassy to the Russian headquarters at Tashkend, accredited to the Russian Commandant, General Kauffmann. He showed, in fact, every disposition to throw himself wholly into the hands of Russia, and become entirely her catspaw, while he broke off altogether all pretence of friendly relations with us. Russia was at the same time giving unmistakable indications of a policy

¹ It was not merely the fact of the reception, but the manner of it, which showed that a slap in the face to England was intended. As Lord Roberts observes: 'From the moment General Stolietoff's Mission set foot on Afghan territory it met with an enthusiastic reception. Five miles from the capital Stolietoff and his companions were welcomed by the Foreign Secretary. They were then mounted on richly-caparisoned elephants, and escorted by a large body of troops to the Bala Hissar, where, the following morning, they were received in state by Shir Ali and the nobles of the highest degree in his kingdom' (*Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 110).

of active hostility to British interests. In Europe she was attacking Turkey and threatening Constantinople; in Asia, after absorbing the Khanats, one after another, she was approaching Merv, and putting out feelers towards Herat. At any moment it was possible that she might throw off the mask, openly take the Amir under her protection, march a *corps d'armée* into Afghanistan,¹ and proceed to attempt the conquest of India. Sir Henry Rawlinson was of opinion that the policy of inaction recently pursued, always dangerous, would, under these circumstances, if persisted in, prove fatal; and it was in this sense that he, no doubt, advised Lord Lytton, both before he quitted England in 1876, and after he had assumed the government of India in that year, and also in the early part of 1877. Lord Lytton himself was well inclined towards an active and energetic policy. He was a man not only of a cultivated and refined taste, but of enlarged views and of considerable ambition, desirous of taking advantage of his position to obtain a prominent place among the great men of his age. At the same time, the circumstances in which he was placed strongly impelled him towards action. To have put up tamely with the long series of slights and insults in which Shir Ali had indulged himself from the time of the Seistan award in 1871, would have ruined the prestige of England among the nations of the East, and made her the laughing-stock of Asia. It would also have been a great encouragement to Russia to risk a bold stroke, and precipitate matters by a sudden advance from Turkestan upon Cabul and Herat. Kept well advised on all these points, both by his friends in England and his counsellors in India, Lord Lytton, in

¹ On the very close approach of this danger, see the same work, *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 110, note.

October 1878, despatched an ultimatum to the Amir, Shir Ali, allowing him till November 20 to apologise for the insulting conduct of the Affghan authorities in stopping the progress of the British Mission to Cabul, and, receiving no reply by the expiration of the time allowed, issued a formal declaration of war on November 21. Thus the die was cast. After seven years (1872-8) of continuous provocation, both on the part of the Amir and of Russia, the second Affghan War was determined on, and British troops, under Generals Browne and Roberts, crossed the Affghan frontier.

In the storm of obloquy which Lord Lytton drew down upon his head by this bold course of action, Sir Henry Rawlinson was one of his main defenders. In successive articles, published in the 'Nineteenth Century Review' of December 1878, August 1879, and February 1880, he gave a graphic picture both of the circumstances which made the war a necessity, and of the results which were accomplished by it. It was his object to show that events had completely vindicated the Viceroy's action. At first his task was comparatively easy. The second Affghan War—the war of 1878-9—was little more than a military parade, success following success, and the enemy scarcely offering more than the feeblest shadow of resistance. Ali Musjid, the scene of the insult offered to the Viceroy's Envoy, was occupied on November 22; on December 2 the Peiwar Kotal was forced;¹ General Brown, on December 20, took Jellalabad; three weeks later, on January 9, 1879, General D. Stewart occupied Candahar; and soon afterwards (January 21) Khelat-i-Ghilzye. The Amir Shir Ali, instead of showing a bold front, and defending his throne with the stubborn

¹ Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. pp. 187-9.

determination that might have been expected of him, deserted his capital and fled to Mazar-i-Sharif, where, on February 21, he died.¹ His son and successor, Mohammed Yakub Khan, no sooner found himself seated on the throne than he hastened to make overtures for peace, and on May 26, 1879, within little more than six months of the proclamation of war, the Treaty of Gundamak was signed,² and hostilities came to an end. British honour had been vindicated at a ridiculously small cost in money, and with almost no expenditure of blood; Russia had been discredited, and it might almost have been said disgraced, and Anglo-Indian prestige had been restored almost to the point at which it stood in 1842, after the victories of Nott and Pollock. Sir Henry Rawlinson had the pleasing task, in August 1879, of showing, in the pages of the 'Nineteenth Century,' how easy had been the victory, how complete the triumph, how futile the prophecies of disaster, and how creditable to the Viceroy and his advisers the results obtained by a short, inexpensive, and most skilfully conducted campaign, begun and ended almost within a semester.

At the same time Sir Henry was not deceived into thinking that, because all had gone so well up to the date at which he wrote, therefore all danger was past, and England might safely relax her vigilance, and sit motionless with folded hands for the future. He warned the nation that the danger was postponed, not averted. He pointed out that, with such a people as the Afghans, it was necessary to be always upon one's guard, and that little dependence was to be placed on promises, or even on solemnly signed treaties, more especially when

¹ Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 168.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 172, 178.

there was a tempter at hand, who would leave no stone unturned in order to deprive England of the advantages which she had gained by her recent action. Russia, he pointed out, had been the *fons et origo mali* from the first recrudescence of the Affghan difficulty, and was not likely to acquiesce in a settlement which had deeply humiliated her and damaged her prestige throughout Asia. We might be certain that she would make every effort that she possibly could to disturb the existing arrangements, and, by hook or by crook, to rekindle the flames of war in Affghanistan at no distant date. Thus warned, neither was the nation, nor was Lord Lytton, taken by surprise when, in the autumn of 1879, little more than three months after the signature of the Treaty of Gundamok, insurrection broke out at Cabul, and, with the undoubted connivance of the new Amir, the British Envoy, Sir P. L. Cavagnari, was murdered at the residence which had been assigned him, and the whole *entourage* of the Embassy massacred. The third Affghan War, or the second phase of the second,¹ whichever we like to call it, was thus precipitated, and the struggle recommenced which the Treaty of Gundamok was for a time supposed to have terminated.

It could not be expected that the same extraordinary good fortune which had attended the British arms throughout the campaign of 1878-9 would again wait upon them in that of 1879-80. But it tells well for the prudence and sagacity of Lord Lytton and his advisers, that disaster was confined within comparatively narrow limits. British troops were in such readiness, and had

¹ Lord Roberts regards the Treaty of Gundamok as ending 'the first phase of the second Affghan War' (*Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 178).

been withdrawn so short a space, that Candahar was re-occupied within three days, and Cabul and Jellalabad within little over a month. The Amir, Mohammed Yakub Khan, despairing of a successful defence, abdicated, and was deported to Meerut. An attempt at insurrection by the population of Cabul was easily suppressed. So long as Lord Lytton continued Viceroy, all continued fairly prosperous. Sir D. Stewart defeated a large Affghan force near Ghuzni on April 19, 1880, and took the stronghold on the 20th. It was not until Lord Lytton had been recalled, and the Marquis of Ripon appointed Viceroy in his place, that any important disaster befel the British arms. Then, no doubt, in the defeat of General Burrows at Khushki-Nakhud we suffered a sad reverse, and one certainly not attributable to the incoming Viceroy. It may be questioned, however, whether the General himself was not the sole person responsible for the disaster, or if indeed it was not rather one of those accidents of warfare which will from time to time occur,¹ and against which no prudence can guard. At any rate, it was a disaster which had no further ill consequences, but was speedily and signally avenged. The victory of Sir Frederick Roberts at Candahar on September 1, after his splendid march from Cabul to the western capital, completely re-established British prestige, and practically brought the second phase of the second war to an end glorious to the British arms, and altogether, in a military point of view, satisfactory. It remained for the civil authority to decide what use should be made of the favourable military situation. The Liberal Government, which

¹ 'The desertion of General Burrows's contingent of Affghan troops in a body to the enemy was the chief and all-sufficient cause of the disaster' (Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 382).

had succeeded that of Lord Beaconsfield, adopted, unfortunately, the policy of 'scuttle,' thus making no use at all of the situation, but absolutely throwing away all the advantages which the complete success of Lord Lytton's aggressive policy and active measures had put within their grasp, had they chosen to lay hold on them. Afghanistan was evacuated, even the Kurram district given up, and Candahar handed over to a new Anir of doubtful inclinations, whom it was sought to bind to our cause by lavish gifts and subsidies.

In the opinion of Sir Henry Rawlinson, a very different course ought to have been pursued. While disinclined to the immediate annexation of Afghanistan, and especially of the northern and north-eastern portions of it, he thought it of the utmost importance that we should retain a hold on Candahar, thus remaining within striking distance of Herat, which he considered to be the key of the situation. Faithful to his old convictions of Russia's aggressiveness, and of real *ultimate* danger to India by any advance on her part from the Caspian by way of Merv upon Herat, he regarded it as essential that we should dominate Western Afghanistan either by an actual annexation, or at any rate by a military occupation, which might be represented as temporary, but which must not be relinquished unless for some other equally satisfactory arrangement, so that, on the first indication of a further Russian advance towards the south, we might be in a position to anticipate her, and ourselves occupy Herat and take 'the Key of India' into our own possession. As a temporary measure, he advised the transfer of Herat to Persia, 'notwithstanding all that was past,'¹ but under the stipulation that, if danger threatened, England should have the right of

¹ *Nineteenth Century Review* for 1880, vol. vii. p. 211.

reinforcing the Persian garrison by a body of British troops sufficiently numerous to resist any attack from the north. If the permanent possession of Candahar were thus secured, and its close connection with India effected by the continuation of the Quetta railway from Sukker through Sibi and Pishin to Chaman and the Khojuck Pass, he thought that the rest of Affghanistan might be neglected, and either be left to 'stew in its own juice,' or even suffered to pass under Russian influence. Russia would never make a serious advance upon India by the rugged and difficult country of Eastern Affghanistan, and with such strongholds as Candahar and Herat upon her flank; any attack upon Peshawur and the Punjab must come from the north-west. If Candahar therefore and the western passes were securely held, Quetta and the Bolan defile strongly guarded, and satisfactory arrangements made for the control of the Eymack tribes and for the permanent tranquillisation of the Seistan frontier, it did not greatly matter what became of Cabul and Eastern Affghanistan, whether they fell under the dominion of a single Amir, or of half a dozen, or even became a prey to anarchy. These views were set forth in full in the February number of the 'Nineteenth Century' of 1880; and though they thus belong to a date anterior by some months to the complete abandonment of Affghanistan by the Liberal Government, they sufficiently indicate the strong disapproval¹ with which Sir Henry regarded the policy of that Government in Eastern affairs—a policy already foreshadowed, and soon afterwards relentlessly carried out.

¹ In the brief outline of his life dictated by Sir Henry to an amanuensis occurs the following short entry under the year 1880: 'Close of the Affghan War—Candahar evacuated, and we withdrew from the country, much to my disgust.'

Sir Henry's convictions on this subject were further expressed in a letter which he addressed a little later to the Editor of the 'Times' newspaper, to the following effect :—

April 6, 1888.

SIR,—In Mr. Lepel Griffin's letter, published in the 'Times' of to-day, he has rather overstated his case as to there having been no reversal of the Beaconsfield Affghan policy by the present Government. It may be conceded that both parties were agreed as to the necessity for withdrawing from Cabul, and leaving the administration of Eastern and Northern Affghanistan in the hands of an independent ruler; but the method of dealing with Western Affghanistan constituted a crucial point of difference between the Conservative and Liberal policies. The Conservative party, had they remained in power, would, it may be presumed, have retained a British garrison in Candahar, not with a view to annexation, which, as Mr. Lepel Griffin remarks, had been officially repudiated at Cabul, nor on the declared footing of a permanent occupation, which would have been annexation disguised, but in support of engagements which we had solemnly contracted and duly notified to Abdur Rahman Khan, and which we considered of importance for the due defence of our Indian Empire; and they would further have strengthened this defensive position by continuing the railway from Sibi at the foot of the hills to the town of Candahar. The policy in this case would have been to keep in our own hands, and independently of Cabul, the control of the line by which alone India could be threatened from the north-west; and it was hoped that we should attain this object effectively and inexpensively, without violating any promises, and with a minimum of friction. The Liberal party, on the contrary, on coming into power, decided to wash their hands, as far as possible, of the whole Affghan connection, retiring from Candahar without any diplomatic arrangement, and ostentatiously taking up the railway beyond Sibi, in order to mark

their determined opposition to a policy of advance. Mr. Lepel Griffin is not justified in arguing that the Conservatives would have been equally obliged to abandon Candahar, being pledged against both annexation and permanent occupation, and the Wali, Shir Ali, refusing to remain without our continued military support. The fact is, that the collapse of the Wali's power was owing to our announced intention of retirement. Had a British garrison remained at Candahar during the last three years on the same footing of friendly and temporary occupation upon which it has been maintained in Quetta and Pishin, the railway from Sinde having at the same time been pushed on to the gates of the Western Afghan capital, the Wali's position would probably by this time have been so consolidated as to make him independent of our support. At any rate this was the Conservative programme, which has been entirely reversed by the proceedings of the Liberal Government.

Doubtless the Liberal policy has had its immediate advantages. Our military expenditure in India has been very appreciably reduced. The Afghan element at Candahar, as opposed to the Parsiwán, has to a certain extent been conciliated, and possibly the conduct of our relations with Abdur Rahman has been facilitated and improved; but there have been corresponding disadvantages—especially in regard to the future—which must also be taken into account. Our retirement has been the signal for Russian advance. Her progress indeed has been most rapid since 1880. Cossack outposts are now scattered over the country as far as Sereks; and Russian engineers push their surveys almost to the gates of Herat. The contact of the Indian and Russian frontier, which used to be a dream, a bugbear, has now been brought within 'measurable distance' both of time and space. Again, the trade of India with Central Asia, which was developing most favourably, has been nipped in the bud, and our prestige as a great military power has sustained a very serious blow throughout all Western Asia.

CHAPTER XVII

APPROVAL OF SIR HENRY'S VIEWS BY THE INDIA COUNCIL—
OPPOSITION TO THEM IN OTHER QUARTERS—PROGRESS OF
EVENTS IN CENTRAL ASIA—RUSSIAN ABSORPTION OF MERV—
RISE OF THE AFFGHAN FRONTIER QUESTION—DANGER OF A
RUSSIAN WAR—PENDJEH INCIDENT—ANGLO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER
COMMISSION—SIR HENRY'S PART IN THE DELIMITATION

It is scarcely possible to doubt that the election of Sir Henry Rawlinson at this particular conjuncture by his brother members of the India Council to the Chairmanship of their 'Political Committee' was intended to mark approval of the line of policy in Indian matters which he had for so many years consistently advocated, and which he had recently had so large a share in getting carried out. In other quarters there was the strongest opposition to these views. Sir M. Grant Duff denounced them as in the highest degree dangerous, mistaken, unpatriotic, and false. Other writers and speakers, both in Parliament and in the press, swelled the chorus of disapproval, and for a considerable space Sir Henry had a fair claim to the title of 'the best-abused man of his time.' Intense conviction of the correctness and importance of his views made the bearing of this burden comparatively easy. But it was no doubt a satisfaction and a support to him to feel that he carried with him the sympathy and approval of the bulk of his colleagues, men peculiarly well fitted by their antecedents for forming valuable judgments on the matter in dispute. The brief Memoir so often men-

tioned which he dictated to an amanuensis contains frequent reference to his election and maintenance in this chairmanship year after year, which was evidently extremely gratifying to him.

Meanwhile, the progress of events in Central Asia was tending to justify the advice which he had given, and to prove his sagacity and foresight. The echoes of British feet retiring from Western and Southern Afghanistan had scarcely died away in the south when in the north the tramp of advancing Russian hosts made itself heard, and Merv lost its independence, and was absorbed into the Russian state. Herat was approached within striking distance, and the whole of Afghan Turkestan seriously threatened. So manifest became the danger, so pressing the peril, that even the party of 'masterly inactivity' grew alarmed, and roused itself to take steps of an active character. Diplomacy experienced a flutter of alarm. Telegraphic communications passed incessantly between London, Calcutta, and St. Petersburg; and at last, in 1884, the relations between the Court of St. James and the Czar had become so strained that hostilities seemed on the point of breaking out. It was felt on both sides that, unless an agreement could be come to between the two great rival Powers with respect to the true Afghan frontier, a collision might at any time occur in the Central Asian region which would almost of necessity light up the flames of war throughout the East. As neither of the Powers wished for immediate war, or was prepared for it, frantic efforts were made to avert the threatened catastrophe. Proposals for an 'Anglo-Afghan-Russian Commission' to settle the boundary passed between M. de Giers and the British authorities—Lord Kimberley, the Marquis of Ripon, and Sir Edward Thornton—and these proposals were

gradually brought into a shape that seemed acceptable to both sides. The Affghan element was eliminated from the Commission, which, instead of being 'Anglo-Affghan-Russian,' became simply 'Anglo-Russian'; two Commissioners were even appointed, one by either party, Sir Peter Lumsden and General Zelenoi, and the time and place for their first meeting were settled. All seemed to promise well for a pacific arrangement, when suddenly the entire business fell through. A change came o'er the spirit of the Russian dream. M. Lessar, a Russian agent, made a perambulation of the border provinces with the result that entirely new pretensions were put forward on the part of Russia, and the good understanding, which had hitherto seemed to prevail, was broken up. With no apology, and on the flimsiest possible excuse, Russia withdrew her Commissioner and sent him to rusticate at Tiflis; military movements—the occupation by Russian detachments of new posts— recommenced, and threw the whole border country into a state of confusion and alarm; the Amir grew nervous, and put his own army in motion to protect his territories; the condition of things became even more perilous than it had been before the Commission was appointed. At length the explosion came. On March 30, 1885, what is known as 'the Pendjeh incident' occurred, at a place of that name about 120 miles north of Herat, and the Affghan boundary question may be said to have entered upon a new phase.

The 'Pendjeh incident' was an encounter, in the neighbourhood of that place, between a body of Russian and a body of Affghan troops, without any previous declaration of war on either side. The outposts of the two nations had for some time been gradually approaching one another, and it had been perceived that a colli-

sion was not improbable; but both sides had been warned not to attack the other, and it was hoped that by these means hostilities might be averted. Such a hope under such circumstances was naturally doomed to disappointment. The collision occurred, and the Russian detachment swept the unfortunate Affghans from the field, the loss of the latter being variously estimated at from 700 to 900 killed and 300 wounded.¹

This untoward event brought matters to a crisis. England had an evident *casus belli* against Russia, and could scarcely refrain from taking up arms in defence of the Amir, her ally, unless immediate steps were taken to render a repetition of such a catastrophe impossible

¹ The 'Battle of the Murghab' was thus described in the *Times* of April 10, 1885: 'The Russian troops were drawn up almost within range of the Affghan position, and in a manner calculated to provoke an engagement. The proximity of the Russian and Affghan forces, therefore, produced exactly the consequences that might have been anticipated, and probably those which were intended. The small force which Colonel Alikhanoff, the Commandant of Merv, had pushed forward from that place to Orush Tojain, had been reinforced from Askabad within the last three weeks, and General Komaroff assumed the command in person. The best available information shows that the Russian force on the Murghab did not fall short of 4,000 men and eight guns, while the Affghans had at Ak Tepeh 400 men, and between that place [and . . .] about a thousand more. The Russian authorities are, of course, anxious to make the most of their success, but there is every reason to believe that they had a preponderance of force, as well as the superiority in weapons and artillery. The wet weather which has prevailed throughout Khorasan during the last ten days . . . rendered the Affghan muzzle-loaders ineffective, while the Russian breech-loaders retained their efficiency. But, at the largest estimate, the Affghan force could not have exceeded 1,500 men, and the Russians had at least twice as many troops, including their Turcoman auxiliaries in the neighbourhood of Pul-i-Khisti. The Affghans fought with remarkable gallantry, and the statement that two companies defended one position, probably Ak Tepeh itself, until every man was killed, rests on official information. Whatever the Russian loss may have been, the fact is undoubted that the Affghans suffered heavily, and that those who escaped from the fray retired to Meroochak. General Lumsden speaks of 200 Affghans having fallen; but the Russian official account places their loss at 500.'

by hastening the delimitation of the frontier, and thus leaving no debatable territory on which collisions could happen. Accordingly, England pressed for a resumption of negotiations, a re-constitution of the Anglo-Russian Commission, and an immediate proceeding to the work now proved to be so necessary. Russia yielded. On May 8 the Commissioners, Sir J. West Ridgeway and Colonel Khulberg, proceeded to actual delimitation, and, both parties being seriously bent on an amicable settlement, no great difficulty was found in the laying down of a line fairly satisfactory to both sides, the basis of the arrangement made being a report drawn up by Sir H. Rawlinson on the subject for her Majesty's Government in 1873, which was adopted into the Granville-Gortshakoff Convention of that year. Sir Henry's profound knowledge of the comparative geography of the countries in question was thus found practically of the greatest service in determining a matter at once of extreme intricacy and of extreme delicacy, and of determining it in a manner which has stood the test of time. It is now (1897) twelve years since the delimitation was made; and during that considerable space there has been no fresh 'Pendjeh incident'—no dispute, in fact, of any kind with respect to the boundary laid down. The Czar and the Amir have been peaceable neighbours; and if no very warm friendship—no 'union of hearts'—can be said to have existed between them, yet at any rate they have been quiescent, they have not flown at each other's throats. The tranquillity of the East has been maintained for an unusually long period of time, and although it would probably be taking an over sanguine view to imagine that Russia has once and for ever laid aside her ambitious schemes of self-aggrandisement, or that Central Asia is entering

upon a time of assured peace and tranquillity, yet it is something to have had such a respite as we have actually enjoyed; and diplomacy may be congratulated on having achieved, by means of the Affghan Boundary Commission, an important success. No doubt other causes have combined to produce the lull which has been experienced. The attention of Russia has been diverted to other objects, and her energies have found employment both nearer home and further afield; the Amir has proved himself both a wise and a strong ruler; India has had a succession of able but unenterprising Viceroys. There looms, however, in the near future an event which will severely test the stability of the present condition of things. The health of the Amir is not what might be desired, and it is generally thought by Anglo-Indians that his death cannot be very long delayed. This event, whenever it arrives, will almost certainly precipitate a catastrophe. There is every prospect of a disputed succession, of long and acute troubles throughout the Affghan territories, with a serious danger of other neighbouring nations being drawn into the strife. It may be hoped that under these circumstances England will be found still to possess among her Anglo-Indian statesmen counsellors as wise and well-informed as guided her through the crisis of 1878-85, and will issue from the peril which awaits her as strong and as capable of holding her own as she showed herself at the close of the second period of Affghan troubles.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOSING YEARS OF LIFE (1885-1895)—EDINBURGH DEGREE—CONTINUED WORK AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE INDIA COUNCIL—FAILURE OF HEALTH, COMMENCING ABOUT 1884—DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—DEATH OF WIFE (1889)—SONS ENTER THE ARMY AND SERVE IN INDIA—MARRIAGE OF SONS—LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

IN the year 1885 Sir Henry attained the ripe age of seventy-five. His life could not but be drawing towards a close, yet his vigour was still scarcely a whit abated. In April 1884 he attended a great meeting of European *savants* at Edinburgh, and had the honour of receiving the Degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) at the hands of the University. He discharged his duties with exemplary regularity as a member of the India Council, and still gave to literary work at the British Museum a considerable portion of his time. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. D'Israeli, had conferred on him the position of Trustee of the Museum in 1878, and from this date he made a point of attending regularly at all the meetings held by the Trustees. This uninterrupted activity at so advanced a time of life told, unfortunately, upon his health, and from about the year 1884 complaints of serious indisposition begin to be frequent in his diaries, and give warning of the near approach of the 'commencement de la fin.' Two visits were paid to Bath in the course of that year with the view of obtaining benefit from the mineral waters, but

no important result followed. Sir Henry became so far a chronic invalid that he felt it incumbent on him to engage a permanent medical attendant, who should look in upon him twice a week. He was, I believe, a very rebellious patient; but, nevertheless, he contrived to maintain such a state of health as enabled him to discharge effectually the duties of his various offices until the spring of 1895. Probably no one who first met him during the decade 1885-95 would have guessed his age. He moved with firmness and vigour; his eyes were bright with intelligence; he held himself erect as he stood or walked; his hair alone, which was almost wholly white, proclaimed him an old man. In other respects the septuagenarian of 1885, and even the octogenarian of 1895, was not greatly changed from the sexagenarian of 1870-80.

Sir Henry had married, in 1862, Louisa (the youngest daughter of Mr. Seymour of Knoyle, Wiltshire), whose brothers, Henry Danby and Alfred, were respectively members for Poole and for Totnes. The marriage was in every way a happy one. Two sons were the fruit of the union—Henry Seymour, commonly known as ‘Harry,’ or Sennacherib, born in 1864, and Alfred, born in 1867, called in his family and by his intimates ‘Toby.’ Lady Rawlinson died in 1889, after twenty-seven years of a most harmonious wedded life, at the age of fifty-six. To say that her loss was severely felt by her attached and afflicted husband, is to give but weak expression to the realities of the case, over which it will be probably best to draw a veil. ‘The heart knoweth its own bitterness.’ None but the sufferer himself can fully know, much less adequately describe, the suffering which is caused by the rupture of the marriage tie when the marriage has been what marriage was in-

tended to be. From the time of his wife's death Sir Henry lost much of that prevailing cheerfulness, and even sparkle, which had previously been characteristic of him, and had rendered him so delightful an associate. He became comparatively grave and serious in his demeanour, rarely indulged in laughter, and not much in light conversation. His friends missed that happy mixture of jocose with serious remark which had in former days constituted one of his special attractions.

He was not, however, even in these dark days, thrown back wholly upon himself, the superintendence and advancement of his sons giving him a continual interest in life of the warmest character. Both boys had selected the army for their profession, and after passing through the ordinary curriculum of Eton, had been entrusted to the special teachers who prepare young men for the Army Examinations. These were in due time successfully passed, and while the elder son obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles, the younger joined the 17th Lancers. Both lads served in India for some years; and the elder, having become aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, accompanied him on tours of inspection which he made in the years 1886-7 and 1889. Most interesting narratives, illustrated by sketches, were sent home from Burma and on some other occasions, which furnished an agreeable entertainment to the home circle, and especially to the veteran, who found the sporting achievements of his own youth vividly recalled to him, sometimes repeated, sometimes perhaps outdone. His own athletic vigour and sporting tastes had descended to both sons, for, while the elder was an adventurous hunter of the pig, the younger was by general consent allowed to be the best polo player in India!

During his closing years Sir Henry had the good fortune not to be, as is the case with the majority of aged fathers, parted from his sons. Both returned from India after a comparatively brief period of service, and remained in England till after his decease. Further, both of them married to his satisfaction, and thus introduced into his home circle new members who cheered and enlivened it. After a time an arrangement was made, by which the elder son and his wife became permanent inmates of the mansion, No. 21 Charles Street, which was Sir Henry's home during the last twenty-six years of his life. Unfortunately there was no issue of this marriage, so that no patter of children's feet, or murmur of children's tongues, followed to make the house musical for him and his friends. He was not to die, however, without beholding 'his seed to the third generation.' Two children were born to the wife of the second son within three years of her marriage, both unfortunately girls, a boy being greatly desired; since among the latest of the honours conferred upon Sir Henry by the Crown was the dignity of a baronetcy, which her Majesty was pleased to grant him in the year 1891, and which, of course, could only descend to male heirs.

The winter of 1895 was exceptionally cold and trying. London was full of influenza. My own medical attendant had advised me by all means, if I could possibly manage it, to quit England, and to seek a more genial climate on the Riviera or in North Italy. I had followed his counsel and had reached my favourite winter residence of Bordighera, when, early in March, I received an alarming letter from my nephew, Harry Rawlinson, saying that his father had been struck down by the prevailing epidemic, and that the doctors thought his case very serious indeed. I hesitated

whether to return to England or to await further accounts of the progress of the attack, when, on March 4, a second letter reached me, containing better news, speaking of the worst of the attack being over, and of recovery being probable. This decided me to remain where I was, which I accordingly did; but a day later, on March 5, at 3 P.M., a telegram was put into my hands, by which I learnt that the hope of recovery held out had been delusive, that the patient had not had strength to rally from the depressing effects of the disease, but had sunk exhausted at six o'clock that morning, and had quietly passed away.

Sir Henry died at the advanced age of eighty-four. He would have been eighty-five in little more than a month, since he was born on April 11. If it cannot be said that he died in the full vigour of all his faculties, since he was slightly deaf, and his conversation was less brilliant than it once had been, yet at any rate he escaped any serious decay of either mind or body, and was to the last a man of keen intellect, to whom many looked for guidance and direction. He had an almost morbid fear of continuing to hold responsible offices after he had ceased to be fit for them, and repeatedly offered his resignation of the posts which he occupied; but the wishes of his colleagues held him back, and hence he remained 'in harness' actually to the day of his demise.

CHAPTER XIX

(Contributed by the present SIR HENRY RAWLINSON)

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AND OCCUPATIONS LATE IN LIFE—
HIS LOVE OF SPORT—HIS EXCELLENCE AS A RACONTEUR—HIS
PRIDE IN HIS LIBRARY—CUNEIFORM NOTE-BOOKS—NOBLE AND
STRAIGHTFORWARD CHARACTER

FOR so eminent a scholar it is a curious fact that up to the age of nearly eighty Sir Henry Rawlinson was a man of active habits. His public duties as President of the Royal Geographical Society, Member of the India Council, and Trustee of the British Museum, did not allow him much leisure time; but he used to ride in Hyde Park when in London, and when in the country was particularly fond of shooting and fishing. Up to the age of seventy he was a familiar figure in Rotten Row, and during his annual summer holiday in August, September, and October, he invariably selected a country seat within reach of London where he could obtain either shooting or fishing or both. From 1865 to 1890 he occupied no less than nine different residences in the counties of Surrey, Berkshire, Hertfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, where he could enjoy the late summer and early autumn in the pursuit of field sports, accompanied by his sons and nephews. As years rolled on, his great age, coupled with the loss of his beloved wife, forced him to relinquish his accustomed visit to the country, and after 1890 he spent his holiday either

in visits to his friends, or in a small house which he occupied on three occasions at Bath.

The sporting instincts of his father and uncle¹ remained as a most striking feature in the character of Sir Henry up to the end of his long life. He never ceased to be proud of his father's victory with 'Coronation' at the Derby of 1841, and a picture of the old horse always hung in a conspicuous position in his library, in sharp contrast with the Assyrian marbles on the one side and the rare books of the East in a book-case on the other. The 'Sporting Intelligence' in the 'Times' was always studied by him after he had gone through the political articles and telegrams; and there were few important events in the cricket, shooting, racing, or hunting worlds with which he was not well acquainted. He was an excellent shot, even up to the age of seventy-five, when he killed his last partridge. He enjoyed nothing more, even when he was no longer able to tramp through the turnips, than to be driven to a spot behind a hedge where the younger members of his family would drive the partridges over him. To 'wipe the eye' of one young enough to be his grandchild was by no means a rare occurrence, and was one which gave him especial pleasure. When residing at Taplow, in the year 1874, he was specially fond of going down to the river under the beautiful woods of Taplow Court or Cliveden, and, after a long, hot, and busy day in London, standing under the trees fishing in the cool waters of the river. Later on, when living at Munden (the residence of the Hon. A. Hibbert), near Watford, he would spend most of his leisure time at the excellent trout stream which flows through the grounds, and he

¹ Henry Lindow Lindow, of Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire, in his youth a friend and companion of the Prince Regent, and a noted sportsman.

seldom came home with an empty creel. These tastes in a man of letters are rare, but it was to a great extent by their means that a naturally strong constitution, tried by hard literary work, and a sojourn of thirty years in the East, was enabled to exceed the 'threescore years and ten' allotted by the Psalmist to the span of human life. To work the physical as well as the mental capacity is more essential to the health of the individual than the advice of innumerable physicians.

As a guest at dinner, or in a country house, or as a host in his own residence, Sir Henry excelled—his easy, cheerful, good-natured manner won for him universal popularity amongst his social as well as his scientific friends. A great experience of the customs both of Eastern and Western society, had given him such a fund of anecdote as is seldom met with in a man who has special gifts as a *raconteur*. He made his *début* in English society at a time when the sayings of 'Beau Brummell' and 'Theodore Hook' were fresh in the minds of the *élite* of London. One of his favourite stories was that which pictures the 'Beau,' when walking in Piccadilly, inadvertently stepping into a pool of mud collected in the gutter. 'What did you do?' said a friend to Brummell on hearing of it. 'What did I do?' replied the Beau, 'why, I stood still and screamed for assistance.' Another favourite story was with reference to Lord Kenyon, who, when at the house of a friend, inquired one day at luncheon whether that was '*hung* beef' on the side-board. The friend replied, 'No, my lord, but I daresay it will be if your lordship will *try* it!' Lord Kenyon was celebrated for the severity of his punishments. Yet another anecdote of a counsel, who was pleading his case before a judge, was a very favourite one. The

counsel had occasion to use the word 'brougham,' in reference to the vehicle, which he pronounced 'brohum.' He was at once hauled over the coals by his lordship, and told that if he would pronounce the word correctly, 'broom,' he would save a syllable, his meaning would be equally clear, and he would not waste the valuable time of the court. Later on in the case, his lordship, in summing up, made use of the word 'omnibus.' Counsel was on his legs at once; he said, 'My lord, if your lordship had used the word "bus," your lordship's meaning would have been equally clear, and *two* syllables would have been saved.' History relates that the case was given against this counsel, and that his client was not best pleased with him for rashly indulging in so appropriate a repartee.

From 1872 until 1889, 21 Charles Street, which Sir Henry had purchased from Lady Molesworth, maintained its reputation as a centre for social entertainment—dinner parties and 'squashes' were weekly occurrences; and at the time when Sir Henry, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, was more or less responsible for returning the hospitalities received by the members of that Society, the spacious apartments of his private residence were fully tried. These were, however, insufficient for all the calls made upon them. In the summer of 1873, Sir Henry arranged for a large reception of the whole of the members of the Royal Geographical Society and their friends at Willis's Rooms, which in those days stood at the corner of King Street and St. James's Square. This was at the time when the entire geographical world were burning for news of Dr. Livingstone, who for a period of many months had been lost to the outer world, and buried in Central Africa. Many had given

up all hope of again hearing of him. It was as Sir Henry left his house in Charles Street to proceed to this reception that a telegram was placed in his hand from Zanzibar, saying that Livingstone had been found safe and well. However, when he announced this fact to the assembly at Willis's Rooms it was naturally said that the information had been held back in order to give additional *éclat* to the party. This was not the case. It was one of those curious accidents which, on account of their extreme unlikelihood, it is difficult for the general public to believe. Nothing is so astonishing as the unexpected.

Before passing on to other subjects, there are two more stories which were such favourites with Sir Henry that they should not be left untold. The first is one related of Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray, who were walking together in Hyde Park one day, when Thackeray (a man peculiarly plain, with a short button nose) remarked that he had lately been thinking of turning Jew. 'Better let your nose turn first,' suggested Jerrold. Upon which Thackeray, piqued at this reference to his personal appearance, replied, 'Hang it, man! when you refer to my personal appearance, perhaps you will remember that my mother was renowned for her beauty and called the "Queen of the Ganges."' But Douglas Jerrold was not to be beaten, for it must be admitted that he scored another point when he replied, 'Well, in that case it must have been before its junction with the (H)oogley.' The other story relates how Sir James Hogg, when staying in Rome many years ago, was walking in the 'Corso' with a friend named 'Ram,' at that time well known in London society. As the two proceeded, they were accosted by the German Ambassador in Rome, who presented Ram with an

invitation to a ball at the Embassy. Ram, who had neither asked for, nor at all wanted the invitation, at once responded, 'There must be some mistake; my name is Ram.' To which the Baron replied apologetically, 'Ah! forgive me, I make erreur, it was die oder animal.' He meant 'Hogg.' On their way home Ram, while discussing the incident with Hogg, referred to the curious mistake of the Ambassador, which, he said, in his opinion should not have occurred, 'For my father was very well known both in English and European society, so much so in fact, that *Ramsgate* was called after him.' Hogg, who accepted this assertion with a grain of salt, replied, 'Oh! then I imagine *Margate* was equally called after your mother.' History relates that the two parted on less amicable terms than had been the case previously.

But to proceed now to a subject which, in the later years of life, was one of Sir Henry's chief comforts and amusements. During his extensive travels, and especially during his studies of almost all ancient Oriental and classical literature, he had collected together a library of some 2,000 to 3,000 volumes. When, on account of failing health, he was unable to mix as much as he would have wished with what was really a later generation of scientists and scholars, he derived infinite pleasure from studying, even up to the very last, his histories of bygone ages, and the cuneiform note-books, in which he had recorded many of the results of his labours. The British Museum always furnished him with copies of the inscriptions which were year by year unearthed on the various tablets and cylinders sent home to them from Mesopotamia; and in the translation of these he passed many an enjoyable afternoon. New matter was being

continually brought to light. Amongst other facts was the discovery on an Assyrian tablet of an account of the Noachian deluge, which agreed in most of its more important details with that given to us in the Bible. Many other points, more especially connected with the comparative geography of Mesopotamia and Persia, constantly came before him; for there was no scholar more qualified to sift, both etymologically and geographically, the evidence available on these heads than himself. And his opinion was much valued by the authorities at the British Museum. He never travelled, or went to stay anywhere even for a few days, without taking with him his 'cuneiform note-books,' for in studying these he could enjoy a quiet hour's reflection, with more comfort to himself than with even the most interesting novel. Up to the very end he was never without these records of his past discoveries close at hand. Constant and painful attacks of gout prevented him in later years from devoting as much time as he could have wished to serious study, so that, as his leisure hours grew longer, he took greatly to the ordinary literature of the drawing-room. He devoured novels as quickly as they came out; and it was the duty of his nieces, one or two of whom usually lived with him, to produce a continual supply of fresh books for him. Sir Henry's health after 1890 was not good. He suffered much from depression, due no doubt in the first instance to the loss of his beloved wife, but exaggerated further by constant attacks of gout and neurosis, from which he suffered agonies. Having early in life twice broken his collar bone whilst pig-sticking, some particle of bone or tissue had been misplaced. This foreign substance had settled on the under part of the left arm, just

above the funny bone, and in close proximity to the ulna nerve, one of the most tender spots in the human body. When this locality was attacked by inflammation, consequent on either gout or too good living, the pain became so intense, that the patient for a few moments would shout with agony. Mercifully these attacks endured for only a few minutes, and seldom occurred more than once in twenty-four hours. They were not without their use, however, for they acted as the most reliable indicator of the general health of the patient, giving warning early of any approaching disorder in other parts of the body; and it was not, perhaps, altogether unattributable to this most unpleasant weakness that, during the latter part of his long life, he generally enjoyed the perfect use of all his faculties.

There have been few instances, either among public characters or private individuals, where the personal character and high principle of the man has come out more strongly than was the case with the late Sir Henry Rawlinson. In all his actions, official and private, the main guiding factor which actuated him was justice. Nothing irritated or saddened him more than the discovery of underhand dealings on the part of his subordinates; he judged one and all by his own high standard of moral and actual right. The feelings of an English gentleman were as strongly marked in the boy of seventeen that sailed for India in 1827 as they were in the Resident at Baghdad, or in the Member of the India Council. It was strongly against his idea of honour that a public servant of her Majesty should in any way be mixed up in a commercial enterprise which could in any possible way be influenced by his official position.

It was for this reason that he constantly and steadfastly refused to become a director of any of the companies which were formed for the development of Egypt, Persia, or India. Though by no means a rich man, he would not accept any accession to his income which could be said to be derived from his having 'lent his name' to a syndicate; and it was certainly not for want of asking that his name was conspicuous by its absence at the head of company prospectuses. He was continually inundated with applications of this kind. In recent years these views seem to be looked upon as 'antiquated and old-fashioned,' but it will be generally admitted that the standard of our national character has not been enhanced by the way many names of note have been allowed to appear on prospectuses for the purpose of attracting investors. We have been drifting lately nearer, perhaps too near, to the system of financial morality prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. Let us hope that our drifting, hardly noticed, perhaps, amongst the excitements of South African booms, may ere long be turned into the straight and upright channel, whilst we never cease repeating the words of Mr. R. Kipling, 'Lest we forget! Lest we forget!'

Sir Henry may be said to have been a man of the highest principle. Not committed to the daily performances of those religious acts and practices which to many are the essentials of an upright life, he held the broad view of doing good because it was good, because it was for the benefit of human creatures generally, and at the same time for the glorification of the Creator. Having studied profoundly the many religions of Asia and Europe, ancient and modern, his views were the reverse of dogmatic; but they were

none the less truly founded on the great moral bases which now support, and which will perpetuate for ever, the cause of Christianity. The methods and practices of the followers of Mohammed had specially come under his notice in Baghdad and other parts of the East. These were viewed by him as instances of the blind obedience of an uneducated people to the written doctrine of their forefathers expressed in the Koran. And further, he has expressed his admiration for the moral code which is laid down in the bible of the Mohammedan world—a code which, though inferior to both Christianity and Buddhism, is far in advance of that of the Hindoo of India or the savage of Central Africa.

After he had passed his eightieth birthday, which he did April 11, 1890, he could not but feel that finality of life in this world, to which mortal man must necessarily come, was within measurable distance. With the wisdom of a man of business, he 'put his house in order,' in conjunction with his two sons, so that when the end came all had been foreseen and arranged for. Yet, at the evening of his long life, the transition to another state had no terror for a man of his temperament and exemplary character. The one thing for which he constantly expressed regret was that he had outlived all his contemporaries and the intimate friends of his younger days. As these were one by one taken, he felt their loss severely; until at last he found himself, to use his own expression, 'amidst the next generation, to which he did not rightly belong.' And during these last years, after a long and tiring day, when sitting in his library with his sons, as the twilight gradually faded, it was his wont to repeat his favourite poem by Longfellow,

a poem so true, so simple, and so appropriate to his own noble self, that in quoting it this chapter will be brought to a suitable conclusion.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain ;
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

CHAPTER XX

POSITION WITH REGARD TO CUNEIFORM DISCOVERY—ABSOLUTE IGNORANCE OF THE SUBJECT ON QUITTING ENGLAND IN 1827—ATTENTION HOW FIRST CALLED TO IT—MATERIALS OBTAINED FROM THE ROCK-INSRIPTIONS OF HAMADAN AND BEHISTUN IN 1835-1837—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE MADE WITH THE EARLY LABOURS OF GROTOFEND AND ST. MARTIN IN 1836—LITTLE ADVANTAGE OBTAINED FROM THESE WRITERS—FIRST TRANSLATIONS OF CUNEIFORM DOCUMENTS COMMUNICATED TO THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, 1837—ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE DOCUMENTS—ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE PARIS ASIATIC SOCIETY—COMMUNICATION HELD WITH M. EUGÈNE BURNOUF IN THE YEAR 1838—OBTAINS THIS WRITER'S *Mémoire* ON THE INSCRIPTIONS OF HAMADAN, AND HIS *Commentaire sur le Yaçna*, THE SAME YEAR—INTRODUCTION TO PROFESSOR LASSEN OF BONN THROUGH SIR GORE OUSELEY ABOUT THE SAME TIME—LETTER FROM OUSELEY—LETTER FROM LASSEN—OBTAINS LASSEN'S *Altpersische Keilinschriften von Persepolis* SOON AFTERWARDS, CONTAINING COPIES OF THE INSCRIPTIONS PUBLISHED BY NIEBUHR, LE BRUN, AND PORTER—DECIPHERMENT OF THE PERSIAN CUNEIFORM ALPHABET—MODE OF PROCEDURE—GRADUAL PROGRESS—ULTIMATE RESULT ARRIVED AT—STUDY OF THE CONTENTS OF THE PERSIAN CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS, 1839 AND 1844—COMPOSITION AND PUBLICATION OF THE FIRST CUNEIFORM MEMOIR, 1844-1846—RECEPTION OF THE MEMOIR AT HOME AND ABROAD—STUDY OF THE BABYLONIAN CUNEIFORM, 1846-1849—PUBLICATION OF SECOND CUNEIFORM MEMOIR, 'ON THE BABYLONIAN TRANSLATION OF THE GREAT PERSIAN INSCRIPTION AT BEHISTUN,' 1851—DECIPHERMENT AND TRANSLATION OF ASSYRIAN DOCUMENTS, 1848-1851—STUDY OF THE MEDIAN OR SCYTHIC CUNEIFORM CONJOINTLY WITH MR. E. NORRIS, 1851-1855—STUDY OF OTHER VARIETIES OF CUNEIFORM WRITING—TESTIMONY OF PROFESSOR JULES OPPERT.

WHEN Henry Creswicke Rawlinson in 1827, at the age of seventeen, quitted England for the East, he was as absolutely ignorant as the ordinary schoolboy of that time

of the entire subject of cuneiform writing and cuneiform decipherment. All that he knew was, that somewhere in the East there were inscriptions and other documents in a strange character, commonly called 'the arrow-headed,' that had up to that time baffled inquirers, and was generally spoken of as a hopelessly insoluble problem, somewhat resembling that of 'squaring the circle' in mathematics, or the discovery of the North Pole in practical geography. The fact that inquiry upon the subject had not altogether ceased, that there were still among continental scholars a number of persons engaged in the investigation and bent on pursuing it, was wholly unknown to him; and it does not appear that either before he left England, or upon the voyage to Bombay, or in the earlier years of his Indian residence, anything occurred, as it so easily might, to bring the subject under his serious consideration, or in any way to turn his attention towards it. It was not until his first period of Indian residence had been brought to a close, and the circumstances of his military career had transferred him to the country where the arrow-headed character was once in general use, and where rock inscriptions in the character still existed in some abundance, that the curiosity of the young subaltern on the matter came to be aroused, and his time and thought to be given to it. Then, however, within a very short space, it caught hold of his attention, and soon aroused in him the highest and warmest interest. He was enough of a scholar, and with sufficiently scholarly tastes, to be attracted to any study that possessed anything of a literary character; and, no doubt, the obscurity and mystery which attached to this particular branch of Oriental literature enhanced its attractions. In the year 1835, the one following

his arrival in Persia, Lieutenant Rawlinson, on first visiting Hamadan and seeing the cuneiform inscriptions there, made a careful and elaborate copy of them,¹ and almost immediately set himself to work, with the industry and perseverance that characterised him, to analyse their contents, and speculate upon their interpretation. He found the two inscriptions to coincide throughout, except in three groups, and even in these three groups there was a certain amount of identity—the group which occupied the second place in one of the inscriptions corresponding with the group which occupied the first place in the other inscription, thus serving determinately to connect the two inscriptions together, and suggesting the idea that if, as seemed most probable, the three variant groups represented the names of three kings, they revealed a genealogical succession. Applying to them the names of three successive Persian kings, it was found that the only ones which fitted were those of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, which were assumed tentatively to be correct, and which furnished probable identifications of the phonetic value of twelve characters. Materials furnished by the earlier paragraphs of the great inscription of Behistun soon afterwards suggested values for six additional characters, and in this way, by the close of 1836, Lieutenant Rawlinson had constructed for himself an Old Persian cuneiform alphabet of eighteen characters, whose values he considered to be ascertained.

Up to this time he had no knowledge at all of the antecedent or contemporary labours of continental scholars, but had worked out his conclusions entirely from his own observation and reasoning; but in the

¹ See above, p. 56. The inscriptions copied and analysed were those of the first or Persian columns.

autumn of 1836 he obtained access to two works, which made him acquainted with the conclusions come to on the subject by some of the more advanced of the European investigators. These works were the 'Ideen' of Heeren in the German edition of 1815, which contained a paper by Professor Grotfend on his own cuneiform discoveries, and the other Klaproth's 'Aperçu de l'Origine des Diverses Ecritures,' in which there was a copy of the cuneiform alphabet of St. Martin. But it appears that he obtained little advantage from these fresh sources of information. 'Far from deriving any assistance,' he says himself, 'from either of these sources, I could not doubt that my own knowledge of the character, verified by its application to many names which had not come under the observation of Grotfend and St. Martin, was *much in advance* of their respective, and in some measure conflicting, systems of interpretation.'¹ Grotfend's alphabet of thirty letters was correct, according to his views and according to those which have ultimately prevailed, in eight cases only, wrong in twenty-two, while St. Martin's of twenty-seven was right in ten, wrong in seventeen.²

The perusal of these works encouraged the young investigator to make his first communication on the subject of his own labours in connection with cuneiform discovery to the learned societies of Europe. In the year 1838, he forwarded directly to the Royal Asiatic Society of London, and, indirectly, to the Asiatic Society of Paris, copies of a translation of the first two paragraphs of the 'Behistun Inscription,'³ which re-

¹ See the 'Memoir on Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions in General, and on that of Behistun in Particular,' published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x. p. 7; henceforth quoted as 'First Cuneiform Memoir.'

² *Ibid.* vol. x. p. 6, note 8.

³ Sir Henry observes, writing in 1845, that 'these paragraphs would

corded the titles and genealogy of Darius the son of Hystaspes. Flattering acknowledgments of his communications were received from both quarters. Mr. Briggs, the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, wrote as follows :—

London, 6th of April, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 1st of January from Teheran to the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society was received here on the 14th of March, and on being submitted to the Council was perused with great interest. I am directed to state that the Society is extremely happy to learn from you that there is a prospect of obtaining the contents of the cuneiform tablets known to be so extensively spread throughout both Iraks, and it will thankfully receive and publish anything new which you may have the goodness to send on the subject.

Having communicated the substance of the Society's instructions, I shall proceed to make a few observations myself on the very interesting and important undertaking in which you are engaged, and venture to throw out some hints which may perhaps be useful to one situated as you are, and removed from the information which European libraries and scholars might afford you if on the spot. On the receipt of your letter I addressed one to Dr. Julius Mohl, of Paris, a very learned Orientalist, and who was intimately acquainted with Dr. Schultz, the Persian traveller, and the late M. St. Martin. I begged of Dr. Mohl to communicate with our common friend, M. Eugène Burnouf, on the subject of your letter, and requested to be furnished with any information or work that might assist you in your labours; and I confidently hope to receive before the next despatch goes off on the 8th of May a full

have been wholly inexplicable according to the systems of interpretation adopted either by Grotfend or St. Martin'; and yet that 'the original French and German alphabets' of these writers 'were the only extraneous sources of information which, up to that period, he had been enabled to consult' ('First Cuneiform Memoir,' p. 7).

communication from either one or both of these gentlemen. M. E. Burnouf is one of the most profound Oriental scholars in Europe, and I believe the last who has occupied himself in translating the cuneiform character. He has succeeded in making out (according to his own alphabet, and from his thorough acquaintance with the Sanscrit and the Zend languages) two inscriptions, one procured at Murghab, near Hamadan, and the other at Van, by the late Dr. Schultz, and has written an essay in 200 quarto pages on the subject, but which is too cumbersome to send by post. His alphabet differs from that of Professor Grotfend and M. St. Martin, and, as you have both these, I believe, I now send that of Burnouf, showing the differences between it and those of his predecessors in the same study.

I hope, when you send anything to this Society, you will give us the copies of the inscriptions, the value of each letter, and the translation. In the orthography I would venture to suggest your adopting Sir William Jones' in preference to Gilchrist's or any other. Sir W. Jones' is universally adopted by all the learned of Europe, and is generally understood by all the nations of the West, which is an advantage that no other mode of writing possesses.¹

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BRIGGS.

To Major Rawlinson.

The other acknowledgment was from an English member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, Mr. C. Boileau Elliot, who was authorised by that Society to make his communication. The letter ran as follows :—

Paris, Rue du Colisée 28, April 21, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago I received from one of the members of the Royal Asiatic Society of London a copy of your most interesting copy of the com-

¹ Some advice follows on the best modes of taking copies of inscriptions, which would be regarded as somewhat antiquated at the present day.

mencement of the Cuneiform Inscription at Bisitoun (Behistun), which I took the liberty of exhibiting at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Paris held last night. This Society, deeply sensible of the benefit you have already conferred on Science by forwarding to Europe the first copy of a portion of the famous inscription in question, proposed your nomination as an Honorary Member, official information of which will doubtless reach you in due course. In the meantime they requested me to write, to beg the favour of you to make every possible exertion to secure and transmit to them (as an Englishman I must add, not before, but at the same time when you transmit the same to our own Asiatic Society) a copy of the remainder of the inscription with your translation of it; by doing which you will confer an exceeding obligation on the Society in particular, and on the scientific world in general.

It will give me great pleasure to be the medium of remitting your communication to the French Society, of which—as the form only is as yet imperfect—we are brother members. I am likely to remain in France for the next year or two, though not at my present residence; and as your communications with England are probably more direct and facile than with France, I shall be obliged by your directing to me at 47 Portland Place, London, whence I shall receive your packets through the Foreign Office.

Feeling that a love of science establishes between men of letters a fellowship of sentiment on matters pertaining to literature, I make no apology for thus addressing you.¹

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
C. BOILEAU ELLIOT.

P.S.—I shall send a duplicate of this letter by way of England.

Major Rawlinson, to the care of H. Britannic
Majesty's Minister, Teheran, Persia.

¹ A few remarks of a private nature are here omitted.

Further, the Royal Asiatic Society of London, or rather of Great Britain and Ireland, transmitted to Lieutenant Rawlinson on April 21, 1838, their diploma as Corresponding Member, and the Société Asiatique de Paris transmitted a similar document on July 13 of the same year.

It was one of the results of these communications between my brother and two such great and well-established learned societies that he shortly became known to the principal cuneiform investigators of all countries, was received by them as a brother, and in several instances presented with their works by their authors.

Among others, M. Eugène Burnouf, probably through the representations of M. Mohl, was induced to take an interest in the young aspirant to literary honours, and, in the summer of 1838, kindly forwarded to him to Teheran one of his most valuable works, his 'Mémoire' on the cuneiform inscriptions of Hamadan. Lieutenant Rawlinson responded by a letter on the differences that he found still to exist between his own alphabet and that of the French *savants*, which he transmitted through the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. Briggs. Soon afterwards he obtained through M. Mohl the most important of M. Burnouf's works—the admirable 'Commentaire sur le Yaçna,' to which he frequently expresses himself as immensely indebted. His decipherment indeed of the Persian cuneiform writing was not thereby much advanced, but he obtained a clue to the interpretation which was invaluable, and which proved of the greatest service. Zend, an early form of Persian, though not perhaps so early as the form employed in the inscriptions, under the critical analysis of M. Burnouf, had its orthographical and gram-

matical structure clearly and scientifically explained; and Lieutenant Rawlinson found himself by these means enabled to obtain a general knowledge of the grammatical structure of the language of the inscriptions,¹ which could scarcely have been procurable in any other way.

It was to his possession of the 'Commentaire sur le Yaçna' that my brother mainly ascribed the success of his early translations, for, although Sanskrit and Modern Persian might each have furnished a clue to a certain extent, Zend approached nearer to Achæmenian Persian than either, and by means of it, after the work of decipherment was completed, the work of interpretation was rendered comparatively easy.

Among other prominent Orientalists to whom Lieut. Rawlinson obtained epistolary introduction about this period were Sir Gore Ouseley and Professor Lassen. The former distinguished scholar had the kind thought of placing the Bonn professor, then at the zenith of his reputation, in communication with the cuneiform neophyte, and authorised his writing directly to him. The latter took advantage of the authorisation and addressed a letter to Lieutenant Rawlinson from Bonn, together with a memorandum upon the Persian cuneiform alphabet, on August 19, 1838. Shortly afterwards Sir Gore Ouseley notified to my brother what he had done, and took the opportunity of complimenting him on his successful labours. The following were the letters which passed :

¹ 'First Cuneiform Memoir,' p. 9.

Letter of Sir Gore Ouseley to Lieut. Rawlinson.

Royal Asiatic Society's House, Grafton Street, London,
October 30, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—As a fellow-labourer in Oriental discovery I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in placing you in communication with Professor Lassen, a young man of great talent and research, whose personal acquaintance I had the good fortune to make at the University of Bonn, when I lately travelled on the Rhine.

The R.A. Society, of which I am an unworthy vice-president, feel most truly grateful for your very valuable letter on the deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions, and hope to hear shortly from you on this most interesting subject.

Wishing you the most complete success, I beg to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

GORE OUSELEY.

To Major Rawlinson.

Letter of Professor Lassen to Lieut. Rawlinson.

Bonn, August 19th, 1838.

SIR,—Sir Gore Ouseley will have the kindness to explain to you how it has happened that I, though a perfect stranger to you, have presumed to address the following memorandum to you. I have done so, not from any expectation that you would derive any great benefit from this brief sketch, being yourself so far advanced in the study of the arrow-headed characters, but merely with the hope that it might be agreeable to you to learn the state of the question as it now stands on the continent of Europe. To a gentleman so perfectly acquainted with the subject I have not thought it necessary to enter into long details, and preferred stating, as briefly as possible, the reasons which have led (*sic*) me in assigning to each character its value. I have embodied in the following memorandum the

corrections introduced into my published alphabet, as well by others as by myself.

Allow me, sir, to assure you that all learned in Europe take the deepest interest in the researches you are at present carrying on in Persia, and confidently hope that your zeal and sagacity will lead to the preservation and final elucidation of those very interesting and important monuments.

Believe me, Sir,
Your very obedient and humble servant,
CHRISTIAN LASSEN.

Lassen's first memorandum, in 1838, was followed by another in 1839, and that by a general interchange of ideas on the subject of the Persian cuneiform alphabet, which resulted in an almost exact agreement between the Bonn professor and the English subaltern officer as to the phonetic value of the various characters, which were found to amount to between thirty and forty.

Another work obtained about this time, but by what means I am unable to state, was Professor Lassen's memoir on the 'Altpersische Keilinschriften von Persepolis,' in which the principal Persian cuneiform inscriptions of that locality were subjected to analysis, and attempts made at translating them. These attempts were not very happy, but they probably furnished the English investigator with a certain number of hints whereof he took advantage.

Altogether, it would appear that by the summer of 1839 Lieut. Rawlinson had obtained a full insight into the results of the cuneiform investigations up to that date conducted on the continent of Europe, and had found that the latest conclusions, so far as alphabetical identification was concerned, coincided almost exactly with his own. His unassisted studies, carried on in Persia during the years 1835-37, had led him to re-

sults almost identical with those which had been reached by continental scholars during the same period,¹ especially by M. Eugène Burnouf and Professor Christian Lassen. As, however, those gentlemen had publicly announced their discoveries so soon as made, whereas his had remained unpublished, he at no time pretended to contest with them the priority of alphabetical discovery.²

The mode in which Lieut. Rawlinson arrived at his alphabetic identifications has been already, to a certain extent, explained.³ The foundation of his system was, no doubt, conjecture. As when an attempt is made to penetrate a cipher, the would-be discoverer necessarily begins with guesses, and works on by assuming them to be true, till they land him in inextricable difficulties, when he begins again, so my brother, beginning with the two assumptions—that the three peculiar groups in the Hamadan inscriptions were Royal Persian names, and that they designated three monarchs in direct genealogical succession—proceeded to test his conjectures by applying to the groups the names of consecutive Persian monarchs, as handed down by history. There were not many such combinations, since in several cases sons did not succeed their father, and in others the three consecutive kings did not bear three different names, but one of the three names was repeated. Thus, there remained three combinations only which could be tried. It happened that that of Hystaspes,

¹ My brother claimed to have obtained his knowledge of the phonetic value of *two characters only* from the continental scholars—viz. of that representing *y* from Professor Lassen, and of that representing *k* from M. Burnouf. In several cases, however, where he was in doubt, the judgment of his continental brethren determined him. (See the 'First Cuneiform Memoir,' p. 8, note, and p. 10, note.)

² *Ibid.* p. 11.

³ See above, p. 309.

Darius, Xerxes, which stood the first in chronological order, was the first submitted to examination by the would-be decipherer, and was found to answer all reasonable tests. The sibilant which was required for the third letter of the first name appeared also as the last letter of the second name, and though not as the last letter, yet as the last letter but one of the third. It also occurred as the second element in the third name (Xerxes), where a sibilant was needed to represent the second element of the Greek ξ. It is true that a different form held the fifth place in the first name, but many Oriental languages have more than one sibilant. Again, the third element in the second name, which required to be *r*, if the trio selected were the right one, occurred also in the third name in about the place where an *r* was wanted. One element, it must be allowed, created some difficulty, the third character in the third name being identical with the fourth in the second name, whereas in Greek and Roman transcriptions of the two kings' names Darius and Xerxes, besides the *r* and the *s*, there was no third element common to them. However, in course of time an explanation was found for this anomaly in the Persian orthography of their proper names, which differed considerably from the Greek. Moreover, it was noticeable that there were no flagrant anomalies, as there might easily have been. The names were all of about the proper length. They were not only different, but *began* with different letters. At any rate they presented no such difficulty as necessitated their being given up. When other names were tried, the case was very different. 'Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes' suggested that the third name should be twice as long as the second, and should be in great part identical with it, or at any rate very similar. 'Xerxes, Artaxerxes, Darius'

suggested the same difference of length between the first name and the second, and the same degree of similarity. Moreover, the identical letters occurred in entirely wrong places. These lists were thus of necessity discarded, and the first conjecture fallen back upon.

It remained to transliterate the entire Behistun inscription, or as much of it as had been accurately copied, according to the twelve characters assumed to have been thus identified. When this had been done with the first paragraph of the inscription, a new set of names discovered themselves. That of Hystaspes recurred;¹ and to that of Hystaspes was attached a string of others who were evidently his ancestors. Now, the ancestors of Hystaspes were well known, the complete list being given by the classical writers. Applying to the letters of these names the phonetic value previously obtained from the trio 'Hystaspes, Darius, Xerxes,' twenty-one out of the twenty-eight letters were found exactly to suit their place. The remainder were new forms, and furnished the alphabet with four new letters, *m*, *n*, *h*, and a form which has ultimately been read as *ch*, though the Greeks rendered it by *sigma*. In a similar way other characters were determined either from proper names, or from very common Persian words, of the sound and meaning of which there could be little doubt.

When in this way, and by interchange of argument among cuneiform scholars,² the entire alphabet, with the

¹ In almost, but not exactly, the same form, the first vowel (*y* or *i*) being elided.

² Among these Professor Westergaard, the Danish scholar, must be especially noticed. Major Rawlinson opened a correspondence with this eminent savant early in 1848, and received several letters from him in the course of that year, containing cuneiform inscriptions and suggesting interpretations.

exception of some half dozen rarely occurrent characters, had been finally determined and fixed, transition was naturally made to the second branch of the study—‘the only really valuable part of it,’ as Sir Henry himself observes¹—the translation or interpretation of the documents. And here Sir Henry claims a very different position with respect to his share in the work, and in the priority of discovery, from that which he was always content to occupy, so far as Old Persian *alphabetic* investigation and determination are concerned. The translations of Professor Grotfend and St. Martin in his opinion were altogether erroneous, and merited no attention whatever. M. Burnouf’s were somewhat superior, but they were exceedingly scanty, and, being based upon a faulty and defective alphabet, they were full of important errors. ‘His incidental examination of the geographical errors contained in one of Niebuhr’s Persepolitan inscriptions,’ he says, ‘constitutes by far the most interesting portion of his researches; yet in a list which exhibits the titles of twenty-four of the most celebrated nations of ancient times he has correctly deciphered ten only of the number.’ Professor Lassen’s translations again, though they had the advantage over Burnouf’s owing to his improved alphabet, still abounded with errors, not even the shortest inscription being correctly rendered, and the longer showing many places where both the etymology of the words and the grammatical structure of the language had been misunderstood. Sir Henry, having an immensely larger field of material at his

¹ ‘This branch of the study,’ says Sir Henry, ‘although depending upon, and necessarily following, the correct determination of the characters, is of course the only really valuable part of the inquiry. It is, in fact, the harvest springing from the previous cultivation of a rugged soil, and, as far as I am aware, it has been hitherto but poorly reaped’ (‘First Cuneiform Memoir,’ p. 11).

disposal, with a considerable knowledge of the Sanskrit, Zend, and modern Persian tongues, found the work of interpretation comparatively easy, and mainly based his claims to originality, so far as the Persian inscriptions were concerned, on the fact of having been the first person to present to the world a literal and (as he believed) an almost wholly correct grammatical translation of two hundred (afterwards increased to four hundred) long lines of cuneiform writing—the greater part in so perfect a state as to afford ample and certain grounds for a minute orthographical and etymological analysis, and the purport of which to the historian could not fail to be of equal interest with the peculiarities of its language to the philologist.¹ The studies which enabled him to produce this result covered the greater part of the years 1839 and 1844. The result was given to the public in the years 1844–46, by the publication in the Royal Asiatic Society's 'Journal' of 'The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun, deciphered and translated; with a Memoir on Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions in general, and on that of Behistun in particular,' by Major H. C. Rawlinson, C.B., of the Honourable East India Company's Bombay Service, and Political Agent at Baghdad. The general accuracy of the translation was at once admitted; and, on the whole, it may be said to have fairly stood the test of time, the author having found comparatively little to correct when he revised it for the second volume of my 'Herodotus,' in 1858, and but few alterations having been made in it by the Editor of the first volume of the 'Records of the Past,' in 1873. The author's own estimate of his work upon its completion is one which later criticism has justified :—

¹ 'First Cuneiform Memoir,' p. 13.

I do not affect (he says) to consider my translations as unimpeachable; those who expect in the present paper to see the cuneiform inscriptions rendered and explained with as much certainty and clearness as the ancient tablets of Greece and Rome will be lamentably disappointed. It must be remembered that the Persian of the ante-Alexandrian ages has long ceased to be a living language; that its interpretation depends on the collateral aid of the Sanskrit, the Zend, and the corrupted dialects which in the forests and mountains of Persia have survived the wreck of the old tongue; and that in a few instances, where these cognate and derivative languages have failed to perpetuate the ancient roots, or where my limited acquaintance with the different dialects may have failed to discover the connection, I have thus been obliged to assign an arbitrary meaning obtained by comparative propriety of application in a very limited field of research. I feel, therefore, that in a few cases my translations will be subject to doubt, and that, as materials of analysis continue to be accumulated, and more experienced Orientalists prosecute the study, it may be found necessary to alter or modify some of the significations that I have assigned; but at the same time I do not, and cannot, doubt, but that I have accurately determined the general application of every paragraph, and that I have been thus enabled to exhibit a correct historical outline, possessing the weight of royal and contemporaneous recital, of many great events which preceded the rise and marked the career of one of the most celebrated of the early sovereigns of Persia.¹

The reception which the Memoir obtained, both at home and abroad, was in the highest degree satisfactory. From Paris the author received, while the publication was still going on, the diploma of Corresponding Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres de l'Institut de France. In London he was made a Fellow

¹ 'First Cuneiform Memoir,' p. 13.

of the Royal Society and a Member of the Royal Society of Literature. From Berlin he received a diploma as Associate of the Academy of Sciences. Oxford, as soon as he returned to England, conferred on him (1850) her honorary degree of D.C.L. He was, in fact, universally accredited as the Champollion of the new decipherment. What a brother-scholar said of the translation shortly after his decease was to a great extent acknowledged as soon as the work saw the light—‘It is allowable to say that, after Rawlinson, it was only possible for other scholars to obtain gleanings in the field of Persian Cuneiform interpretation.’¹

From the study of the Persian cuneiform character and documents, which had occupied him, with one interval, from 1835 to 1846, Sir Henry Rawlinson passed in 1846 to that of the far more difficult, and far more complicated, Babylonian character and language, which formed the chief subject of his investigation and researches from 1846 onwards. In the remoter times of cuneiform study it had been usual for investigators to speak loosely of ‘*the* cuneiform writing,’ ‘*the* cuneiform character,’ and even of ‘*the* cuneiform language’; but very little progress could have been made in the investigation of the phenomena before it must have been remarked that in different inscriptions entirely distinct characters were employed, whence a suspicion would necessarily arise, that the languages to which they gave expression were also different. In point of fact, it was very soon perceived that, *at the least*, three distinct classes of cuneiform writing must be recognised, and it was agreed to give them, provisionally at any rate, ethnic names—the names of great nations, by whom the

¹ M. Oppert, in the *Compte Rendu des Séances de la Société de Géographie de Paris*, No. 6, 1895.

countries wherein the writings are at present found were anciently inhabited. One, that which decidedly held the first place in Persia, was called 'the Persian Cuneiform'; another, which in Persia held a subordinate place, but had almost exclusive possession of Babylonia and Mesopotamia, was called 'the Babylonian Cuneiform'; while the third, which was more widely spread than either of the other two, was, perhaps not very happily, called 'Median,' or 'the Median Cuneiform.' Cuneiform decipherment, it was early felt and admitted, could not be regarded as having attained to anything like completeness until, at any rate, these three clearly distinct forms had been subjected to an equally rigid investigation, and equally yielded up their secrets to the investigator. Accordingly, Sir Henry, or Major Rawlinson, as he then was, no sooner felt that he had exhausted the first branch of the inquiry—Persian Cuneiforms—than he addressed himself with his accustomed vigour and energy to the second branch—Babylonian Cuneiforms, to which he had long been looking forward, and for which he had long been making careful preparation. In the course of the year 1847 he had copied accurately, and at some risk (as already related¹), the entire series of Babylonian inscriptions at Behistun. In the same and following years he had made transcripts from the Nineveh marbles, as they passed Baghdad on their way to England. Simultaneously, he had devoted himself to the study of the Hebrew and Arabic languages.² In 1848 he gave himself wholly to the task of Babylonian decipherment.

His task was rendered infinitely easier than it would have been otherwise by the fact, which no intelligent observer was ever found to doubt, that in the great

See above, pp. 145, 155.

² *Supra*, p. 157

inscription at Behistun—as in the Achæmenian inscriptions generally—the second column was a translation, or at any rate an equivalent, of the first. Thus the powers or values of the characters, instead of being merely conjectured, could be almost certainly ascertained from the many proper names which had to be represented in the Babylonian column wherever they had occurred in the Persian. As these proper names amounted to nearly a hundred, the material upon which it was possible to work was superabundant. The first trial was made upon the names that occurred in the Babylonian ‘Detached Inscriptions,’ which were easy of access, and happened to be peculiarly well-cut and legible. These inscriptions furnished a list of sixteen proper names of men, and suggested a phonetic value for forty-six characters. Subsequently, the mode adopted with these sixteen names was extended to those which occurred in the main document itself, with the somewhat startling result, that the characters employed appeared to amount to some hundreds, and the system employed appeared to be exceedingly complicated and unusual. In the first place, it was soon seen that the same sound might be expressed by several different signs, which sometimes (perhaps generally) had a certain resemblance, but occasionally were as different as possible. Secondly, it appeared that the characters constituted, not an alphabet, but a syllabarium, the elementary consonants, *b, c, d, f, g, &c.*, having no representatives, but, *en revanche*, in combination with a vowel, being represented six times over. The Babylonians acknowledged three only principal vowels, *a, i, and u*; and, seeing that these three vowels could, each of them, be associated with a consonantal sound in two different ways, preceding it or following it,

they, for the most part, assigned to each consonantal sound six forms, representing the sound as followed or preceded by each of the three vowel sounds. Thus, the guttural *k* appeared in six wholly different forms, which respectively represented the sounds *ka*, *ki*, *ku*, and *ak*, *ik*, *uk*; the labial *p* had the same number of six forms, viz., *pa*, *pi*, *pu*, and *ap*, *ip*, *up*; the liquid *m* blossomed out into the six forms *ma*, *mi*, *mu*, and *am*, *im*, *um*, and the same completeness belonged to the consonantal sounds *l*, *n*, *r*, *s*, *sh*, and *v*. Other consonants, however, for some inscrutable reason, were mulcted of this full luxuriance. The gutturals *kh* and *g*, the labial *b*, and the dental *d* had three forms only, *kha*, *khi*, *khu*, *ba*, *bi*, *bu*, &c., &c. Next, it appeared that a large amount of the signs represented what may be called completed syllables, syllables where a vowel sound was enclosed between two consonantal ones, *e.g.*, *bar*, *sar*, *sin*, *bit*, *tur*, and the like. In addition to these, a number of signs turned out to be purely 'determinative'; that is, to show that the word whereto each was attached was a word of a certain class, *e.g.*, the name of a god, the name of a man, of a country, a metal, a month, &c. Finally, as research went on, it became distinctly evident that a certain number of the signs used were 'polyphones,' that is, stood in different places for different sounds, the same form, for instance, standing in one place for *mat*, and in another for *kur*. The whole system thus appeared to be extraordinarily complicated; and it was only after several years of most careful study that Sir Henry ventured to put before the public his solution of the 'Babylonian Cuneiform' problem in a form similar to that in which he had previously published his solution of the Persian problem.

The Babylonian Memoir, published in the 'Journal

of the Royal Asiatic Society' in the year 1851, comprised first, a copy of the great Babylonian inscription of Behistun in the original (Babylonian) character, with an interlined transliteration of the same, and a literal translation of it into Latin, printed on seventeen plates, and extending to a hundred and twelve long lines of cuneiform writing; secondly, nine smaller detached inscriptions from the same place, together with three short epigraphs from Nakhsh-i-Rustam, similarly transliterated and translated; thirdly, a list of 246 Babylonian and Assyrian characters,¹ with their phonetic powers, ideographic value, if any, and phonetic powers arising from ideographic values; fourthly, an analysis of the Babylonian text of the great inscription, with an English translation, down to the end of the first column (38 lines of the cuneiform text); and fifthly, the commencement of a 'Memoir on the Babylonian and Assyrian Inscriptions,' unfortunately never completed, which deals with two, but two only, of the Assyrian characters, the signs for *a* and *e*.

This essay, incomplete and imperfect as it was, laid open to the learned world, and indeed to students generally, the entire subject of Babylonian and Assyrian Cuneiform, giving them a mass of material on which to work ample for an exhaustive inquiry, and at the same time supplying them with a theory which they might examine, test, criticise, dissent from, and supersede, if they were able. It is not too much to say that, whatever defects and imperfections in details may have been discovered and pointed out by the numerous acute critics of diverse nationalities who brought their varied and trained powers to bear on the subject, no general

¹ M. Oppert makes the number of distinct characters amount to 818. (*Expédition Scientifique en Mésopotamie*, vol. ii. p. 120.)

confutation of Sir Henry Rawlinson's reasonings, no reversal of his theory, has been effected. Assyrian Cuneiform study, as developed, whether in England or on the Continent, whether by Fox Talbot, George Smith, Theophilus Pinches, and Professor Sayce, or by M. Jules Oppert, M. François Lenormant, M. J. Halévy, and others, has been based and has rested on Sir Henry Rawlinson's exposition of the Babylonian version of the great Behistun inscription of Darius Hystaspis, and has found this basis a solid and secure foundation. He did thus for the second branch of cuneiform research almost more than he had done for the first; since in the first he had for predecessors Eugène Burnouf and Christian Lassen, while in the second he had no predecessor, and cannot be said to have owed much even to his contemporary fellow-labourers, Dr. Edward Hincks and Dr. Jules Oppert.

The Babylonian Memoir was followed within a brief space by a number of short publications, chiefly in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' or in the 'Athenæum,' on the subject of the Assyrian documents disinterred by Mr. Layard, Mr. Loftus, and himself at Nineveh, whereby the knowledge of the Assyrian Cuneiform, slightly distinct from the Babylonian, was advanced and promoted. These publications, however, were rather historical than philological; and, though it is necessary to mention them in the present place, they need not be further dwelt upon.

It has been said that Sir Henry Rawlinson 'had nothing to do' with the decipherment of the third form of cuneiform writing—that which has been called, somewhat inappropriately, Median or Medic.¹ This,

¹ See the obituary notice of M. Henri Cordier in the *Compte Rendu des Séances de la Société de Géographie de Paris* (No. 6, 1895), where

however, is not strictly correct. No doubt he made over to Mr. Edwin Norris in a great measure the consideration of this branch of the inquiry, and the publication of the 'Memoir on the Scythic Version of the Behistun Inscription' (1852), intended as a companion to the Persian and Babylonian Memoirs of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was entrusted to him; but the two were to a large extent fellow-labourers in this field; they consulted together; and I have in my possession letters¹ wherein Mr. Norris requests Sir Henry's views on difficult points in the etymology and the interpretation. Moreover, Sir Henry himself published more than one short notice on the subject, as, for instance, in his letters to the Asiatic Society and the 'Athenæum' in the year 1853 on 'Inscriptions in real *bonâ-fide* Scythian Languages allied more or less with the so-called Median Language of the Achæmenian Inscriptions,'² and in his 'Notes on the Primitive Babylonian Language,' in the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society' for 1866. Indeed, as Sir Henry Rawlinson was among the very first to enter upon the examination of the so-called Median, and published his general views on the subject in his 'First Cuneiform Memoir'³ as early as the year 1846, so he continued always to devote considerable attention, if not to the Achæmenian Median itself, yet at any rate to the cognate Scythic dialects—the primi-

M. Oppert is quoted as saying, 'Rawlinson *n'a rien eu à faire avec l'inscription médique, la troisième des "langues maîtresses"* que, suivant l'expression heureuse d'un maître, il avait plu à Darius de parler à son empire sur le rocher de Béhistun.'

¹ In one of these letters, dated September 11, 1868, Mr. Norris says: 'Many thanks for your values of unknown signs, which enabled me to get on with the inscription. Several I saw after I had written, but for the most part I was in ignorance.'

² *Athenæum* of February 19 and June 18, 1853 (pp. 228 and 741-42).

³ *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x. pp. 82-89.

tive Babylonian or Accadian, of which he was the first to point out the existence,¹ the Elymæan, and the Armenian. It must be granted, however, that the conclusions to which he came with respect to the third—the Median or Scythic—branch of cuneiform inquiry are to be gathered only from scattered and occasional notices in scientific publications, and are nowhere embodied in such an elaborate and bulky work as the ‘First Cuneiform Memoir’ on the Persian Cuneiform inscriptions, which runs to above six hundred pages, or even as the ‘Second Cuneiform Memoir’ on the Babylonian transcript of the great Persian inscription at Behistun, which runs to above a hundred and fifty pages.

Doubtless it is to be regretted that even these main works of the great cuneiform discoverer are incomplete. The Babylonian Memoir, while completing the transcription, transliteration, and Latin translation of the Behistun inscription, pursues the analysis of the text only to the end of the first column, and breaks off in the account begun of the alphabet at the second letter. The Persian Memoir terminates abruptly, not only in the middle of a chapter, but in the middle of a word. The many avocations of the writer may be accepted as to some extent an excuse for this want of finish, but it cannot be denied that in his character there was an element of impatience which made prolonged labour at a set task distasteful to him. He liked the first plunge into a subject, and the broad views and bold outlines which are suitable at the inception of a new work; he disliked the elaboration of

¹ See the notice of ‘The Primitive Inhabitants of Babylonia’ in a communication to the Royal Asiatic Society, read on December 1, 1855, and a further notice in the *Athenæum* of December 8, in the same year.

details, and the careful working out in due proportion of all the subordinate matters which are necessary in order to produce finish and completeness. It may be said that he did the work of a pioneer rather than that of a thorough and perfect explorer. Still, his position in the front rank of cuneiform discoverers and decipherers is indisputable, and has been generously borne witness to since his decease by one of those best entitled to compete with him for the absolute pre-eminence. M. Jules Oppert, the learned Professor of Assyriology in the Collège de France, has thus written of his rival :—¹

Rawlinson était un homme d'un génie prime-sautier, et, ce qui est encore plus rare, il avait le don de tomber juste. On peut dire de lui, que presque toutes les idées qu'il a énoncées étaient vraies. Il a donné le branle à toute cette étude plus que Hincks, qui l'a précédé dans quelques points, mais qui avait l'esprit plus irlandais et plus étrange que Rawlinson, qui était Anglais et pratique. C'était en outre un homme d'un grand courage personnel ; il se fit hisser sur un échafaudage le long de l'immense rocher de Béhistoun, à 300 pieds au-dessus du sol, pour copier et pour estamper cette grande inscription en trois langues, dont on doit le texte à son courage seul. La planchette sur laquelle il était assis était tenue par des cordes confiées aux mains d'ouvriers persans, qui à tout moment pouvaient le jeter dans l'abîme. C'était un homme qui avait de la méthode dans tout ce qu'il faisait, et il suppléait par de larges et vastes connaissances aux lacunes que le manque du temps pris par ses occupations militaires pouvait avoir laissé subsister dans sa préparation aux études. Depuis trente ans il ne travaillait pas personnellement, mais il dirigeait des publications du British Museum. Les jeunes Alle-

¹ See the *Compte Rendu des Séances de la Société de Géographie de Paris*, No. 6, 1895, already more than once quoted.

mands et Anglais feignent de ne pas le connaître ; un Anglais me disait même qu'il n'avait jamais lu une ligne de Sir Henry Rawlinson. Je lui répondis—'I supposed just so, because, if you had read them, your papers would be less imperfect than they are.'

En vérité, Rawlinson fut moins un *scholar*, dans le sens anglais du mot, qu'un *découvreur* dans le genre de Botta et de Layard. Son concurrent, le rév. Edward Hincks, a pu être nommé l'Adams de Killyleagh, tandis qu'il était lui le Leverrier de Bagdad, l'un dans le 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' l'autre dans les 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.' Il est permis de dire qu'après Rawlinson il n'y avait plus qu'à glaner dans la traduction de la tablette perse de Béhistoun. Notre Eugène Burnouf, en Allemagne Christian Lassen, en Angleterre Edward Hincks, ont partagé avec lui l'honneur d'avoir étudié l'inscription assyrienne. Rawlinson n'a rien eu à faire avec l'inscription médique, la troisième des 'langues maîtresses' que, suivant l'expression heureuse d'un maître, il avait plu à Darius de parler à son empire sur le rocher de Béhistoun.¹

Depuis nombre d'années Rawlinson publiait peu lui-même ; néanmoins, avec la collaboration simultanée ou successive d'Edward (l. Edwin) Norris, George Smith, Théophile Pinches, il a donné les tablettes et les cylindres du Musée Britannique. Directeur de la Royal Asiatic Society, il aidait par son esprit large, son travail constant, son influence méritée, à développer les études auxquelles il avait voué sa vie. Il a été bien certainement le conseiller le plus sûr de son frère, le chanoine Georges Rawlinson, le célèbre historien des grandes monarchies de l'Orient.

¹ On this remark, see above, pp. 329, 330.

CHAPTER XXI

POSITION AND WORK AS A GEOGRAPHER—FIRST ESSAYS COMMUNICATED TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, 1838–1840—THEIR VALUE TO ORDINARY GEOGRAPHY—THEIR INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY—FURTHER WORK AS A COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHER, 1841–1857—APPLICATION OF HIS GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE TO PRACTICAL OBJECTS—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—EARLY CONNECTION WITH THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—ELEVATION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE SAME—ADDRESSES—IMPORTANT MEMOIRS—TESTIMONY BORNE TO HIS MERITS AS A GEOGRAPHER BY SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM AND SIR FREDERIC GOLDSMID

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON'S work as a geographer began as far back as the year 1836. He had always been a careful observer of natural features during his previous wanderings, and had qualified himself for accurate scientific description by making himself familiar with the use of the necessary astronomical instruments; he was also a fair chartographer, and capable of illustrating his descriptions by maps and plans. But hitherto his travels had been in regions previously traversed, and sufficiently described, by Europeans; and hence he had felt no call to occupy himself in labours that would have lacked the charm of novelty. But in the year 1836 circumstances gave him the opportunity of breaking new ground, and visiting districts that had not only never been described, but had never even been trodden, by a European. With the spirit of enter-

prise that characterised him he at once rose to the occasion. On a march which commenced at Zohab, in Persian Kurdistan, and after passing through Khuzistan and a considerable part of the then almost wholly unexplored province of Luristan, he made such careful and extensive notes, that he was emboldened in the ensuing year (1837) to throw them into the form of a narrative, and to submit the narrative to the Royal Geographical Society for publication in their Journal, if thought deserving of it. The intermediary, who presented the paper to the Society, and recommended it to their notice, was no less a personage than Viscount Palmerston, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,¹ who was thus the first to introduce the subject of this Memoir into learned circles as an aspirant for literary honours. The paper thus backed was, of course, accepted, and was read before the Society at the two sittings of January 14 and January 28, 1838, after which it was published in the Society's Journal for the year 1839,² where it occupied ninety pages. Two years later, in 1840, the Society awarded Sir Henry Rawlinson its Gold Medal on account of this, his first, geographical paper.

The first geographical paper was soon followed by a second, and the second by a third. In the autumn of 1838 Sir Henry, then simply Major, Rawlinson had made an expedition from Tabriz through Persian Kurdistan to the ruins of Takht-i-Suleïman, and thence by Zanjan and Tarom to Ghilan on the Caspian.

¹ Introduced to Lord Palmerston in the year 1861, at the lodgings of Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and then Vice-Chancellor, I reminded him of this, when he expressed himself as much pleased that it should have fallen to his lot to discharge so agreeable a duty.

² See the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1839, vol. ix. part i. pp. 26-116.

Although in this expedition he had traversed no absolutely virgin ground, yet he had noted so much which previous travellers had overlooked, and had come to such novel conclusions, that he felt justified in remitting to the Geographical Society at one and the same time two memoirs, and asking for them publication in their organ. One of these was, like his first paper, in the main, a description of his journey and of the countries which he had passed through; but the other was more ambitious, since it dealt with important points of comparative geography, and was an attempt to identify some obscure and rarely visited ruins in North-Western Persia with one of the most important of ancient sites. The Society, somewhat to his surprise, accepted both papers, and published them simultaneously in the year 1841 in the tenth volume of its *Journal*, where together they occupied 158 pages.¹

The value of these papers to ordinary descriptive geography was not perhaps very remarkable. They filled up comparatively few gaps in that map of the world, which the Geographical Society is always endeavouring to complete and perfect. They were written in a plain, unattractive style, with little word-painting, and no ‘*purpurei panni*.’ Still, the great geographer, Ritter, found them of considerable service, and made copious use of them in the ninth volume of his ‘*Erdkunde*,’ and Mr. Greenough, President of the Royal Geographical Society in the year 1840, says of their author in respect of them:—

The Founder’s Medal has been awarded to Major Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, in testimony of the services he has rendered to geography by his researches in Susiana and Persian Kurdistan, and for the light

¹ See the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1840, vol. x. pp. 1–158.

thrown by him on the comparative geography of those regions. The papers which entitle him, in the judgment of the Council, to this public testimony of your gratitude and respect, and which have appeared in the ninth and tenth volumes of our Journal, are the result of the information which he was able to procure, either in his marches through that country, or in the course of his travels when not professionally employed. The area described comprehends the provinces of Kirman-shah, Luristan, and Khuzistan.

In those parts of his Memoirs which are most strictly geographical the author has traced, both with the pen and with the pencil, two important routes, which never before were inserted on any map or visited by any European. The one is the shortest and most direct line of communication between the towns of Bisitun (Behistun) and Dizful; the other runs from Nineveh to Ecbatana, and extends under the mountain ridge of Pusht-i-kuh to the river which is now called Sefid Rud, formerly the Amardus. The physical features of the country in the neighbourhood of these routes are clearly, and, no, doubt, accurately detailed.¹

But the especial value of the Memoirs, as Mr. Greenough clearly saw at the time, was not so much in the additions which they made to the stock of ordinary, or positive, geography, as in the light which they threw on the far more difficult and complicated branch of the subject, which is known to students of the science under the designation of 'Comparative Geography.' Comparative Geography is one of the most important handmaids of history. It seeks to 'reconcile to the natural and necessary conclusions of modern experience the obscure, ambiguous, and often contradictory records of ancient writers,' historical and other, to identify ancient with modern sites, and so to

¹ *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. x. p. xlviii.

give a life and reality to the old narratives, in which they would be otherwise lamentably deficient. Much critical acumen, much erudition, and much sagacity is needed for the successful pursuit of this branch of geographical science, on their distinction in which has mainly rested the reputation of several eminent geographers, as D'Anville, Rennell, Vincent, and Chesney. That Major Rawlinson, though as yet only twenty-eight years of age, possessed these qualities in a remarkable degree, may be concluded from the eulogium passed upon him by Mr. Greenough in concluding his notice of these early Memoirs :—

In the person of this gallant officer (he says) we find united to the sterner qualifications of a geographer the accomplishments of the scholar, the antiquarian, and the man of taste. Familiar with all the accounts that had appeared either in ancient or modern times in regard to the region which he was about to explore, equally conversant with dead and with living languages, observation and erudition acted reciprocally on his mind, sometimes exciting, sometimes restraining the speed with which he pressed on to his conclusions. To form a just estimate of his merit we must look not only to the termination of his labours, but to the severe self-discipline he underwent lest he might not feel qualified to commence them.

Another most important testimony to the excellence of Sir Henry's work in these early Essays has been recently borne by the existing President of the Royal Geographical Society, who thus expressed himself in his address to the Society at the anniversary meeting of May 27, 1895 :—

We find another pattern for writers of geographical memoirs in the memorable communications of the late Sir Henry Rawlinson on his journey through Persian

Kurdistan to the ruins of Takht-i-Suliman, and on the site of the Atropatenian Ecbatana. There may be only one Ecbatana site at Hamadan, or the illustrious geographer's theory may be correct as to the existence of another in Media Atropatene. My object in referring to these Memoirs is not to uphold either contention, but to point out that no one but a geographer, trained to lay down his routes with accuracy, and with an eye to take in and comprehend the physical aspects of the country he traverses, was capable of discussing the question as Sir Henry discussed it. He was only twenty-eight years of age at the time, and I mention this to show that the combination of learning with energetic exploration need not be an attribute of advanced years. Every young explorer may be a Rawlinson as soon as he is convinced that diligent acquisition of knowledge is as necessary for distinguished success as high courage and contempt of danger and of hardships. For, although young in years, Rawlinson was a ripe scholar when he left the camp at Tabreez in October 1838, and set out on his adventurous journey. When he had completed his examination of the ruins at Takht-i-Suliman, drawn careful plans, mastered the physical aspects of the surrounding country, and considered all the routes leading across it, he proceeded to the identification of the site by the light of his profound knowledge of Eastern history, and by a comparison of Persian manuscripts with Byzantine chronicles. But it must be remembered that this was done while still in Persia, not after returning to England, and coming within reach of great libraries. His critical method was a sure and safe one. He first verified the ruins of Takht-i-Suliman in Oriental geography, then identified the name given them by the early Arabs with one in Byzantine writings; next he traced up the fortunes of the place through the flourishing periods of the Roman Empire, and finally came to the dark period of the Median dynasty, when the name of Ecbatana first appears. He

thus set out from a fixed base of direct and well-established proof, and built up a superstructure upon a sure foundation. As his argument gradually ascended along the chain of evidence into fields of more remote inquiry, criticism could, at any point, withhold assent to his opinions without endangering the stability of any part of the preceding argument, so that later critics might reject the theory of a northern Ecbatana apart from that at Hamadan; but such dissent in no way impugned the principal part of Rawlinson's argument, by which he proved the origin of the name of Takht-i-Suliman, its identity with the Shiz of Persian and Arab writers, and the identity of Shiz with the Byzantine Canzaca. I have explained the method adopted by our late President in applying his geographical researches and his historical learning to the elucidation of one of the great problems in Asiatic Comparative Geography, because it is identical with the method of D'Anville and with the method of Rennell. But his Memoirs convey to us a more important lesson. They prove to us that there is nothing to prevent a young explorer from making himself thoroughly acquainted with the previous history of any region he may select for the subject of his researches, before he commences his actual work in the field. If he only acquires such knowledge after his return, it will be a continual source of regret to him that he did not possess it when he was on the spot, when it would have guided him to fresh investigations of ever increasing interest. . . . Rawlinson had some advantages at the opening of his career which were denied to Rennell, yet his success was equally due to his own merits. Selected, early in life, as one of the officers who were designated to organise the troops of the Shah of Persia, he devoted every spare moment to the study of the history of the region whither his duty had taken him, perfecting himself in the language, collecting manuscripts, and mastering the works of Greek authors, as well as the more modern publications on the subject of

his labours, as a necessary preparation, and as an indispensable qualification for geographical exploration. This is the explanation of the remarkable fact that so young an officer was able to send home papers to this Society which, as Mr. Vaux has truly remarked, have thrown more light on the geography of the part of Asia he described than any other work, ancient or modern. If Rennell is a model whose methods should be examined and imitated by all classes of geographers, our late President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, is assuredly the man whose example should be studied and followed, more especially by military men who become devotees of our science.¹

The erudition displayed, especially in the 'Memoir on the Atropatenian Ecbatana,' is certainly extraordinary, and when considered as possessed by a youth of only twenty-eight years of age, and one who, since his seventeenth year, had been continuously engaged in active military employment, must be pronounced unprecedented. Not only are the ordinary classical geographers, Herodotus, Xenophon, Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, Isidore of Charax, and Stephen of Byzantium familiar to him and quoted extensively, and the works of such little read writers as Hyde, Asseman, D'Herbelot, Moses of Chorene, Bar-Hebræus, Anquetil Duperron, Quatremère, De Guignes, St. Martin, Brisson, Gosselin, Malte Brun, laid under contribution, but the entire range of the Byzantine historians has evidently been ransacked, and Procopius, Theophanes, Cedrenus, Georgius Syncellus, Tzetzes, Theophylact of Simocatta, George of Pisidia, *et hoc genus omne*, have laid open their stores of information to the indefatigable student, whom neither a stilted style nor a corrupt form of Greek

¹ Sir Clements R. Markham in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for July 1895, pp. 9-11.

has daunted, and who has shrunk from no drudgery in his quest for information. Nor is this all. The author is as familiar with Arabic and Persian as with Greek and Latin—the stores of Oriental learning are open to him—and not only has he an intimate acquaintance with such well-known writers as Yakut, Mas'udi, Tabari, Firdausi, Idrisi, Abulfeda, but he has at his fingers' ends the writings of a score of other Easterns, names unfamiliar to European ears, such as Zakariyah, Kazvini, Hamdullah, Nizami, Jeihani, Ibn Jansi, Hamzah Isfahani, Ibn Athir, Ibn Juzi, Mosa'er, &c. Nay, more, he possesses, and makes use of, Persian and Arabic MSS. that have never been published, yet which are of great value, as the *Noz-hatu-l-Kolub*, the *Ferhengi-Reshidi*, and the *Athalo-l-Beldan*. It was this wealth of Arabic and Persian illustration, which gave to the paper on the Atropatenian Ecbatana its distinctive character, and caused the learned Society of Geographers to feel that a new man of eminence, a geographer in the highest sense of the word, was risen among them.

Nor can it be denied that this remarkable early promise had an ample fulfilment in the future. The papers published in the ninth and tenth volumes of the 'Geographical Journal' were followed up by a long series of most valuable communications to the same periodical, as well as to the 'Transactions' and the 'Athenæum,' extending over a numbr of years and embracing a vast variety of subjects, which will compare favourably with the contributions to geography of any other writer of our time, and are distinguished by the same or even a wider range of erudition than the early papers, and a similar combination of extensive knowledge with rare critical acumen.

Among these communications may be especially mentioned a paper on the 'Comparative Geography of Affghanistan,' written at Candahar in 1841, and published in the 'Geographical Journal' of 1842 (vol. xii. pp. 112-114); another on the 'Identification of the Biblical Cities of Assyria, and on the Geography of the Lower Tigris,' read before the Geographical Society on April 4, 1851; a third, entitled 'Observations on the Geography of Southern Persia,' published in the Geographical Society's 'Proceedings' for 1857 (pp. 280-299); and a fourth on 'Biblical Geography,' published in the 'Athenæum' of April 12 and April 19, 1862. Even more elaborate and of still greater value are the 'Monograph on the Oxus,' read before the British Association in 1870, and published in the 'Geographical Journal' for 1872 (vol. xlii., pp. 482-513), and the 'Notes on Seistan,' read before the Geographical Society in 1873, and published in the 'Journal' of the ensuing year (vol. xliii., pp. 272-294). These studies were, on account of the special interest felt to attach to them, published also in a separate form, and obtained a considerable circulation.

One of the special features of Sir Henry's efforts as a geographer was his readiness to apply his geographical knowledge to practical objects. Lord Strangford, speaking at a meeting of the Geographical Society in 1867, 'held up as highly worthy of imitation the combination of scientific life with practical life which had been made by Sir Henry Rawlinson while engaged in the public service in the heart of Central Asia. Such a combination,' he said, 'was *quite unique*.' It was certainly a combination very characteristic of Sir Henry Rawlinson as a geographer. Whenever geographical problems touched practical life, he was ready to pro-

duce from the stores of his geographical treasury such an amount of practical information as fairly surprised his contemporaries. Whether it was a question of the best route for an overland telegraph from Constantinople to Kurrachi,¹ or of military operations in the region about the mouths of the Euphrates,² or again of trade routes between Turkistan and India,³ or of debatable frontiers in Seistan,⁴ or along the Oxus,⁵ Sir Henry was always ready with a paper, which, if not exhaustive of the subject, at any rate threw upon it an amount of light that would have been with difficulty procurable from any other quarter.

About the year 1875 Sir Henry's reputation as a geographer induced the editors of the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (Messrs. Black and Co., of Edinburgh) to apply to him for assistance in the geographical portion of the great work which they had in hand, and to intrust to him in the first instance the preparation of an article upon Baghdad, the great city of the Caliphs, where he had himself resided so many years. This notice, which extended to four large quarto pages, was followed by shorter ones on

¹ See the *Report of the British Association* for 1861, pp. 197, 198; and compare the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* for the same year, pp. 219-221; the *Athenæum* for March 2, 1861, and the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. vii. pp. 187-168.

² Compare the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1857, pp. 280-299, 351-363, with the *Athenæum* for February 14, 1857, p. 216, and May 16, 1857, pp. 680, 681. See also the 'Notes on the Ancient Geography of Mohamrah and the Vicinity,' in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1857, pp. 185-190.

³ See *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1860, pp. 10-28.

⁴ 'Notes on Seistan,' read before the Royal Geographical Society on January 27, 1873, and published in a separate form in 1874.

⁵ See 'Monograph on the Oxus,' first read before the British Association at Liverpool in 1870, and published in a separate form in 1872.

Bushire, Bussorah, Herat, and Ispahan, and also by two others of about equal length with that on Baghdad, treating respectively of the Euphrates and of Kurdistan. These articles, contributed between the years 1875 and 1882, were at length found to occupy more time than could readily be spared from more important tasks, and were discontinued after the last-mentioned year, although the writer outlived the completion of the entire edition.

Sir Henry's connection with the Royal Geographical Society, which began, as we have seen, so early as 1838, was brought to a close, on the other hand, only very shortly before his death. It extended over a space of more than fifty years. His first paper was read at the Society's rooms in January 1838; he was elected a Fellow in 1844; he became a Vice-President not long after (1864); he acted as President during the last illness of Sir Roderick Murchison in 1870; and he was formally elected as actual President in 1871. In 1873 he resigned this office as too laborious; but in 1874, a year later, he consented to re-assume it on the resignation of Sir Bartle Frere, and again held it for a biennium, from 1874 to 1876. It was not till 1893 that, on account of the failure of his health, he severed his connection with the Society altogether. A graceful tribute was paid to his memory shortly after his death by one of the most distinguished of his recent colleagues, Sir Frederic J. Goldsmid, who thus wrote in the Society's Journal :—

Any attempt in these pages to render an account of Sir Henry Rawlinson's services to geography, by presenting a mere *résumé* of his relations with the Society of which this 'Journal' is the organ, were indeed trouble in vain. No statement of the kind could be

complete without an exposition of the value of his work, and the accomplishment of such a task would involve a political retrospect as well as a combination of geographical details, each of which would supply material for a goodly sized volume. But although the unadorned record may be insufficient to satisfy the requirements of critics and connoisseurs, it may possess its usefulness as an obituary notice, in which sense it is now put forward. At the period of his decease, Rawlinson's name had been borne on the list of Fellows for more than half a century, for he had been elected in 1844, and five years before his election he had received the Founder's Medal for 'great services to geography' rendered in Persia. These were exemplified in the circumstance that from 1833 to 1839 he had 'explored with great zeal, perseverance, and industry, the provinces of Luristan, Khuzistan, and Azerbaijan, and the mountain ranges which divide the basin of the Tigris from the elevated plains of Central Persia.' The historical and archæological research displayed on this occasion by a young officer of the Indian army, otherwise conspicuous for professional ability, were so remarkable, that his qualifications as an explorer were at once generally recognised. . . . Among the more recent papers which he contributed to the Society's 'Journal' or 'Proceedings,' may be mentioned the monograph on the Oxus and the exhaustive notes on Seistan, as indicative of his unfailing acquaintance with places of which he had made a careful study, but had had no personal experience on the spot. But his treatment of the many questions which arose during his occupation of the President's chair showed that he could give his mind to the world's regions generally, irrespective of Persia and Central Asia, and he proved himself a good all-round bearer of office. . . . But Sir Henry's *strong* point was Central Asia; and herein we may quote that able critic Lord Strangford, [who says] referring to a former *séance* of the Society:—

'The extreme and indeed unique value of every word

which falls from Sir Henry upon any subject connected with Central and Western Asiatic research is, perhaps, less appreciated here than it is on the continent and in Russia, or than it will be by our children; but what we wish here chiefly to lay stress upon is the direct practice, tendency, and bearing with which he applies his enormous, acquired, and theoretical lore each time that he addresses the popular meetings of the Society.' . . .

It has been truly said that, in this exceptionally distinguished officer, there passed away the most commanding, and certainly the best known, figure among English Orientalists. May we not add that his fine presence and practical usefulness will be equally missed among statesmen and geographers? ¹

¹ See the *Geographical Journal* for May 1895, pp. 495-97.

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